April 2, 1979

THE NEW YORKER

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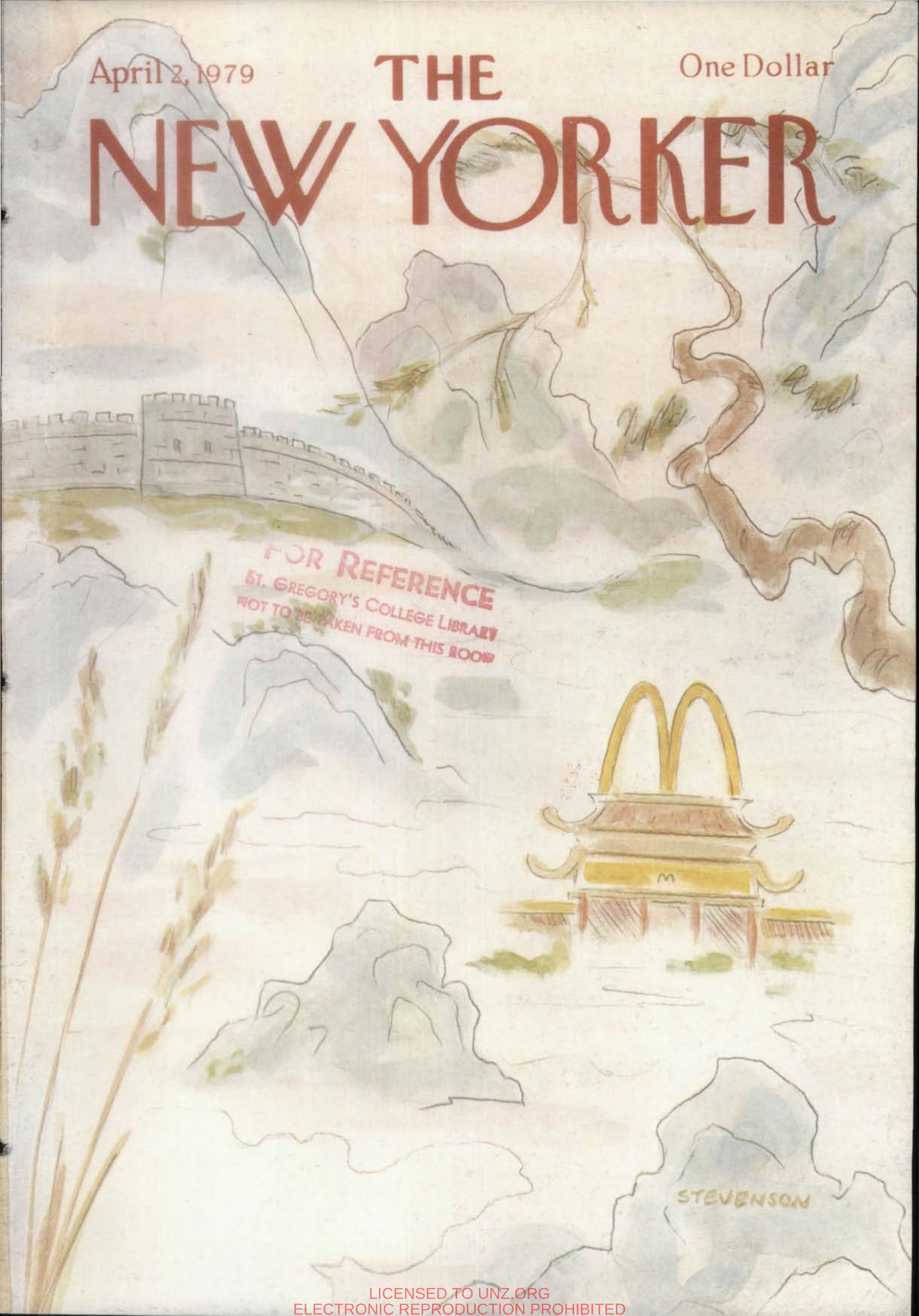

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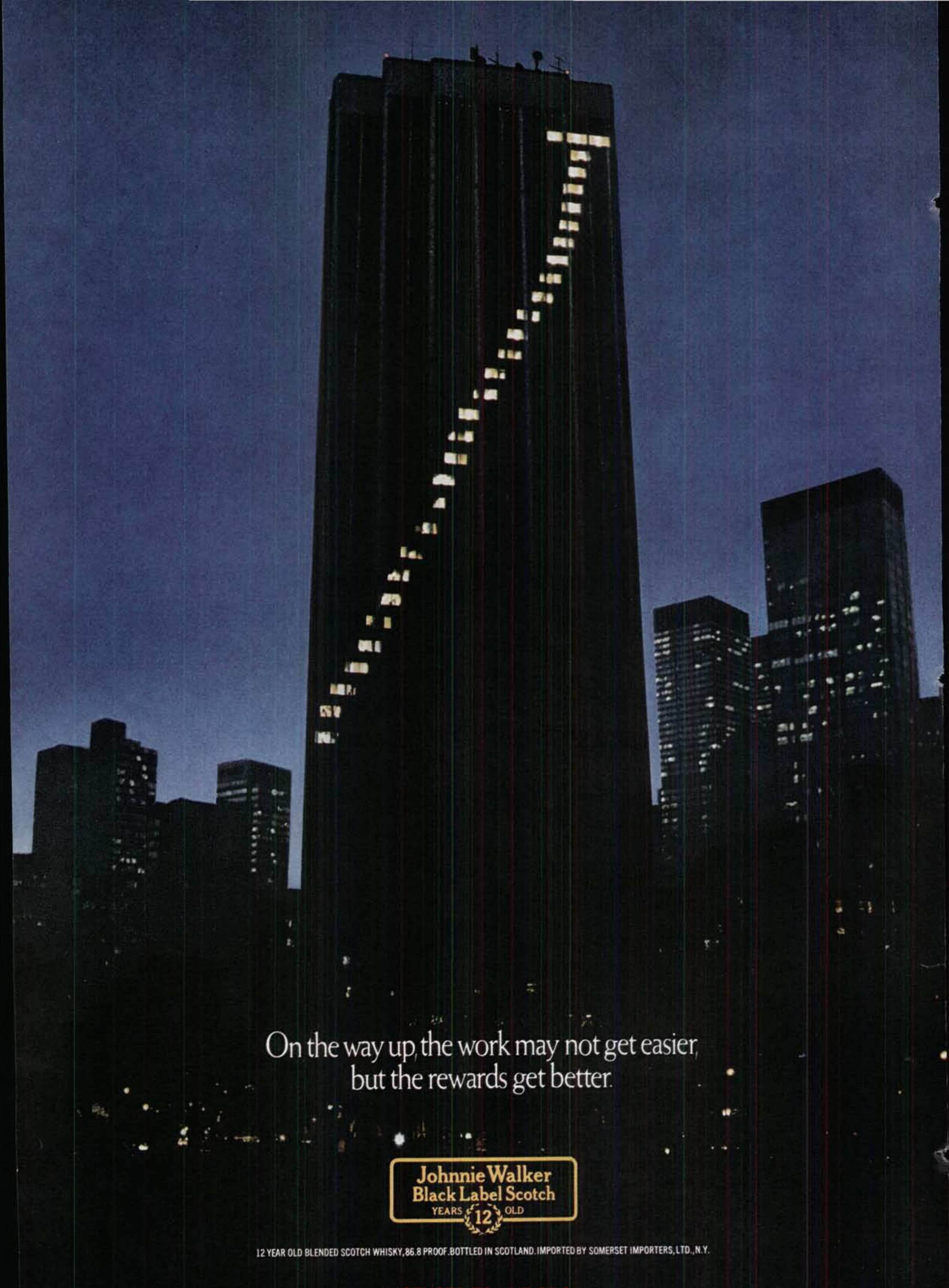
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Bedroom Farce—A London import by Alan Ayckbourn, with Michael Gough, Joan Hickson, and other members of the National Theatre Company of Great Britain. Directed by Peter Hall and Mr. Ayckbourn. Previews Wednesday, March 28. Opens officially on Thursday, March 29. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Buried Child—A comic horror play by Sam Shepard, a virtuoso among American dramatists, set on a blighted farm in Illinois. The performance, under Robert Woodruff's direction, is highly satisfactory. (Reviewed in our issue of 11/6/78.) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 6 and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, April 15.)

Candida—A revival of Shaw's comedy, directed by Harold J. Kennedy. (Roundabout Stage Two, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, April 1.)

Carmelina—Georgia Brown and Cesare Siepi in a musical suggested by the film "Buona Sera, Mrs. Campbell." Burton Lane composed the score, Alan Jay Lerner wrote the lyrics, and the book is by Mr. Lerner and Joseph Stein. Directed by José Ferrer. Previews Thursday through Tuesday, March 29-April 3. Opens officially on Wednesday, April 4. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Circle Repertory Company—A tiresome, limp triangle play, **winter signs**, by John Bishop, whose work is usually of good quality. (3/26/79) Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 1. . . . ¶ The final late show (i.e., 11 P.M.) of the season is **the deserter**, by Norman Beim. Final performances Wednesday through Friday, March 28-30. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100.)

The Coach with the Six Insides—A revival of Jean Erdman's adaptation of Joyce's "Finnegans Wake," with music by Teiji Ito—and one song by Joyce. (Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 E. 88th St. 534-6909. Thursday through Sunday at 8. Closes Sunday, April 1.)

The Crucifer of Blood—A very skillful parody of Arthur Conan Doyle by a new young playwright, Paul Giovanni. Sherlock Holmes is splendidly embodied by Paxton Whitehead, and John Wulp's settings are sensational. (10/9/78) (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Elocution of Benjamin—Gordon Chater in a one-man show about a homosexual transvestite. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Eubie!—A revue filled with marvellous singing and dancing by a large assortment of gifted young people, all working in the happy shadow of the composer of the music, Eubie Blake, who is ninety-six and merry as a grig. (10/2/78) (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Faith Healer—A play by Brian Friel, starring James Mason, Clarissa Kaye, and Donal Donnelly. Directed by José Quintero. Previews Tuesday and Wednesday, April 3-4. Opens officially on Thursday, April 5. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Funeral Games and **The Ruffian on the Stair**—Murderously funny one-acters by the late Joe Orton. *The performance is barely so-so*, though. (3/19/79) (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 1.)

Jacques Brel Is . . .—Elly Stone and Joe Masiell return to their original roles in four performances (the first performances since Jacques Brel's death) of the musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, and Friday and Saturday, April 6-7, at 8.)

Julius Caesar and **Coriolanus**—The first two productions of a newly assembled Shakespearean troupe composed of experienced, highly proficient black and Hispanic actors, under the excellent direction of Michael Langham. **julius caesar**, with Roscoe Orman, Robert Christian, Mary Alice, Morgan Freeman, and Jaime Sanchez, among others. (2/5/79) Friday and Sunday at 8. Matinée Saturday at 3. . . . **coriolanus**, with Morgan Freeman, Michele Shay, and Gloria Foster. (3/26/79) Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday at 8. Matinée Sunday at 3. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Both plays close Sunday, April 1.)

The Kingfisher—An amiable comedy about a pair of old folk who are thinking of getting married. The stars are Rex Harrison, Claudette Colbert, and George Rose, and the author is William Douglas Home. (12/18/78) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Tuesdays through Saturdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting the thirteen Gilbert and Sullivan operettas in the order in which they were composed. Through Sunday, April 1: **ruddigore**. . . . ¶ Starting Wednesday, April 4: **the yeomen of the guard**. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4.)

A Meeting by the River—Christopher Isherwood and Don Bachardy have collaborated on a play based on Mr. Isherwood's 1967 novel of the same name. In the cast are Keith Baxter, Simon Ward, Siobhán McKenna, and Sam Jaffe. Directed by Albert Marre. Opens

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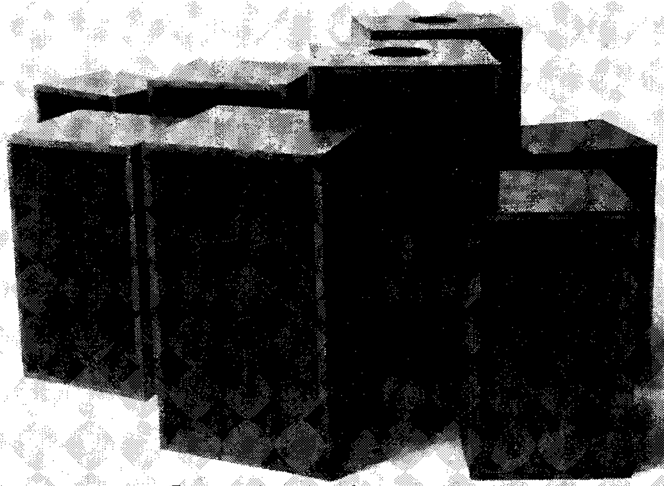

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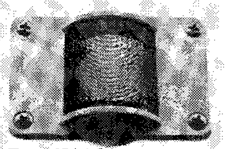

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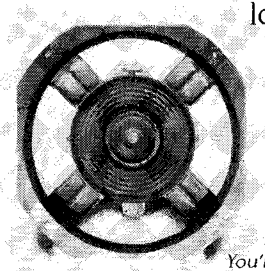

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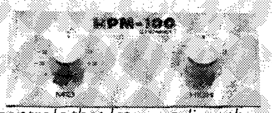

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Wednesday, March 28. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, March 29, at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:45. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

My Old Friends—This musical about an old people's home is in many ways better than you might expect. Maxine Sullivan, in one solo number—"A Little Starch Left"—is quite marvellous. Book, lyrics, and score by Mel Mandel and Norman Sachs. (2/19/79) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

National Youth Theatre of Great Britain—In its first appearance here, presenting a two-week engagement of **GOOD LADS AT HEART**, a play by Peter Terson. *Michael Croft is the director.* (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 4 and Sundays at 2 and 6. Closes Sunday, April 8.)

Nevis Mountain Dew—Steve Carter's powerful, tragic, and often very funny play about a man in an iron lung and his West Indian family in their house in Queens. The acting, under Horacena J. Taylor's direction, is in every way a match for the script. Graham Brown gives a splendid performance in the leading role, and Arthur French, Frances Foster, Ethel Ayler, Barbara Montgomery, Samm-Art Williams, and Charles Brown are very good, too. The title refers to a brand of Caribbean rum. (12/18/78) (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. 674-3530. Wednesday through Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3:30 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, April 1.)

Ode to Mariah—A play by Beth Turner. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 766-9334. Thursday through Saturday at 7:30. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 1.)

On Golden Pond—Ernest Thompson's funny, witty, sympathetic play about an old couple spending the summer in Maine is excellently performed by Frances Sternhagen and Tom Aldredge in the leading roles. Craig Anderson is the admirable director. Originally presented last fall at the Hudson Guild Theatre. (9/25/78) (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

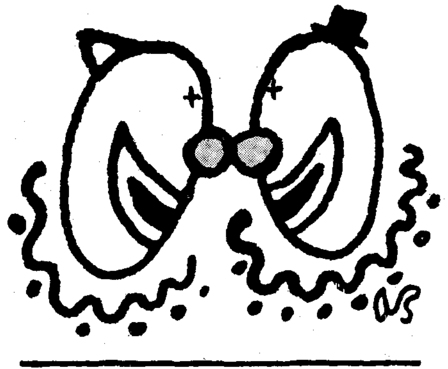
Ride a Cock Horse—Yet another acrid comedy about a North Country Englishman of low origins misbehaving in London. The playwright is David Mercer, and Kenneth Welsh gives a fine performance in a role that has become somewhat trite by now. Veronica Castang is also very good, as a mistreated young woman. (3/26/79) (Hudson Guild Theatre, 441 W. 26th St. 760-9847. Nightly at 8; on Sunday, April 1, at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Tuesday, April 3.)

Sancocho—Ka-Ron Brown, Hector Jaime Mercado, and Avery Sommers head the largely Hispanic cast of a musical with a book by Ramiro Ramirez and music and lyrics by Mr. Ramirez and Jimmy Justice. *Opens Wednesday, March 28.* (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Saravá—Tovah Feldshuh is the busy singing-and-dancing star of this overheated musical about a sexy Brazilian housewife and her two husbands—one dead, one alive, and both very active. The book and lyrics are by N. Richard Nash, and the music is by Mitch Leigh. (3/5/79) (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7260. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Say Goodnight, Gracie—Ralph Pape's funny comedy about the sadness of three young men who are facing their high-school reunion—a sadness that is hardly dispelled by the young women whom two of them live with, or by the quantities of pot that all of them smoke. The performance, under Austin Pendleton's skillful direction, is very good. (Reviewed in this issue.) (78th Street Theatre, 236 W. 78th St. 595-5240. Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Spokesong—*A play set in troubled Belfast, with much capering about by John Lithgow and Joseph Maher. The author is Stewart Parker,* a Belfast native. (3/26/79) (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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Streetsongs—Geraldine Fitzgerald as singer in an enchanting one-woman show. (3/5/79) (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Friday at 8, and Saturday at 7 and 10. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 1.)

Sweeney Todd—A musical with book by Hugh Wheeler and music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim, taken from a nineteenth-century melodrama that has frightened and amused generations of impressionable theatre-goers. Twenty-odd Sondheim songs, superlative performances by Len Cariou and Angela Lansbury, and expert direction by the young old fox, Harold Prince. (3/12/79) (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Taken in Marriage—All the action of Thomas Babe's witty, probing, and ultimately mysterious play takes place in a church basement, where five women—a bride, her family, and an entertainer—wait all day for a wedding rehearsal that never comes off. The performance, under Robert Allan Ackerman's direction, is distinguished. Meryl Streep, Elizabeth Wilson, Kathleen Quinlan, Nancy Marchand, and Dixie Carter are the fine actresses. (3/12/79) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly at 8. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, April 1.)

They're Playing Our Song—A Neil Simon musical, different from a Simon play only in that the trip-hammer sound of gags is interrupted from time to time by the sound of music. The stars are Robert Klein and Lucie Arnaz. (2/26/79) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday, April 1, at 7:30.)

Tip-Toes—A revival of the musical, first done here in 1925, with beguiling songs by George and Ira Gershwin and a merry book by Guy Bolton and Fred Thompson. The production has its weaknesses, but Georgia Engel is just right as the ingenuous heroine, and Russ Thacker—hoofer, singer, and actor—is splendid as the hero. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, April 8.)

Whoopee!—Eddie Cantor starred in this preposterous musical some fifty years ago. Charles Repole plays the Cantor role, feverishly, and some of the old songs are still worth listening to. (2/26/79) (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Wings—Constance Cummings is brilliant in this accurate and often moving account of the disastrous consequences of a cerebral hemorrhage. (2/5/79) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 582-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Zoot Suit—A play about Mexican-Americans and their mistreatment in the Los Angeles *barrio* during the Second World War. The author and director is Luis Valdez, who has a gift for vehemence. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A rip-roaring musical tribute to Fats Waller, by a superb small company whose energy would suffice to light Manhattan. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 730-1760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ANNIE:** Daddy Warbucks is transformed into a benign New Dealer, and Little Orphan Annie is not very waiflike in this pleasant but uninspired musical. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHAPTER TWO:** Neil Simon specializes in couples, some of which are odder than others. The two couples in this rueful comedy are full of troubles, which pass while being joked about. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DA:** In Hugh Leonard's entertaining play, a dramatist, back in Ireland for the funeral of his father, is persistently haunted by the stubborn, funny corpse. David Leary is the dramatist, and Barnard Hughes his late Da. (Morosco, 217 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DANCIN':** An assortment of vivid production numbers on unrelated themes. Bob Fosse is the choreographer, and his company of dancers is dazzling. The music is by Bach, Sousa, George M. Cohan, and other classic composers. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A stunning cast, headed by Stacy Keach, in a thriller whose clever anfractuosities of plot are just frightening enough and just funny enough. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DRACULA:** The five-hundred-year-old count from Transylvania never looked rosier. Raúl Juliá heads a competent cast, and the lovely, creepy sets and costumes are by Edward Gorey. (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **FAMILY BUSINESS:** A wealthy old Jewish manufacturer dies of a heart attack at the end of Act I, and the two remaining acts are given over to his grown sons' squabbles and quarrels over money and other matters. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 7,864 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GREASE:** A musical that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednes-

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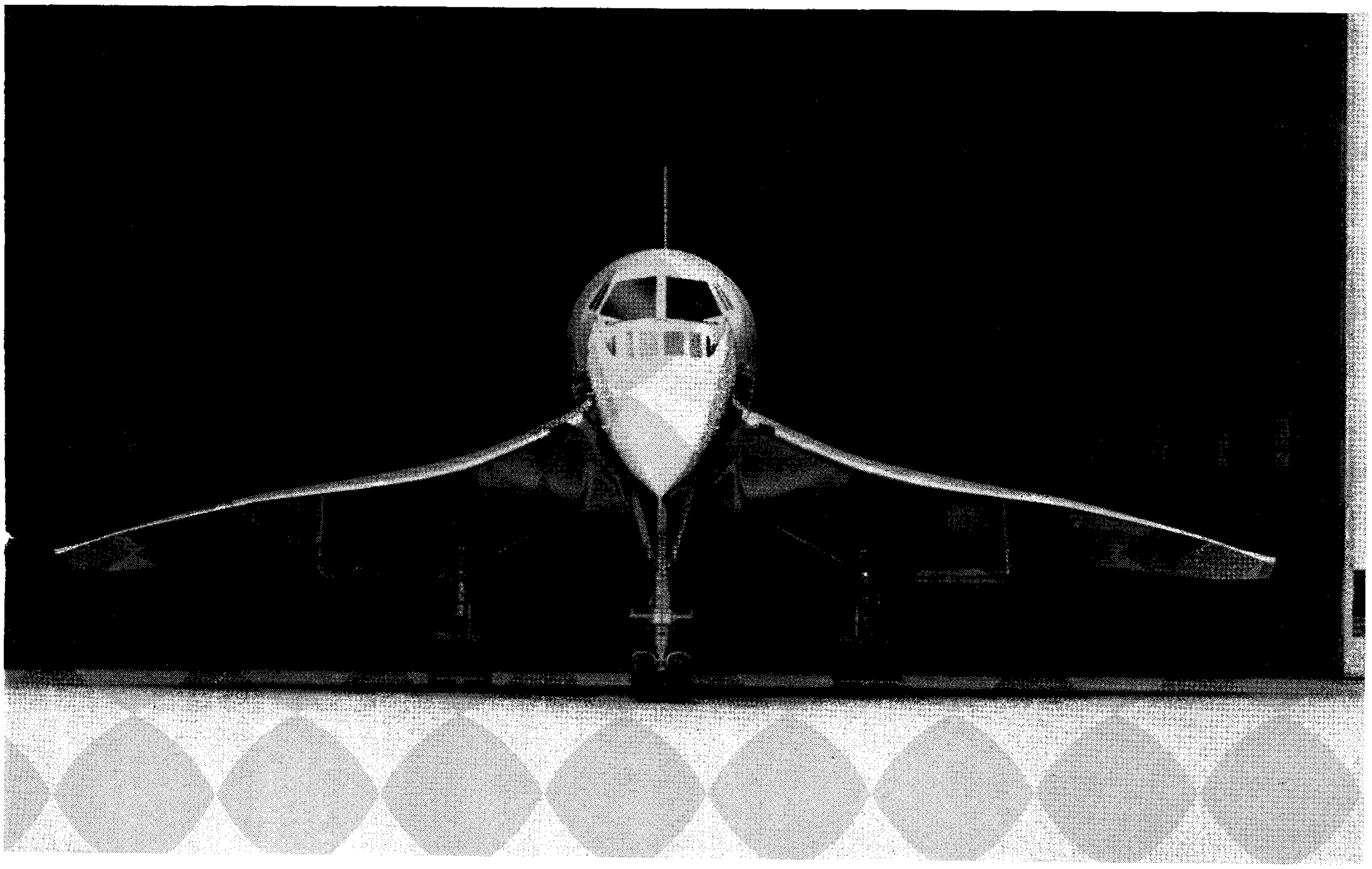

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days and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I LOVE MY WIFE:** A mild musical examination of the sexual revolution in Trenton. Cy Coleman wrote the score. With Tom and Dick Smothers. (Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 246-0390. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **I'M GETTING MY ACT TOGETHER AND TAKING IT ON THE ROAD:** A night-club singer with strong feminist views celebrates her thirty-ninth birthday by auditioning her new act for her dismayed manager. This somewhat disappointing musical by Nancy Ford (score) and Gretchen Cryer (book and lyrics) was directed by Word Baker. (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **MUMMENSCHANZ:** A merry evening of pantomime with three masked players. The masks are ingenious and surprising, and so are the ideas of this nimble troupe. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 221-8500. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE PASSION OF DRACULA:** An unpretentious, entertaining adaptation (in the British manner) of Bram Stoker's old thriller. Bob Hall and David Richmond are the adapters. Peter Bennett is the commendable director. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **VANITIES:** In three acts, three Southern high-school girl cheerleaders change from all but identical "best friends" (1963) into quite different and incompatible New Yorkers (1974), in this amusing and gently ironic comedy by Jack Heifner. (Downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—Five hundred performers and animals from around the world will arrive in forty double-length railroad cars for the opening performances of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey hundred-and-ninth year on Wednesday, March 28. They will be here through Sunday, June 3. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, March 28, at 1:30 and 7:30; Thursday, March 29, at 10:30 and 7:30; Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; Sunday, April 1, at 1 and 5:30; and Tuesday through Thursday, April 3-5, at 10:30 and 2:30.)

Beatlemania—A multimedia and live-music program about the sixties, with four musicians doing thirty-seven songs written by John Lennon and Paul McCartney. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Incredible World of Magic & Illusion—A magic show starring Richiardi. (Town Hall, 113 W. 43rd St. 921-8510. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Coquelico—A program of theatre, film, music, and dance, created and performed by the National Theatre of Prague. (22 Steps, Broadway at 48th St. 541-6162. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

DANCE

Nureyev and the Joffrey Ballet—Final performances of a program entitled "Homage to Diaghilev": "Petrouchka," "Parade," "Le Spectre de la Rose," and "L'Après-Midi d'un Faune." (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Wednesday through Friday, March 28-30, at 8; Saturday, March 31, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, April 1, at 3.)

Louis Falco Dance Company—A one-week engagement—Wednesday, March 28, and Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, at 8: "Escargot," "Early Sunday Morning" (première), and "Tiger Rag.". . . ¶ Thursday, March 29, at 8; Saturday, March 31, at 2; and Sunday, April 1, at 7: "Hero," "Imago," and "Saltimbocca." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989.)

Irish Ballet Company—In its first appearance here, presenting a two-week engagement of a dance version of J. M. Synge's comedy "The Playboy of the Western World" which starts Wednesday, April 4 (preview Tuesday, April 3), and will run through Sunday, April 15. The Chieftains, an Irish folk group, will perform the musical score. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7:15. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Jean Erdman—With her company and others in a program of contemporary dance. (Theatre of the Open Eye, 316 E. 88th St. 534-6909. Wednesday, March 28, at 8.)

Yakshagana—An all-male troupe of thirteen dancers and musicians from South India. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Saturday, March 31, at 8.)

Joyce Trisler Danscompany—A one-week engagement—Tuesday and Wednesday, April 3-4; Friday, April 6; and Sunday, April 8, all at 7:30: Two New York premières—"Fantasies & Fugues" and "Concerto in E"—and "Little Red Riding Hood.". . . ¶ Thursday, April 5, and Saturday, April 7, at 7:30, and Sunday, April 8, at 3: "Fantasies & Fugues," "By Dawn's Early Light" (première), and "Four Temperaments." (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. For tickets to the Wednesday, April 4, performance, call 247-4230.)

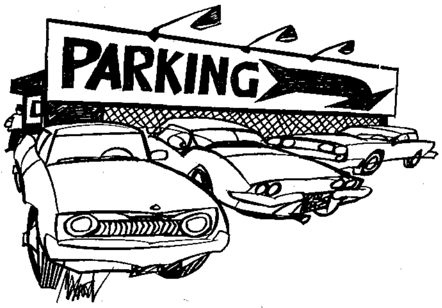
Phyllis Lamhut Dance Company—A program that includes "Mirage Blanc," "Guerrero," "Musical Suite," and "Essence." (Theatre of the Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 120th St. 864-2929. Thursday through Saturday, April 5-7, at 8, and Sunday, April 8, at 2 and 8.)

Pirin, the Bulgarian National Folk Ensemble—A company of seventy dancers, singers, and musicians. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, April 6, at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—Several notches above your simple, basic SoHo jazz loft in its amenities and in the consistent quality of the musicians who perform here. Bassist Juma Sultan leads his quintet, the Aboriginal Music Society, through Saturday, March 31. Beginning Tuesday, April 3, drummer (and proprietor) **RASHIED ALI** will introduce his new group, Funkyfreeboppers. Mondays belong to pianist **JAKI BYARD** and his eighteen-piece band, the Apollo Stompers, which makes up for any shortcomings in the sound system with sheer blow power. While the walls shake, Byard leaps up from his elevated piano and runs around yelling at his musicians, goading them on. (Byard's years as a professor, at Boston's New England Conservatory, seem to have taught him a good deal about showmanship.) Music from ten.



Back Porch, 488 Third Ave., at 33rd St. (685-3828)—A pleasant-enough restaurant that really doesn't seem to resemble a back porch at all. What's special about the place is its singer-pianist, **DARDANELLE**, who comes from Greenwood, Mississippi—you can just catch a trace of honeyed Southernisms in her speaking voice. She's a confident, swinging pianist, but it's really her singing—clear, effortless, cheerful, direct, diction-perfect singing—that is so striking. She performs Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to midnight.

Ballroom, 458 West Broadway, between Houston and Prince Sts. (673-9121)—On SoHo's main drag. Singer Karen Mason is appearing here Tuesdays through Saturdays at eight-thirty and ten-thirty. Dining.

Beefsteak Charlie's, 55 Fifth Ave., at 12th St. (675-4720)—Unlike the other branches of this steak-and-all-the-salad-you-can-eat restaurant chain, this one offers all the first-rate jazz you can listen to. Pianist **RAY BRYANT** and his trio perform through Saturday, March 31. Wednesday through Saturday, April 4-7, vibraharpist **WARREN CHIASSON** and guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** will share a quartet. Sets begin Wednesdays and Thursdays at nine and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—Rock singers Desmond Child and Rouge will be here on Wednesday, March 28; Thursday, March 29 (at nine only), has been reserved for country singer **LYNN ANDERSON**; Poco, a rock quintet, takes over the stage on Friday and Saturday, March 30-31; on Sunday, April 1, Elvis Costello, a British punk-rhythm-and-blues singer, will perform; Tuesday and Wednesday, April 3-4, will be given over to a rock trio known as Police; and Friday and Saturday, April 6-7, will be set aside for the Horslips, an Irish rock combo. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty Sundays through Thursdays, and at nine and midnight Fridays and Saturdays. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A narrow ground-floor town-house bar with a concert-hall-sized clientele. The music is nearly always fine, but sometimes it's hard to get close enough to hear it. Pianist **TOMMY FLANAGAN** works with bassist **RED MITCHELL** through Saturday, March 31. Sundays belong to house favorite **JIMMY ROWLES**. Music from ten most nights, from nine-thirty on Sundays. Dining.

Cachaça, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—A taste of authentic Brazilian pop music, which is very good pop music indeed, performed by a trio and vocalist (after eleven). Before eleven and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and Carnaval music. The club is open nightly, except Mondays, from eight to four. Dining.

Carlyle Hotel, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The exuberant **BOBBY SHORT** is back in the Café Carlyle with his sidekicks, bassist **BEVERLY PEER** and drummer **GENE GAMMAGE**. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight. Dining. . . . ¶ Pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** works in the Bemelmans Bar nightly, except Sundays, from nine-forty-five to twelve-forty-five.

Carnegie Tavern, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Quiet and dignified, **ELLIS LARKINS**, in tuxedo and ruffled shirt, slips onto the bench behind a highly polished August Förster piano at about eight and fanfarelessly commandeers the instrument in his delicate, understated way. Customers are advised to whisper during Larkins' sets. Nightly, except Sundays, until midnight. Dining.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—The audiences look preppier and preppier every week. Thursday through Saturday, March 29-31, the Shirts will be onstage. Nightly from nine-thirty. Monday is showcase night.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—The legendary blues singer **ALBERTA HUNTER**, who is in her eighties and still going strong, isn't merely good for someone in her eighties; she's good, period. Pianist Gerald Cook and bassist Jimmy Lewis assist her. Miss Hunter and her trio go on Tuesdays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and ten-

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thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-fifteen. Sundays and Mondays are given over to stride pianist and occasional singer **BROOKS KERR** and his bassist, **AL HALL**, who perform from eight to one. Dining.

CRAWDADDY, Vanderbilt Ave. at 45th St. (687-1860)—The white tiled floors echo the conversation in this sprawling place, which features New Orleans-style food and, usually, Bourbon Street-tourist music during dinner. Clarinettist **JOHNNY MINCE** plays with bassist **MAJOR HOLLEY** and pianist **CHUCK FOLDS** Mondays through Fridays from six to eleven. Closed Saturdays and Sundays.

DAVID K'S, 1115 Third Ave., at 65th St. (371-9090)—**HUGH SHANNON,** the international café-society singer and pianist, holds forth Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to two.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—A dark, sleek, carpeted alternate hangout for traditional jazz (see also Jimmy Ryan's, below). A businesslike sextet occupies the bandstand most nights. On Sunday, April 1, pianist **JOHN BUNCH** will head a quintet, beginning at eight-thirty. The music starts weeknights after nine-thirty. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Mondays are traditionally (in New York, anyway) big-band nights. There is no big band at Gregory's—where there is barely enough room for a trio—but this little bar shouldn't be overlooked, since Mondays here have lately been allotted to **ATTILA ZOLLER,** a virtually unknown, neglected guitarist with a distinctive personal style—one that is simultaneously singing and full and never ceases to swing. He came to this country from Hungary in 1959, and he has worked with Herbie Mann, Red Norvo, Don Friedman, and Albert Mangelsdorff. He performs with two fine players—his old collaborator **DON FRIEDMAN,** a pianist and composer, and **HARVIE SWARTZ,** a good bassist. Their hours are from ten to three. Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works Wednesdays through Sundays with admirable sidemen, pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and bassist **MARC JOHNSON,** and a conscientious vocalist, Alicia Sherman. Their hours are ten to three; Mr. O'Brien and Miss Sherman show up early—at seven—on Sundays. On Tuesdays, from ten to three, guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE** leads a trio. Weeknights from seven to ten are given over to pianist Loumell Morgan and bassist Morris Edwards.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—This multilevel room looks like just another stylish, modern hotel room, but the singular views from it are what one would see out the window of an airplane in a perpetual bank. Pianist **MARTY NAPOLEON** leads a trio for dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist **DILL JONES** alternates with them after nine-thirty.

HURRAH, 36 W. 62nd St. (541-4909)—There is talk of a disco Broadway musical, and it is a fact that Ethel Merman has agreed to cut a disco record, but not *everything* is turning to disco. This second-floor loft space—next door to a dance-instruction studio—used to be a disco but is now one of the best places to hear new-wave bands like the Feelies and the Model Citizens. Music nightly after eleven. Dancing. (Sneakers welcome.)

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 14 E. 23rd St., on the fourth floor. (477-3077)—Various jazz players turn up to jam in this jazz loft. The guest performer Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, will be tenor saxophonist **HAROLD VICK.** Snacks and soft drinks. Music Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—A no-frills, uncarpeted—the music carries more vividly without a carpet to soak it up—traditional-jazz haunt and an alternative to Eddie Condon's (see above), just thirty paces east. Trumpeter **ROY ELDRIDGE** is usually on the stand (cornettist **RUBY BRAFF** will fill in for him through Saturday, March 31), supported by five resident Dixieland journeymen, Tuesdays through Saturdays. On Mondays, Max Kaminsky heads the group. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Pianist **ROLAND HANNA** is at the piano, supported by bassist **SAM JONES,** through Saturday, March 31. On Tuesday, April 3, pianist **BILLY TAYLOR** and his bassist, **VICTOR GASKIN,** will return to their home base. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten.

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LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—Although it comes very close to authenticity, this Texas-on-Fifth Avenue bar attracts patrons who are a mite too sedate and hardly ever rowdy. Veteran sixties folkie Richie Havens will be present on Wednesday, March 28; the **LOST GONZO BAND,** which used to be Jerry Jeff Walker's backup band, will play country-rock tunes on Thursday, March 29; Sunday, April 1, will be claimed by Kinky Friedman; Nashville fiddler **VASSAR CLEMENTS** will drop in with his band on Monday and Tuesday, April 2-3; Wednesday and Thursday, April 4-5, belong to the Red Neck Jazz Explosion (featuring Buddy Emmons on steel guitar) and the Down Child Blues Band; and the Cobble Mountain Band will show up on Friday and Saturday, April 6-7. Music weeknights, from nine-fifteen to three, and Sundays from eight-thirty to two.

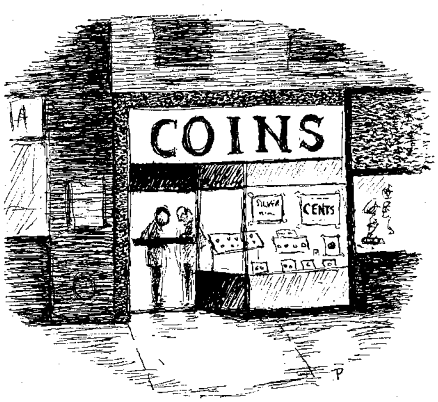
MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—A dark, clubby-looking room, with heavy furniture, chandeliers, and a picture-window view of a garden. **JOHNNY HARTMAN,** the last of the luxuriant, big-voiced black singers who came along in the forties, will be here through Saturday, March 31. On Monday, April 2, seven-string guitarist **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** and bassist **SLAM STEWART** will move in. Sets begin at nine-fifteen and eleven nightly, except Sundays. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—Crowded in the sixties, crowded in the seventies, and it will probably be crowded in the eighties. Rock bands perform nightly after ten-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Singer Fran Warren is in charge of the current tribute—it's to lyricist Sammy Cahn. Miss Warren is supported by pianist Michael Renzi and a sextet Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine-fifteen to one. On Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes. *Dining. Closed Sundays.*

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Just a little neighborhood place where one can run across the likes of Chico Hamilton, Art Blakey, Lew Soloff, Cornell Dupree, or James Cotton—and their respective groups—on the bandstand at one time or another. On Wednesday, March 28, **STUFF,** a wonderful R. & B. group, will perform; singer Carol Cass will be present Monday through Wednesday, April 2-4; and on Thursday, April 5, pianist **DANNY MIXON** and his foursome will begin a three-night stand. Music from ten until two. Dining.

ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth Ave. at 8th St. (260-3434)—**AL HAIG,** one of the earliest and still one of the best bop pianists, works with a bassist Tuesdays through Thursdays and on Saturdays and Sundays. On Mondays and Fridays, the Downtown Blue Blowers, a traditional sextet, are in charge. Music from nine-fifteen to two. Dining.



OTHER END, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—The intimacy and the fine sight lines to the stage—and even the brick walls—haven't changed since the sixties, when the place was known as the Bitter End, but the club now has a liquor license, and even brings in non-folkie performers now and then. Bassist Glen Moore and cellist David Darling, who both used to be in the Paul Winter Consort, collaborate on Wednesday, March 28; folksingers **TOM PAXTON** and Josh White, Jr., will alternate Thursday through Saturday, March 29-31; guitarist Robben Ford will be here with his combo on Monday and Tuesday, April 2-3; and Joe Ely, a country singer from Lubbock, Texas, will be onstage with his band Thursday through Saturday, April 5-7. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Snacks.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—What a room, what a view! Music for listening, dancing, or simply gawking out the windows. **SY OLIVER** is in charge of the music Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining and dancing.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Don't be too put off by the shiny, electric-disco-blue-plastic-tufted walls in the foyer—it's still a nice place. The eight-thirty slot is currently (Wednesday through Saturday, March 28-31) claimed by Weeden, Finkle & Fay—Bill Weeden, Dave Finkle, and Sally Fay—who sing satirical songs with the proficiency one might expect to find in a college revue. Singer Barbara Cook appears Wednesday through Saturday, March 28-31, and Wednesday and Thursday, April 4-5, at 11. Friday and Saturday, April 6-7, she'll be on at 8:30 and 11. Dining.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Randy and Mike Brecker, who are brothers, successful studio musicians, and jazz-rock recording stars, own this pleasant club (along with a third partner), and so far they've managed to round up a lot of worthwhile music. Saxophonist Eddie Daniels heads a quartet on Wednesday, March 28. Thursday through Sunday, March 29-April 1, saxophonist **DAVE LIEBMAN** will lead a quartet, featuring trumpeter **TERUMASA HINO** and guitarist **JOHN SCOFIELD.** Music from ten to two. Dining. Closed Mondays.

STORYTOWNE, 41 E. 58th St. (755-1640)—A spacious, square-shaped downstairs room with refreshingly decent acoustics and comfortable chairs. Two of the **HEATH BROTHERS**—saxophonist **JIMMY** and bassist **PERCY**—and their quintet, including pianist **STANLEY COWELL,** are here through Saturday, March 31. Music from about nine.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Trumpeter **CECIL BRIDGEWATER** and his quartet will be on hand through Saturday, March 31; on Sunday, April 1, saxophonist **RONNIE CUBER** will drop by; and Tuesday through Saturday, April 3-7, drummer **CHICO HAMILTON** will pilot a quintet. Music from ten. Dining.

TIN PALACE, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-9115)—A loose, relaxed room that is a hangout for musicians and listeners. Trumpeter Richard Williams and his quartet perform on Thursday, March 29; Friday through Sunday, March 30-April 1, drummer **BEAVER HARRIS** will direct a quintet; and conga player Ray Mantilla will arrive with his combo on Friday, April 6. Music every night after ten. Dining.

TRAMPS, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (260-0370)—**STORMIN' NORMAN & SUZY,** a neo-vaudevillian duo that performs slapstick rock, blues, and ragtime, has returned to this pleasant club to perform Thursday, March 29, at nine, and Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, at nine and midnight. Norman Zamcheck is the pianist and composer-arranger, and Suzy Williams mugs and sings. Dining.

TRAX, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—A comfortable rock-showcase club that occasionally draws established musicians as well as unknown ones. Music every night except Sunday, usually at midnight and two. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—

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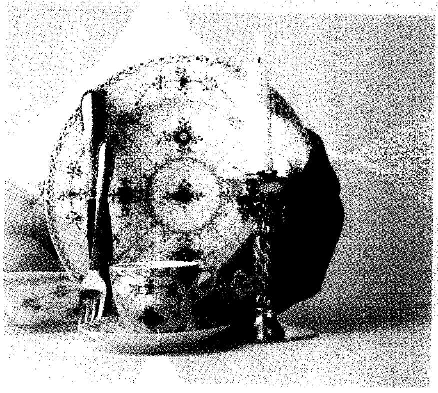

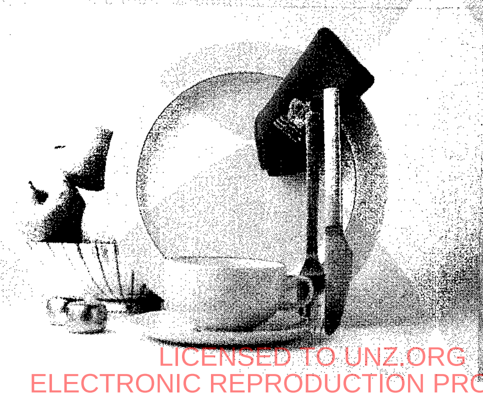

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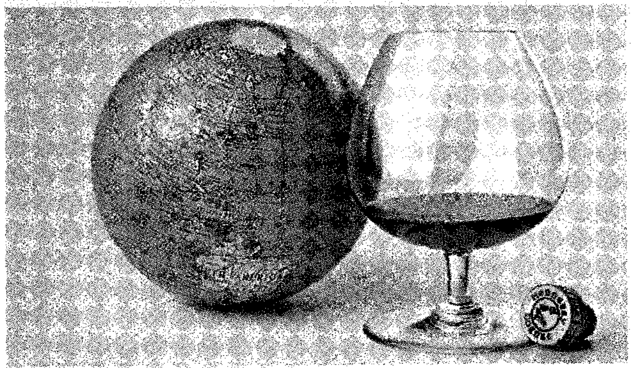

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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It's African-percussion night on Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, as **OLATUNJI AND FRIENDS** perform at ten and midnight in the sprawling downstairs space. On Friday and Saturday, April 6-7, acoustic pianist **MC COY TYNER** and his septet will play. Jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio work on Tuesdays in the sidewalk lounge after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—**SLIDE HAMPTON** and his World of Trombones (nine horns, plus a rhythm section) will operate through Sunday, April 1. On Tuesday, April 3, pianist **HORACE SILVER** and his quintet will begin a six-night stand. Mondays, the **MEL LEWIS** big band blasts forth. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—Outside: dark, lonely streets and hundreds of parked semis. Inside: a cheerful bar and reputable soul-food restaurant with anachronistic sawdust on the floor. Another asset is pianist Sonelius Smith, who plays "Nature Boy," "Over the Rainbow," Red Garland's version of "Billy Boy," and other selections in a tongue-in-cheek variety of overlapping styles—he can coast like a cocktail pianist or noodle like Keith Jarrett or attack like Cecil Taylor. He is usually here Mondays through Wednesdays; Sadik Hakim is here Thursdays through Sundays. Music from eight until two.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Reliable, mature swing musicians; enthusiastic students. The **COUNTSMEN**—ex-Basie-ites **DICKY WELLS** and **EARLE WARREN** and their quintet, one of the most popular groups that appear here regularly—will be on deck through Saturday, March 31. On Sunday, April 1, guitarist Mike Peters and his quintet, Jazz à Cordes, will play material inspired by the gypsy-swing music of the famous thirties group; and the George Kelly Jazz Sultans will move in for a week on Tuesday, April 3. Music every night from nine.

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Roxy Music—Palladium, 126 E. 14th St. Thursday, March 29, at 8. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.

Sarah Vaughan—With Count Basie and his orchestra. The last in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Hall. 247-7459. Friday, March 30, at 8.)

Nazareth and **TKO**—Palladium. Friday, March 30, at 8.

Manhattan Plaza Jazz Composers Orchestra—Slide Hampton conducting. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, March 30, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Tahuantinsuyo—Alternative Center for International Arts, 28 E. 4th St 473-6072. Friday, March 30, at 8.

Muhal Richard Abrams Septet—With Chico Freeman. (Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, at 11.)

Benefit Concert of New Music—Steve Reich, Philip Glass, Leroy Jenkins, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 1, at 12:30 P.M.)

Preservation Hall Jazz Band—Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424. Sunday, April 1, at 3.

Marian McPartland's Trio—In a benefit recital. (Temple Israel, 112 E. 75th St. 249-5000. Sunday, April 1, at 7:30.)

Lonnie Liston Smith & the Cosmic Echoes and **Noel Pointer**—Carnegie Hall. Sunday, April 1, at 8.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Shusaku Arakawa—Two exhibits: painted diagrams dated 1961-62, at the Feldman, 33 E. 74th St. (open Mondays), and recent works at 420 West Broadway (fifth floor). Both shows through April 21.

Martin Chirino—Abstract forged-steel sculptures. Through April 19. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Ron Davis—Abstract paintings. Through April 25. (Blum-Helman, 13 E. 75th St.)

Tony DeLap—Shaped canvases painted a solid, muted color and enclosed in unobtrusive, handsomely carpentered frames. Through Thursday, April 5. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Salvatore Grippi—This artist devotes his skill as a draftsman to crayon depictions of paper bags, with an occasional pastry box thrown in, and sometimes a small section of a flag. Through Saturday, April 7. (Krasner, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Michael Heizer—Massive abstracts painted roughshod on unstretched canvas, which is later stretched. Through Saturday, March 31. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St.)

Alexej Jawlensky (1864-1941)—Twenty-four portraits by a Russian modernist. Through Saturday, March 31. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

Paul Klee (1879-1940)—Fifty-four drawings, watercolors, and oils, which are about as disparate as can be, yet all bear the unmistakable stamp of the master who made them. The occasion is the centennial of Klee's birth. Through May 19. (Saidenberg, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Opens at 1 on Saturdays.)

Julio Larraz—Recent paintings and drawings by a Cuban-born realist whose subject matter includes studies of cloud formations over Spain, eggplants and fruit, a toy boat plowing through a stormy sea of bedclothes. Through Saturday, March 31. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St.)

Leo Lionni—Forty movable bronze sections fitted together and entitled "Project for an Imaginary Garden." Also drawings and other sculptures. Through Saturday, April 7. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Todd McKie—Nonobjective watercolors and drawings. Through April 21. (Acquavella, 18 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Carl Morris—Abstract paintings. Through April 14. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Katherine Porter—Large new abstract paintings in which the artist has freed herself from the restrictions of her usual grid pattern and has established an order of her own, based on architectural forms. Through April 14. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Paul Resika / Guy Pène du Bois (1884-1958)—Landscapes of Mexico, the Cape, and New Jersey. Through Saturday, March 31. / Oil portraits (mostly), landscapes, and drawings. Through May 12. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

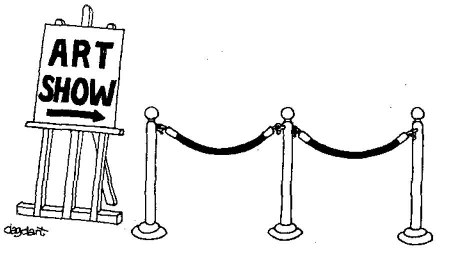
Susan Rothenberg—More or less representational paintings—acrylic, flashe, and gesso on canvas. Through April 19. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St.)

Edith Schloss—A series of cheerfully colored semi-abstract watercolors and oils called "Sunsets." Through Wednesday, April 4. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Joseph Stella (1877-1946)—Landscapes, exotic birds and flowers, and figures, in a show of major large-scale works on paper in such mediums as crayon, silverpoint, charcoal, gouache, and pastel. Through April 21. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Abraham Walkowitz (1878-1965)—Early works on paper. Through April 21. (Deutsch, 43 E. 80th St.)

Sibyl Weil—Neat pencil drawings, made with compass and straightedge, plus long columns of straight pins creeping along the gallery walls and ceiling—this artist's hallmark. Through Saturday, March 31. (Cucalón, 145 E. 72nd St. Opens at noon.)



Group Shows—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: "A Century of Venezuelan Landscapes: 1845-1945" begins with a watercolor by Camille Pissarro and includes forty paintings by twenty artists. Through April 15. (Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.) . . . **KNOWLTON**, 19 E. 71st St.: Works by ten artists, among them David Middaugh and Phyllis Bramson. Through Wednesday, April 4. . . . **WILDENSTEIN**, 19 E. 64th St.: A benefit loan show of paintings (forty-five) and drawings (twenty-two) by French artists. The works, by La Tour, Boucher, Renoir, and others, are in the collections of the Fine Arts Museums of San Francisco. Through April 27. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

William Allan—Watercolors, chiefly piscatorial in subject. Through Saturday, March 31. (Odyssia, 730 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Richard Anuszkiewicz—New paintings devoted to the centered square. Through April 14. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Siah Armajani—Architecture in its purest form is represented in "First Reading Room," a carpentered installation of Shaker-like plainness in which the visitor makes his way through a sort of maze to a dark, quiet, restful bench in a corner. Models of covered bridges and open trestles are also in the show, plus related drawings. Through Saturday, April 7. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.)

Beck & Jung—These two Swedish artists (Holger Bäckström and Bo Ljungberg) have been painting as a team since the mid-sixties. They do acrylic paintings in which a large form (a disc or a triangle, say) seems to have been cut out of the heart of the picture and placed somewhere else in the composition. Through Saturday, April 7. (Heidenberg, 50 W. 57th St.)

Barton Lidice Beneš—The handwritten word is a tool of drawing for this artist, who fills in large patterns of blank labels with words. Through Saturday, March 31. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

Joan Brown—This San Francisco artist, whose paintings constitute a sort of diary, has stopped dwelling on her Alcatraz swim and is now telling us about her trip to South America, where she saw a jaguar in the jungle, sailed on a cruise ship, and flew in a plane. A couple of California daydreams are also in the show. Through Friday, April 6. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

Diane Burko—Miss Burko, who has concentrated on landscapes for the past ten years, has now taken on the Grand Canyon, depicting it in large canvases and in colored-pencil drawings. Through Saturday, March 31. (Genesis, 41 E. 57th St.)

Reginald Case—Collages made up of clippings from various publications—advertisements for Oriental rugs, an exhibition announcement for a Balthus show, and so on. Through Saturday, March 31. (Fitch-Febvrel, 5 E. 57th St.)

Gene Davis—A retrospective of drawings from the past quarter century, ranging from childlike abstract scribbles to his familiar compositions made of ruled parallel vertical lines drawn with colored pencils. Through Saturday, March 31. (Droll-Kolbert, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Jean Dubuffet—New additions to his "Théâtres de Mémoire" series, these being oils on canvas and black-and-white drawings. Through April 21. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Another facet of this artist's work—a twenty-two-foot-high painted-steel sculpture—can be seen at the entrance to Central Park at Fifth Ave. and 60th St.

Norris Embry—Oils, gouaches, and collages by this American artist who lived abroad for eleven years and carries on the tradition of the German Expressionists. Through Saturday, March 31. (Gruenebaum, 38 E. 57th St.)

Sam Gilliam / Robert Murray—Large, thickly

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painted abstract oils based on a grid pattern. / Sculptural pieces made of heavy-duty aluminum plate crumpled and twisted into abstract shapes and covered with a high-gloss red paint. Through Saturday, March 31. (Hamilton, 20 W. 57th St.)

Adolph Gottlieb (1903-74)—A show of the pictographs (1941-53) for which the artist became famous. Through Wednesday, April 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Josep Grau-Garriga—Instead of using brush and paint or chisel and stone, this Catalonian artist expresses himself in sticks and in hanks of wool, jute, and silk, weaving and lashing them together into shaggy wall pieces or into freestanding sculptural works held up by a framework of poles. He mostly celebrates peasant life (like Bruegel), and the pungent smell of his raw materials reinforces his artistry. Through Saturday, April 7. (Arras, 29 W. 57th St.)

Dorothy Heller—Clean-cut abstract paintings, done in acrylics on canvas, which are sometimes confined to a grid and sometimes to a circular design, and almost always involve mystical symbols. Through April 30. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Daily, except Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Rex Lau—A series of small wall constructions made of painted wood and relating the artist's efforts to hold his own against a mountain near his upstate studio. The title of the show is "Pranks of Nature," and one sees the mountain struck by avalanches, stung by lightning, swept by rainstorms, and enmeshed by forests. Through Saturday, March 31. (Parsons-Dreyfuss, 24 W. 57th St.)

Ronald Markman—Wall pieces of wooden mosaics in complicated frames, which strike a note somewhere between Mexican primitive and Graustarkian. Through Friday, March 30. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Dimitry Merinoff (1896-1971)—Twigs and branches with the rough bark left on them are sewn onto a burlap field and painted a low-key red. The artist, Russian-born, worked in Paris and the South of France before moving to this country, in 1947, and he was well into his sixties before he felt he had really hit his stride, with the series on exhibition here. Through Saturday, March 31. (Washburn, 42 E. 57th St.)

Kenneth Hayes Miller (1876-1952)—A two-gallery exhibition: paintings and drawings of New York women and shoppers, dating from the late twenties to the forties, at Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St., and etchings and drypoints—again, mostly of women—at Associated American Artists, 663 Fifth Ave., at 53rd St. Both shows through Saturday, March 31.

Margaret Miller—Sculptures that double as games. A version of hopscotch, for instance, involves chalk lines and ceramic markers. Also drawings. Through Saturday, March 31. (JAM Gallery, 50 W. 57th St.)

Henry Moore—Small bronze sculptures, drawings, and graphics, including a lithographic analysis, dated 1973, of the wrinkles on Auden's face. Through Friday, April 6. (Dorsky, 4 W. 57th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Judith Murray—Paintings. Through April 21. (Pam Adler, 50 W. 57th St.)

Lowell Nesbitt—Gigantic enlargements of irises, tulips, lilies, and roses, done in oil. The roses seem to suffer least from such magnification. Through April 14. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Mondays through Fridays, 11:30 to 4:30; Saturdays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

Stephen Pace—Spirited watercolors that set forth summer life in upper Maine—lobster boats, dairy farms, woodland expanses, relaxing people. Through Thursday, April 5. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Bruce Robbins—Pilasters and lintels are the current interest of an artist who was previously attracted to ladders and seesaws. Through Saturday, April 7. (Truman, 38 E. 57th St.)

Hollis Sigler—Brightly colored interiors drawn in crayon with childlike naïveté by an artist who has a highly idiosyncratic sense of perspective. First solo show in New York. Through Saturday, March 31. (Gladstone-Villani, 38 E. 57th St.)

Bill Sullivan—Crayon and pastel drawings. Through Saturday, March 31. (Kornblee, 20 W. 57th St.)

William Thon—Wave-tossed sailboats and frozen forests in Maine, plus an intimate glimpse into a herring smokehouse, by a watercolor stylist. Through Saturday, March 31. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Neil Welliver—Huge realist landscapes portraying the rugged quality of interior Maine, with its bright groves of birch and its boulder-strewn white-water streams. Through Wednesday, April 4. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jean Xceron (1890-1967)—Small, colorful works on paper by an American artist who worked in the traditions of Mondrian and Klee. Through Saturday, April 7. (Zarre, 41 E. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **Alexander,** 20 W. 57th St.: Paintings by Martha Diamond, Margo Margolis, and Rodney Ripps. Through Saturday, April 7. . . . **Esman,** 29 W. 57th St.: Early Russian nonobjective art dated 1912-25. A two-sided Malevich pencil drawing on graph paper, a large gouache by Vesin, and a watercolor by Rodchenko are three of the works. Through Saturday, April 7. . . . **Kennedy,** 40 W. 57th St.: Paintings of still-lifes by Americans, among them Burchfield, Knaths, and Kuhn. Through April 28.

GALLERIES—SoHo

Jon Borofsky—Drawings, paintings, and editorial comment, some of it done directly on the gallery wall, by an artist who tries to record every notion that passes through his consciousness, or even his unconsciousness (he paints his dreams, too), and numbers the results. (He's well along toward No. 3,000,000.) Through Saturday, April 7. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St.)

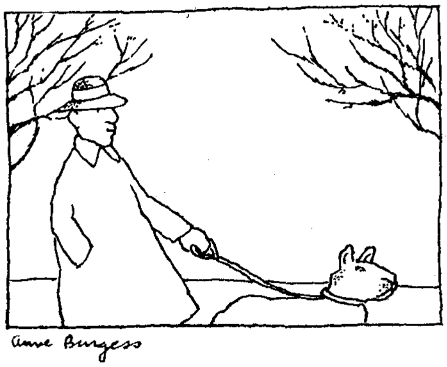
Howard Buchwald—Large, colorful abstract paintings riddled with holes that are drilled in accordance with a complicated mathematical formula. Through Thursday, April 5. (Boone, 420 West Broadway.)

David Budd / Nancy Genn—Monochromatic paintings done over the past three years by an artist who works with a palette knife. / Thick handmade paper, creased horizontally in the making and banded in one or two places with earth colors. Through Saturday, March 31. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Joan Gardner / Emily Fuller—Collages of painted-linen cutouts suggesting interiors. Also hand-colored pages from a printed book of the artist's drawings. / Abstract paintings, works on paper, and small wood houses that are lined with sewn and colored paper. Through Saturday, April 7. (55 Mercer Street Gallery.)

Shirley Gorelick—Portraits of a single family, plus silverpoint drawings of the same subjects. Through April 18. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Opens at noon.)

Bernard Kirschenbaum / Ed McGowin—Three sculptures, one of them a vast curtain made up of strips of blued spring steel an inch and a quarter wide which hangs in an eighty-five-foot crescent across this big gallery. Through Saturday, April 7. / Two large maquettes for much larger outdoor pieces. One is a pyramid with an exterior mural tracing the life of a metalworker, and an interior room—a sort of shrine seen through windows—showing some of his tools and things he made. The other piece is a sort of kiosk, fifteen feet tall, with an interior tableau commenting on the aging process. Through Saturday, March 31. (Sculpture Now, 142 Greene St.)



Judith Neaman / Dennis Whitcopf—This artist paints windows—the sash, the mullions (if any), the glass, always from the inside—specializing in the way they look during a rainstorm, or just after. / Form under stress is the subject of these sculptures, carved from limestone or laminated spruce and bound with rope or cable that seems to be twisting them out of shape. Through Thursday, April 5. (Neill, 136 Greene St.)

Dennis Oppenheim—This artist has installed three new sculptural works, including an outdoor (in the street) four-story miniature elevator on which a small car rides, and (indoors) a three-hundred-pound glass house suspended from the ceiling by a cable. Through Saturday, March 31. (Gibson, 392 West Broadway.)

Joseph Raffael—Outsize watercolors and oils of fish (mostly carp, seen just below the surface), water lilies, sea birds, and swampy ponds. The artist is a Californian who gets an inspirational lift from using pure rainwater for his watercolors. Through April 19. (Hoffman, 429 West Broadway.)

Helene Valentin—Very large canvases (the biggest is nine feet by almost twenty-two) depicting the darkness to be found inside a mountain—a deep-blue and purple stillness, with the occasional glimmering of a smoldering ember. Through Saturday, April 7. (Hutchinson, 138 Greene St.)

William Wegman / Robert Kushner—Black-and-white photographs elaborated with black ink. Also cartoon-like drawings. Through April 18. / Acrylics on paper done in the decorative tradition. Through Wednesday, April 4. (Holly Solomon, 392 West Broadway.)

Architectural Drawings—Visionary proposals for dealing with city life by celebrated architects from all over the world—Gropius, Mies, Kahn, Mendelsohn, Soleri, Fuller, Kikutake. The end of the hall is dominated by four huge Le Corbusier sketches. Through May 5. (The Drawing Center, 137 Greene St. Open Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8.)

Group Show—Works by five new painters include bright, abstract mosaics worked out in the tiny squares of a grid by Tony Bechara, and abstract urban landscapes based on the architecture of lower Manhattan by Melissa Meyer. Through Saturday, March 31. (SoHo Center for Visual Artists, 114 Prince St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

OTHER GALLERIES

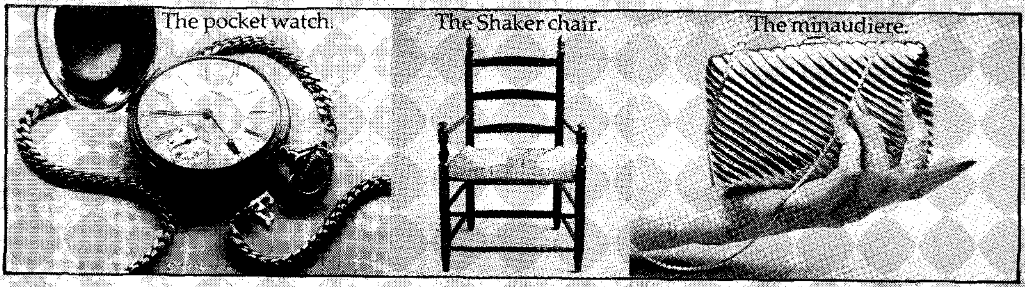
Marc Eisenberg—Paper cutouts of intentionally crude figures and laborious abstract designs drawn in thick black ink mixed with acrylic on a tough paper. Through Saturday, March 31. (Sragow, 43 Fifth Ave., at 11th St. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

Margo Hoff—Abstract paintings done with acrylics on unstretched canvas and sometimes filled in with collage cut from the same sort of canvas. Also crayon drawings. The artist's visit to Morocco last year is reflected in several of the works. Through April 14. (Hadler-Rodriguez, 35 E. 20th St.)

Louis Comfort Tiffany (1848-1933)—A show that centers on the realist paintings of the designer, who studied with George Inness and in Paris. There are landscapes of New Jersey and Long Island as well as scenes from his travels to North Africa. In addition, a few examples of his glassware, lamps, and pottery. Through May 12. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, Washington Pl., just east of Washington Sq. Tuesdays and Thursdays, 10 to 6:30; Wednesdays, 10 to 8:30; Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

Group Show—Abstract paintings by Porfirio Di Donna, Gordon Hart, Linda Levit, Catherine L. Porter, Sean Scully, and Ted Stamm. Through Saturday, March 31. (The Clock-

A CLASSIC IS ART YOU USE.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The Shaker chair.
The minaudiere.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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tower, 108 Leonard St., four blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway. Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Robert Adams—The Museum of Modern Art is showing his early works (from the sixties), depicting urban and rural scenes in and around Colorado Springs and Denver. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Earl Dotter—A portrayal of textile workers in Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, mostly, by a photographer whose previous efforts centered on Kentucky coal miners. Through April 27. (Gallery 1199, 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5 and 6 to 8; Saturdays, 10 to 2.)

Robert Mapplethorpe—Portraits, still-lifes, and landscapes, in addition to photographs that reveal aspects of s-m. Through April 18. (Miller, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.). . . ¶ Another selection of Mr. Mapplethorpe's works is on view at the International Center of Photography (see below, under "Group Shows").

Ray Metzker / Bart Parker—Formalist black-and-white abstractions. / Photographs in pairs and in groups (of crushed cans, cancelled checks, clotheslines), plus text, by a Conceptualist. Through Saturday, March 31. (Light, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Tom Millea—Palladium prints of landscapes and nudes. Through May 5. (Pfeifer, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

New York Seen—The Museum of the City of New York has mounted an ambitious show of two hundred photographs ranging from early daguerreotypes of Brooklyn homesteads to NASA satellite pictures of our dense metropolis. In some of the prints, the city's landmarks are seen as backdrops to historical events—in one, City Hall is draped in black bunting for the funeral of Ulysses S. Grant. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Group Shows—At the **acia,** 28 E. 4th St.: Eighteen contemporary Italian photographers showing works that range in style from documentary to experimental. Through April 14. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.). . . **international center of photography,** 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Bruce Davidson's twelve photo-essays here include "Brooklyn Gang," from 1959, "East 100th Street," from the late sixties, and "The Cafeteria," made three years ago on the lower East Side. Two films by Mr. Davidson, "Isaac Singer's Nightmare and Mrs. Pupko's Beard" (twenty-eight minutes) and "Living Off the Land" (twenty minutes), can be seen Tuesdays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 3:45. . . . ¶ Lynn Davis and Robert Mapplethorpe are exhibiting photographs they made of identical subjects. (Open Sundays.) Both shows through April 22. . . . **neikrug,** 224 E. 68th St.: Forty young Australians showing photographs of the aborigines, coral reefs, desert vegetation, and small-town life on their continent. Through Saturday, April 7. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.). . . **the new museum,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: "The Invented Landscape" includes works by ten contemporary photographers. Through April 14. (Opens weekdays at noon; open Wednesday evenings until 8.). . . **26 federal plaza,** at Foley Square: In the lobby of this building is a large show of works by André Kertész, Lilo Raymond, and forty-eight others. Through April 25. (Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.). . . **witkin,** 41 E. 57th St.: This gallery is celebrating its tenth anniversary with a big show (a hundred and fifty prints) by big names (fifty photographers are included). Through May 5. . . . **wolf,** 30 W. 57th St.: Nineteenth-century Chinese panoramas (mostly harbor views) by European photographers, plus handcolored genre scenes by W. Saunders. Through Saturday, March 31.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—King Tut, of course. Through April 15. . . . ¶ A show of more than a hundred costumes worn by dancers in Diaghilev's Ballets Russes, supplemented by costume and set sketches (by Bakst, Cocteau, others) and advertising posters. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-two paintings that were part of the Edvard Munch exhibit at the National Gallery of Art, in Washington. Also other Munch paintings and prints. Through April 24. . . . ¶ "Transformations in Modern Architecture," a show of primarily black-and-white photographs of buildings constructed in the past twenty years. Through April 24. . . . ¶ Ten small unpainted maquettes by Frank Stella. Through May 1. . . . ¶ Paul Klee prints. Through Tuesday, April 3. . . . **photography:** About forty pictures taken in the sixties by Robert Adams. Through May 1. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

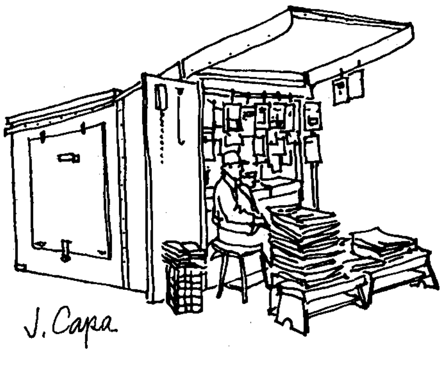
Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—"The Planar Dimension: Europe 1912-1932" is an exhibit that examines the synthesis of painting and sculpture in works of art on more than one plane. Picasso, Archipenko, Calder, Lissitzky, and others are represented. Through May 6. . . . ¶ A show of thirty-five works by Piet Mondrian, dating mostly from the twenties and thirties. Through May 6. . . . ¶ A selection of paintings by artists who worked in France in the first half of this century, among them Matisse, Gris, Villon, and Picabia. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—The 1979 biennial consists of works in a wide range of styles and mediums by eighty-eight artists of all ages and all levels of fame, more than a third of whom work outside the New York area. This exhibit fills the third and fourth floors; the fourth floor closes Sunday, April 1, and the third floor closes Sunday, April 8. . . . **composers' showcase:** On Wednesday, April 4, at 8, Gunther Schuller will conduct New York premières of music by Jacob Druckman, Ralph Shapey, Roger Bourland, and Gerald Levinson, with Paul Sperry, tenor, and Joel Krosnick, cello. Tickets are now being issued on a first-come, first-served basis. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 9, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—"Auto-Icons" is an exhibit of paintings, sculptures, photographs, and prints by artists (Rosenquist, Sonneman, Oldenburg, Linn, among them) who were inspired by the automobile. Through April 11. (Open Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of the paintings, reliefs, and drawings of Ben Nicholson. Through May 13. . . . ¶ Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by four British Victorian artists: George Frederic Watts, Frederic Leighton, Albert Moore, and Alfred Gilbert. Through April 8. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

American Academy and Institute of Arts and Letters, Broadway at 155th St.—A show of paintings and sculptures by twenty-six contemporary American artists who are candidates for art awards. Through April 8. (Open daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)



China House, 125 E. 65th St.—A show of eighty-two objects that date from the Han dynasty (206 B.C. to 220 A.D.), including painted tiles, stone carvings, dressing-table items, bronze vases, and, among the *ming ch'i*, models of horses, acrobats, dragons, and houses. Through May 27. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—A half-scale model of a teahouse that is not only a half-scale model of a teahouse but an application of the Japanese principle of *ma*, which postulates that time and space are one. (Further description is impractical here.) Other *ma* constructions and a number of sculptures and photographs will be unveiled periodically in an exhibit that will not be fully open until Tuesday, April 3. . . . ¶ A selection of porcelains from the museum's collections includes some very early Chinese examples and some choice eighteenth-century pieces, such as part of a Meissen swan service designed for Count von Brühl; pieces from a Sèvres service made for Madame Du Barry; and Chelsea plates. Through May 13. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of the paintings, drawings, and graphics of Arik Brauer, an artist associated with the Vienna school of Fantastic Realism. Through April 29. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—A display of more than a hundred handmade bookbindings, representing the full range of the library's collection, in such materials as gold, silver, and ivory. Through April 8. . . . ¶ More than three dozen single leaves from medieval and Renaissance illuminated manuscripts, one of them from a Bible illuminated at St. Swithin's Priory, Winchester, England, in the last quarter of the twelfth century. Through April 14. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—"The Woman Folk Artist in America," a display of paintings, drawings, and textiles. Through April 29. (Open daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—Mrs. John Jay's white satin shoes (circa 1785) and a red straw hat that Sally Victor designed in 1942 are part of a sizable collection of shoes and hats on view here. . . . **photography:** New York City in pictures over the past hundred and thirty years. Through June 17. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection has put together an exhibit of letters, manuscripts, and first editions by Henry James, Theodore Dreiser, Edith Wharton, Ellen Glasgow, and other authors active in the eighteen-nineties. (Open daily, except Thursdays and Sundays, 10 to 6.)

EXPERIMENTAL OUTPOSTS

(Various avant-garde enterprises that may involve not only traditional art but video, electronics, dance, and so on.)

Artists Space, 105 Hudson St., at Franklin St. 226-3970. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6.—Drawings, paintings, and photographs by four artists from Scotland (James Birrell, Michael Davey, Gareth Fisher, and Thomas Lawson), through April 21; Anthony Thompson (low-relief wall installations), through Saturday, March 31.

Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St. 925-4671. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.—David Type (performance), Thursday, March 29, at 8:30; Barbara Ess (performance), Tuesday, April 3, at

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

8:30; Judith Simonian and Bruce Fier showing one-of-a-kind bookworks (hers is a wall of graffiti; his are made of leather, slate, and wood), through April 14.

The Kitchen, 484 Broome St. 925-3615. Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6.—Ed Bowes (sixty-minute videotape), Saturday, March 31, at 8:30 and 10:30; John Margolies (slide show of New Jersey seaside resorts), Sunday, April 1, at 8:30; Margaret Fisher and others (dance), Thursday through Saturday, April 5-7, at 8:30; Troy Brauntuch (drawings and manipulated prints), starts Saturday, March 31; dancers on video (Doris Chase, Merce Cunningham, others), through Saturday, March 31; videotapes by five artists, starting Tuesday, April 3.

Project Studios One, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City. 784-2084. Exhibition hours: Thursdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.—Up to twenty individual exhibits and several group shows are currently housed in this three-story onetime school building. Through Sunday, April 1.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 580-9830, for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424, for Carnegie Hall 247-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, March 28, at 8: "Norma," with Shirley Verrett, Elena Obraztsova, Carlo Cossutta, and Paul Plishka; conducted by Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 29, at 8: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Johanna Meier, Donald McIntyre, William Lewis, and William Wildermann; James Levine. . . . ¶ Friday, March 30, at 8: "Eugene Onegin," with Makvala Kasrashvili, Yuri Mazurok, Neil Shicoff, Paul Plishka, and Isola Jones; Naami Yarvi. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 2:30: "Billy Budd," with Peter Pears, Richard Stilwell, and James Morris; Raymond Leppard. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 8: "Norma," with Shirley Verrett, Elena Obraztsova, Carlo Cossutta, and John Macurdy; Peter Maag. (A nonsubscription performance.) . . . ¶ Monday, April 2, at 7: "Parsifal," with Christa Ludwig, Jon Vickers, Bernd Weikl, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . ¶ Tuesday, April 3, at 8: "Eugene Onegin," with Makvala Kasrashvili, Yuri Mazurok, Nicolai Gedda, Paul Plishka, and Isola Jones; Naami Yarvi. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 4, at 8: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Carol Neblett, Donald McIntyre, William Lewis, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 5, at 8: "Norma," with Shirley Verrett, Elena Obraztsova, Carlo Cossutta, and John Macurdy; Peter Maag. . . . ¶ Friday, April 6, at 7: "Parsifal," with Christa Ludwig, Jon Vickers, Bernd Weikl, and Martti Talvela; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 7, at 2:30: "Der Fliegende Holländer," with Carol Neblett, Donald McIntyre, William Lewis, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 7, at 8: "Eugene Onegin," with Makvala Kasrashvili, Yuri Mazurok, Nicolai Gedda, Paul Plishka, and Isola Jones; Naami Yarvi.

New York City Opera—Wednesday, March 28, at 2: "La Bohème," with Marianna Christos, Martha Thigpen, Vinson Cole, Dominic Cossa, Robert Hale, and Vernon Hartman; conducted by John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 29, at 8: "Rigoletto," with Glenys Fowles, Sandra Walker, John Sandor, and Richard Fredricks; Victor De Renzi. . . . ¶ Friday, March 30, at 8: "La Traviata," with Rita Shane, Jane Shaulis, Dalmacio Gonzalez, and Dominic Cossa; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 2: "Mefistofele," with Maria Coronada, Samuel Ramey, and Enrico Di Giuseppe; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Saturday, March 31, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Marilyn Zschau, Diane Curry, Lando Bartolini, and Adib Fazah; Victor De Renzi. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 1, at 1: "The Daughter of the Regiment" (in English), with Ashley Putnam, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Hermione Gingold (in a speaking role), Bruce Reed, and Richard McKee; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Sunday, April 1, at 7: "The Turk in Italy" (in English), with Beverly Sills, Susanne Marsee, Alan Kays, Alan Titus, Spiro Malas, and James Billings; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 4, at 8: "Miss Havisham's Fire," with Rita Shane, Gianna Rolandi, Susanne Marsee, Elaine Bonazzi, Alan Titus, Richard Cross, Ralph Bassett, and John Lankston; Julius Rudel. . . . ¶ Thursday, April 5, at 8: "Madame Butterfly," with Marilyn Zschau, Diane Curry, Lando Bartolini, and Richard Fredricks; Victor De Renzi. . . . ¶ Friday, April 6, at 8: "Carmen," with Sandra Walker, Elizabeth Hynes, Richard Taylor, and Charles Long; Imre Pallo. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 7, at 2: "The Daughter of the Regiment" (in English), with Gianna Rolandi, Jane Shaulis, Hermione Gingold (in a speaking role), Alan Kays, and Dan Sullivan; John Mauceri. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 7, at 8: "The Daughter of the Regiment" (in English), with Ashley Putnam, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Hermione Gingold (in a speaking role), Bruce Reed, and Richard McKee; John Mauceri. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 877-4727. Through Sunday, April 29.)

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ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Raymond Leppard conducting Thursday through Saturday, March 29-31, at 8:30, and Tuesday, April 3, at 7:30 (all with Ellen Shade, soprano). . . . ¶ Zubin Mehta conducting on Thursday, April 5, at 8:30; Friday, April 6, at 2; a nonsubscription concert on Saturday, April 7, at 8:30; and Tuesday, April 10, at 7:30 (all with Alfred Brendel, piano).

Rochester Philharmonic Orchestra—David Zinman conducting, with Misha Dichter, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, March 29, at 8.)

Boston Symphony—Seiji Ozawa directing the final performances of the season here. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday and Thursday, April 4-5, at 8, performances of Schoenberg's "Gurrelieder," with, among others, Jessye Norman, soprano; Tatiana Troyanos, mezzo-soprano; James McCracken, tenor; Werner Klemperer, narrator; and the Tanglewood Festival Chorus. . . . ¶ Avery Fisher Hall. Friday, April 6, at 8, an all-Tchaikovsky program, with Alexis Weissenberg, piano.)

Sacred Music Society of America—Gianfranco Masini directing an orchestra, a chorus, and two bands in the American première of Meyerbeer's "Il Crociato in Egitto" in concert form, with Yvonne Kenny and Felicity Palmer, sopranos; Rockwell Blake, tenor; and Justino Díaz, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, March 28, at 7:30.)

Edward Tarr Brass Ensemble—With George Kent, organ. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 31, at 2:30.)

Municipal Concerts Orchestra—Julius Grossman conducting, with Grant Johannesen, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, March 31, at 8.)

Downeast Chamber Orchestra—Burton Kaplan conducting. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Sunday, April 1, at 3. Admission by contribution.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Pierre Fournier, cello. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, April 4, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonia—Lukas Foss conducting the last in a "Meet the Moderns" series of concerts. Allen Ginsberg will be present and participate in a forum with Mr. Foss at the end of the evening. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Friday, April 6, at 8.)

Westchester Conservatory Symphony Orchestra—Gabriel Banat conducting, with Rodney Friend, violin. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Friday, April 6, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

New York Motet Choir—Stephen Sturk directing. (Grace Church, Broadway at 10th St. Saturday, March 31, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Zamir Chorale—Mati Lazar directing. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 1, at 8.)

Columbia University Glee Club—Warren H. Brown directing, with Mary Beth Peil, soprano, and others. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, April 7, at 3.)

St. Cecilia Chorus and Orchestra—David Randolph directing a performance of Bach's B-Minor Mass, with Betty Lane, soprano; Grayson Hirst, tenor; and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, April 7, at 8.)

RECITALS

Twilight Interlude Organ Concerts—The third in a series of five one-hour concerts of music by Bach and his contemporaries, this one played by Karel Paukert. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, March 28, at 5:30.)

Bracha Eden and Alexander Tamir—Duo piano, in an all-Mozart program. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, March 28, at 8.)

Sharon Isbin—Classical guitarist. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, March 29, at 8.)

New York Philomusica—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, March 29, at 8:30.)

Arminda Canteros—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, March 30, at 8.)

Andrew Appel—Harpsichord. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, March 30, at 8.)

Alexander Schneider, Lee Luvisi, Walter Trampler, and Laurence Lesser—Violin, piano, viola, and cello. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, March 30, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Bennett Lerner—Piano. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, March 31, at 8.)

St. Luke's Chamber Ensemble—William Blount, clarinet, and Carol Wincenc, flute, of the Ensemble, with David Oei, piano, and other assisting artists, in a program of twentieth-century music. (Church of St. Luke in-the-Fields, 487 Hudson St., at Grove St. Saturday, March 31, at 8. For information about tickets, call 943-0950.)

Guarneri Quartet—Chamber music. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, March 31, at 8:30. All seats have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Evelyn Lear—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, April 1, at 2:30.)

Vienna Chamber Musicians—Ten principal musicians from the Vienna Symphony Orchestra. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Sunday, April 1, at 2:30. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Donald McIness—Viola. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Sunday, April 1, at 3.)

American String Quartet—A benefit concert. (Dalton School, 108 E. 89th St. Sunday, April 1, at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 594-1453.)

Maurizio Pollini—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, April 2, at 8.)

Marsha Heller—Oboe, in a program of music and poetry, with Hugh Loughran, viola; Jefferson Connell, piano; Vincent Schneider, horn; and Doe Lang, narrator. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. Monday, April 2, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Zagreb Quartet—Chamber music. (Abraham

Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. Monday, April 2, at 8. Tickets at the door on the evening of the performance.)

Robert Cohen—Cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Tuesday, April 3, at 8.)

Meyer Kupferman—Clarinettist/composer, in a program of new music written by him and others, with Jeff Kraus, percussion; Kazuko Hayami, piano; and David Moore, cello. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Tuesday, April 3, at 8.)

Gary Kirkpatrick—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, April 3, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music at the Y—An all-Mozart program, performed by Jaime Laredo and Arnold Steinhardt, violin; Michael Tree and Kim Kashkashian, viola; and Sharon Robinson, cello. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Wednesday, April 4, at 8.)

Miguel Angel Girollet—Classical *guitarist.* (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Thursday, April 5, at 8.)

League-ISCM—The sixth in this season's series of seven programs of contemporary music, this one performed by The Ensemble, conducted by Harvey Sollberger, with Lucy Shelton, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Thursday, April 5, at 8.)

Alexis Weissenberg—Piano, in the last in a series of recitals. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, April 5, at 8:30.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—James Buswell and Ani Kavafian, violin; Walter Trampler, viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; Leonard Arner and Carolyn Pollak, oboe; Jane Cochran, English horn; and Jorge Bolet, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, April 6, at 8, and Sunday, April 8, at 5. . . . ¶ Same program at the Paula Cooper Gallery, 155 Wooster St., on Saturday, April 7, at 6. No seats—just cushions on the floor. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Concert-Party—The sixth in a series of seven concerts, this one performed by the Aulos Wind Quintet. Drinks and coffee are available from a bar. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Friday, April 6, at 8. For information about tickets, call 752-4907.)

Music from Marlboro—Yefim Bronfman, piano; Shlomo Mintz, violin; Paul Tobias, cello; and David Jolley, horn. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, April 6, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Same program; Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, April 7, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal—Flute. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, April 7, at 8.)

Chamber Music—The Tokyo String Quartet, with Lukas Foss, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100. Saturday, April 7, at 8:30, and Sunday, April 8, at 2.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Baseball—Yankees vs. Milwaukee—the first American League games here. (Yankee Stadium. Thursday, April 5, and Saturday, April 7, at 2.)

Professional Basketball—At **madison square garden:** Knicks vs. Houston, Tuesday, April 3, at 8:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Denver, Thursday, April 5, at 8:30. . . . **rutgers university athletic center,** Piscataway, N.J. (all games at 8): Nets vs. Washington, Wednesday, March 28. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Atlanta, Friday, March 30. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Denver, Tuesday, April 3. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Boston, Saturday, April 7. (For information about tickets, call 201 932-2766.)

Hockey—At **madison square garden:** Rangers vs. Los Angeles Kings, Monday, April 2, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Atlanta Flames, Wednesday, April 4, at 8:35. . . . **nassau coliseum:** Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Saturday, March 31, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Atlanta Flames, Tuesday, April 3, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. *Philadelphia* Flyers, Saturday, April 7, at 1:15. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 516 794-9100.)

Racing—At **aqueduct:** Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05; through Monday, May 21. The Westchester Handicap, Saturday, March 31, and the Gotham, Saturday, April 7. . . . **bowie,** Md.: Daily at 1; through Saturday, March 31. The Barbara Fritchie Handicap, Saturday, March 31.

Running—The Bloomingdale's/Perrier Ten-Kilometer Run will start at noon on Saturday, March 31, at Central Park's East Drive at 69th Street, travel west across 72nd Street, turn north to 110th Street, and continue circling the Park to finish near the Tavern-on-the-Green.

Trotting—At **yonkers raceway:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, April 21. . . . **meadowlands racetrack:** Weeknights at 8; through Saturday, Aug. 4.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 755-4100.)

Prose Readings—Susan Sontag reading from her own works. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Monday, April 2, at 8.) . . . ¶ Nelson Canton, Jamaica Kincaid, Ted Mooney, and Lynne Sharon Schwartz reading from their own works. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 472-0600. Tuesday, April 3, at 8.)

Flower Show—The Spring Flower Show in the Conservatory of the New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Daily, except Mondays, 10 to 4.

Auctions—At **sotheby parke bernet,** 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, March 28, at 2: Modern paintings, drawings, and sculptures; from many collectors. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 29, at 10:15, and Friday and Saturday, March 30-31, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth- and twentieth-century works of art, including Art Deco and Art Nouveau; from several owners. . . . ¶ Thursday, March 29, at 2: Art Nouveau, from the estate of Aaron Frank. . . . ¶ Wednesday, April 4, at 2, and Thursday, April 5, at 10:15 and 2: Jewelry, from various sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 31. . . . **christie's,** Park Ave. at 59th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.) Wednesday, March 28, at 10:30: English, Continental, and American silver and *objets de vertu;* from various sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, April 7, at 10:30 and 2:30: Oriental rugs, from a number of owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, March 31.

COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

Baseball—**yankees** at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Milwaukee, April 8 (day). Baltimore, April 17 (d), April 18 (night), and April 19 (d). Texas, April 20 (n) and April 21-22 (d). Oakland, May 4 (n) and May 5-6 (d). Seattle, May 7-9 (n) and May 10 (d). . . . **mets** at Shea Stadium (first National League games here): Montreal, April 9-11 (day). Philadelphia, *April 12 and 14* (d) *and April 15* (day doubleheader). Yankees, April 16 (benefit exhibition day game). San Francisco, April 24-26 (night). Los Angeles, April 27 (n) and April 28-29 (d). San Diego, April 30-May 1 (n).

Boxing—Inter-City Golden Gloves: New York vs. Chicago. (Madison Square Garden. April 23.)

Crew—Childs Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania and Princeton. (Philadelphia. April 21.) . . . ¶ Compton Cup Regatta: Harvard, M.I.T., and Princeton. (Cambridge. April 28.) . . . ¶ Goes Trophy Regatta: Cornell, Navy, and Syracuse. (Annapolis. April 28.) . . . ¶ Blackwell Cup Regatta: Pennsylvania and Yale. (Derby, Conn. April 28.) . . . ¶ Adams Cup Regatta: Harvard, Navy, and Pennsylvania. (Annapolis. May 5.) . . . ¶ Carnegie Cup Regatta: Cornell and Princeton. (Princeton. May 5.)

Golf—Masters Tournament. (Augusta National Golf Club, Augusta, Ga. April 12-15.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Islanders. (Madison Square Garden. April 8.) . . . ¶ Stanley Cup playoffs start April 10.

Racing—At Churchill Downs, Louisville, Ky.: The Kentucky Derby, May 5.

Running—Boston Marathon. (Starts at Hopkinton, Mass. April 16.)

Soccer—*At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands*—Cosmos games on April 22 and 29 and May 6. . . . ¶ The United States National team vs. the French National team, May 2.

Track—Penn Relays. (Philadelphia. April 26-28.)

Trotting—At **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: April 19-Nov. 17. . . . **roosevelt raceway,** Westbury: April 23-June 2.

Music—**metropolitan opera** (580-9830): The season continues through April 14. . . . **avery fisher hall** (874-2424): The New York Philharmonic season continues through May 5, to be followed by "Music in May," May 10-June 3. . . . ¶ Lazar Berman, piano, April 8. . . . ¶ Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, April 8. . . . ¶ Musica Sacra, April 9. . . . ¶ Martti Talvela, bass, April 22. . . . ¶ New Little Orchestra, April 25. . . . ¶ Pinchas Zukerman, violin, April 29. . . . **carnegie hall** (247-7459): Opera Orchestra of New York, April 8. . . . ¶ Nicolai Gedda, tenor, April 9. . . . ¶ Milwaukee Symphony Orchestra, April 13. . . . ¶ American Symphony Orchestra, April 15 and May 6. . . . ¶ Montserrat Caballé, soprano, April 15. . . . ¶ Minnesota Orchestra, April 20-21. . . . ¶ Viktor Tretyakov, violin, April 23. . . . ¶ Detroit Symphony Orchestra, April 27. . . . ¶ New York Choral Society, April 28. . . . ¶ Elmar Oliveira, violin, April 30. . . . ¶ Philadelphia Orchestra, May 1. . . . ¶ Eugene List and nineteen other pianists, May 2. . . . ¶ Los Angeles Philharmonic, May 3-5. . . . ¶ Collegiate Chorale, May 6. . . . **alice tully hall** (362-1911): Frederica von Stade, mezzo-soprano, April 8. . . . ¶ New York Philomusica, April 14. . . . ¶ Lynn Harrell and Friends, April 15 and May 6. . . . ¶ Music from Marlboro, April 16. . . . ¶ New York Renaissance Band, April 21. . . . ¶ Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center, April 22, 24, 27, and 29. . . . ¶ Musica Aeterna, April 25. . . . ¶ Waverly Consort, April 28. . . . **kaufmann concert hall,** 92nd Street Y (427-6000): Anton Kuerti, piano, April 10. . . . ¶ Y Chamber Symphony, April 14-15. . . . ¶ Bert Lucarelli, oboe, April 15. . . . ¶ Boston Symphony Chamber Players, April 22. . . . ¶ Richard Goode, piano, May 1. . . . ¶ New York Woodwind Quintet, May 5. . . . ¶ Chamber Music at the Y, May 9. . . . **grace rainey rogers auditorium,** Metropolitan Museum (879-5512): Alexander Schneider, violin; Yefim Bronfman, piano; and Yo-yo Ma, cello, April 27.

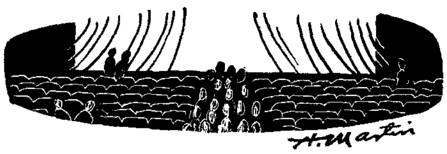
Dance—American Ballet Theatre, at the Metropolitan Opera House, April 16-June 9. . . . ¶ Paul Taylor Dance Company, at the City Center, April 17-29. . . . ¶ New York City Ballet, at the New York State Theatre, May 1-July 1. . . . ¶ Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre, at the City Center, May 2-20.

Theatre—Some productions scheduled to open during the next several weeks: "G. R. Point," by David Berry, a Phoenix Theatre showcase two years ago. Michael Moriarty has the leading role. . . . ¶ Tom Conti and Jean Marsh in Brian Clark's play "Whose Life Is It Anyway?," imported from London. . . . ¶ A musical, "Home Again," with a book by Russell Baker, music by Cy Coleman, lyrics by Barbara Fried, and a cast that includes Dick *Shawn, Ronny Cox, and Mike Kellin.* . . . ¶ A new comedy by Ira Levin, "Break a Leg," starring Julie Harris, Jack Weston, and René Auberjonois. . . . ¶ A rewritten version of Herb Gardner's 1968 play "The Goodbye People," with Herschel Bernardi. . . . ¶ "Joley," a musical with Larry Kert as Al Jolson; Herbert Hartig wrote the book and lyrics, and Milton DeLugg the music. . . . ¶ Liv Ullmann heads the cast in "I Remember Mama," a musical (based on the 1944 Broadway comedy of the same name) by Richard Rodgers (music), Martin Charnin (lyrics), and Thomas Meehan (book). . . . ¶ A musical called "Got Tu Go Disco," with a book by John Zodrow and music and lyrics by Kenny Lehman, Ray Chew, John Davis, Jerry Powell, and Eugene Narmore. . . . ¶ Celeste Holm is the star of "The Utter Glory of Morrissey Hall," a musical by Clark Gesner.

Other Dates—Auto Expo New York, at the Coliseum, April 7-15. . . . ¶ Easter Sunday is April 15. . . . ¶ Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax returns for 1978 and estimates for 1979 are due Monday, April 16. . . . ¶ The April Flower Show of the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., April 28-29. . . . ¶ Daylight-saving time starts April 29.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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ALL FILMS PLAYING AT EAST SIDE AND WEST SIDE NEIGHBORHOOD HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN A SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 21. FILMS PLAYING AT TIMES SQUARE AND REVIVAL HOUSES ARE SO DESCRIBED ONLY IF A DAGGER ACCOMPANIES THE THEATRE LISTING.

EAST SIDE

LITTLE THEATRE, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (677-6925; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
March 28: "Show People."
March 29: "The Patsy."
March 30: "Blondie of the Follies."
March 31: "The Floradora Girl."
April 1: "Not So Dumb."
April 2: Theatre closed.
April 3: "Loves of a Blonde."
April 4: "Black Peter."
April 5: "Competition."
April 6: "The Firemen's Ball."
From April 7: "Taking Off."

ART, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)
"Autumn Sonata."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)
Through March 29: "California Suite" and "The Paper Chase."
March 30-April 2: "Paradise Alley" and "Blue Collar."
April 3-5: "Last Tango in Paris" and "A Slave of Love."
From April 6: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
Through March 29: "Bread and Chocolate."
March 30-April 5: To be announced.
From April 6: "A Perfect Couple."

BAY CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
"Heaven Can Wait."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Superman."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Norma Rae."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Boulevard Nights."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"Old Boyfriends."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
Through March 29: "The Great Bank Hoax."
From March 30: "Superman."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"The Innocent."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Voices."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through April 5: "The Deer Hunter."
From April 6: "Love on the Run."

D. W. GRIFFITH, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through March 29: "Bread and Chocolate."
From March 30: "Saturday Night Fever."

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
"The Bell Jar."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-0774)
"Real Life."

GEMINI 1, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"Agatha."

GEMINI 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
Through March 29: "Despair."
From March 30: "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
Through April 5: "The Great Train Robbery."
From April 6: "A Perfect Couple."

LOEWS NEW YORK 1, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (744-7339)
Through April 3: "Murder by Decree."
From April 4: "The Champ."

LOEWS NEW YORK 2, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (744-7339)
"Norma Rae."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The French Detective."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The China Syndrome."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)
Through March 29: "Ice Castles."
March 30-April 5: "Bread and Chocolate."
From April 6: To be announced.

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (288-3180)
"Autumn Sonata."

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Same Time, Next Year."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Superman."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through March 29: "Fast Break."
From March 30: "Saturday Night Fever."

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through March 29: "The Warriors." From March 30: "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century."
Theatre 2: Through April 5: "Boulevard Nights." From April 6: "Blazing Saddles."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Through April 5: Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.
From April 6: "The Deer Hunter."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Agatha."

QUAD CINEMA, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Murder by Decree."
Theatre 2: "The Great Train Robbery."
Theatre 3: Through April 5: "Invasion of the Body Snatchers." From April 6: "Your Turn, My Turn."
Theatre 4: Through April 5: "The Last Wave." From April 6: "Wifemistress."

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
Through March 29: "The Great Bank Hoax."
From March 30: "Saturday Night Fever."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Promise."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Hair."

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
Through April 5: "Wifemistress."
From April 6: "The Deer Hunter."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Picnic at Hanging Rock."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Get Out Your Handkerchiefs."

CINEMA 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Innocent."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through April 5: "Coming Home."
From April 6: "A Perfect Couple."

CINEMA STUDIO 1, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Remember My Name."

CINEMA STUDIO 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"Your Turn, My Turn."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
"Agatha."

LOEWS 83RD QUAD, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Theatre 1: Through March 29: "Fast Break." From March 30: "Saturday Night Fever."
Theatre 2: "Murder by Decree."
Theatre 3: "Same Time, Next Year."
Theatre 4: "The Great Train Robbery."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (874-9189)
Through April 5: "Autumn Sonata."
From April 6: "The Deer Hunter."

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through March 29: "California Suite" and "Casey's Shadow."
March 30-April 5: "Bread and Chocolate" and "La Grande Bourgeoise."
From April 6: "Same Time, Next Year" and "House Calls."

TIMES SQUARE

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Through April 3: "Murder by Decree." (†)
From April 4: "Superman." (†)

EMBASSY 1, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
Through April 5: "Midnight Express."
From April 6: "Blazing Saddles." (†)

EMBASSY, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: Through March 29: "The Great Bank Hoax." (†) From March 30: "The Warriors." (†)
Theatre 3: "Hardcore."
Theatre 4: "Coming Home." (†)

FORUM, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through April 5: "Heaven Can Wait." (†)
From April 6: "A Perfect Couple." (†)

LOEWS ASTOR PLAZA, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
Through April 3: "Superman." (†)
From April 4: "The Champ." (†)

LOEWS STATE 1, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
"Norma Rae." (†)

LOEWS STATE 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5070)
"The China Syndrome." (†)

NATIONAL, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Richard Pryor in a filmed concert.

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through March 29: "The Passage."
From March 30: "Buck Rogers in the 25th Century." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 1, B'way at 47th. (975-8366)
"Boulevard Nights." (†)

R.K.O. CINERAMA 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Through March 29: "Fast Break." (†)
March 30-April 5: "The Groove Tube" and "The First Nudie Musical."
From April 6: "The Deer Hunter." (†)

VICTORIA, B'way at 46th. (354-5636)
Through March 29: "The Warriors." (†)
From March 30: "Saturday Night Fever." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
March 28: "Strangers on a Train" (1951), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Farley Granger, Robert Walker, Marion Lorne, Leo G. Carroll, and Ruth Roman; and "I Confess" (1953), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Montgomery Clift, Anne Baxter, Karl Malden, and Brian Aherne.
March 29: "Walk on the Wild Side" (1962), directed by Edward Dmytryk, with Laurence Harvey, Capucine, and Jane Fonda; and "My Life to Live" (1962), in French, directed by Jean-Luc Godard, with Anna Karina.
March 30-31: "Death in Venice" (1971), directed by Luchino Visconti, with Dirk Bogarde; and "The Fox" (1968), directed by Mark Rydell, with Sandy Dennis, Keir Dullea, and Anne Heywood.
April 1-2: "A Wedding" (1978), directed by Robert Altman, with Carol Burnett, Pat McCormick, and Amy Stryker; and "The Heartbreak Kid." (†)
April 3: "Red Peony" (1968; "Lady Yakuza"), in Japanese, directed by Kosaku Yamashita, with Junko Fuji and Ken Takakura; and "Red Lion" (1969), in Japanese, directed by Kihachi Okamoto, with Toshiro Mifune.
April 4: "The Front" (1976), directed by Martin Ritt, with Woody Allen; and "A King in New York." (†)
April 5: "The Milky Way" (†); and "Bedazzled" (1967), directed by Stanley Donen, with Peter Cook, Dudley Moore, and Eleanor Bron.
April 6-7: "Badlands" (1973), directed by Terrence Malick, with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek; and "In Cold Blood" (1967), directed by Richard Brooks, with Robert Blake and Scott Wilson.

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
March 28: "The Marrying Kind" (1952), directed by George Cukor, with Judy Holliday, Aldo Ray, Madge Kennedy, and Peggy Cass; and "The Solid Gold Cadillac" (1956), directed by Richard Quine, with Judy Holliday, Paul Douglas, Fred Clark, Hiram Sherman, and John Williams.
March 29: "Shame" (1968), in Swedish, directed by Ingmar Bergman, with Liv Ullmann, Max von Sydow, and Gunnar Björnstrand; and "Ugetsu" (1953), in Japanese, directed by Kenji Mizoguchi, with Masayuki Mori and Machiko Kyo.
March 30: "The Boys in the Band" (1970), directed by William Friedkin, with Frederick Combs; and "The Women" (1939), directed by George Cukor, with Norma Shearer, Rosalind Russell, Joan Crawford, and Paulette Goddard.
March 31: "The Conformist" (1970), in Ital-

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ian, directed by Bernardo Bertolucci, with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda; and "The Stranger" (1967), in French, directed by Luchino Visconti, with Marcello Mastroianni and Anna Karina.

April 1: "Anna Christie" (†); and "Romance" (1930), directed by Clarence Brown, with Greta Garbo, Gavin Gordon, Lewis Stone, and Elliott Nugent.

April 2: "Tiger Shark" (†) and "Manpower." (†)

April 3: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" (1974), directed by Ted Kotcheff, with Richard Dreyfuss, Jack Warden, and Joseph Wiseman; and "The Paper Chase." (†)

April 4: "It" (1927), a silent film, directed by Clarence Badger, with Clara Bow and Antonio Moreno; and "Singin' in the Rain" (1952), directed by Gene Kelly and Stanley Donen, with Kelly, Debbie Reynolds, Donald O'Connor, and Jean Hagen.

April 5: "Swept Away" (1975), in Italian, directed by Lina Wertmüller, with Giancarlo Giannini; and "One Sings, the Other Doesn't" (1977), in French, directed by Agnès Varda.

April 6: "The Chess Players" (†) and "Days and Nights in the Forest." (†)

April 7: "The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie" (1972), in French, directed by Luis Buñuel, with Fernando Rey, Stéphane Audran, and Delphine Seyrig; and "Dinner at Eight" (1933), directed by George Cukor, with Jean Harlow, Marie Dressler, and John Barrymore.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)

Through March 29: "Othello" (1966), a filmed theatrical production, with Laurence Olivier, Frank Finlay, and Maggie Smith; and "The Beggar's Opera" (1953), directed by Peter Brook, with Laurence Olivier, Stanley Holloway, and Dorothy Tutin.

March 30-31: "Looking for Mr. Goodbar" (1977), directed by Richard Brooks, with Diane Keaton, Tuesday Weld, Richard Kiley, Alan Feinstein, and Richard Gere; and "Taxi Driver" (1976), directed by Martin Scorsese, with Robert De Niro.

April 1-2: "The Chess Players" (†) and "Two Daughters." (†)

April 3: "Just Crazy About Horses" (1978), a documentary, directed by Tim Lovejoy and Joe Wemple; and "Casey's Shadow." (†)

April 4-5: "Stromboli" (1950), in Italian, directed by Roberto Rossellini, with Ingrid Bergman; and "La Strada" (1954), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Anthony Quinn, Richard Basehart, and Giulietta Masina.

April 6-7: "Up in Smoke" (1978), directed by Lou Adler, with Cheech and Chong; and "Reefer Madness" (1936).

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

March 28: "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (1927), a silent film, directed by Charles Riesner, with Buster Keaton, Marion Byron, and Tom Lewis; and "Girl Shy" (1924), a silent film, directed by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd, Jobyna Ralston, and Richard Daniels.

March 29: "The Navigator" (1924), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton and Donald Crisp, with Keaton, Kathryn McGuire, and Frederick Vroom; and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp" (1926), a silent film, directed by Harry Edwards, with Harry Langdon and Joan Crawford.

March 30: "Safety Last" (1923), a silent film, directed by Fred Newmeyer and Sam Taylor, with Harold Lloyd, Mildred Davis, and Bill Strothers; and "Go West" (1925), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton, with Keaton, Howard Truesdale, and Kathleen Myers.

March 31: "City Lights" (1931), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Virginia Cherrill, and Harry Myers; and "The Strong Man" (1926), a silent film, directed by Frank Capra, with Harry Langdon, Priscilla Bonner, and Gertrude Astor.

April 1: "Modern Times" (1936), directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Paulette Goddard, and Henry Bergman; and "Sherlock Jr." (1924), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton, with Keaton, Kathryn McGuire, and Joe Keaton.

April 2: "The Circus" (1928), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Merna Kennedy, and Betty Morrissey; and "The Strong Man."

April 3: "The Kid" (1921), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Chaplin, Jackie Coogan, Carl Miller, and Edna Purviance; and "Steamboat Bill, Jr."

April 4: "City Lights;" and "College" (1927), a silent film, directed by James Horne, with Buster Keaton, Florence Turner, and Ann Cornwall.

April 5: "Grandma's Boy" (1922), a silent film, directed by Fred Newmeyer, with Harold Lloyd, Mildred Davis, and Anna Townsend; and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp."

April 6: "The General" (1926), a silent film, directed by Buster Keaton and Clyde Bruckman, with Keaton, Marian Mack, and Glenn Cavender; and "Safety Last."

April 7: "The Great Dictator" (1940), directed by, and with, Charlie Chaplin; and "A Woman of Paris" (1923), a silent film, directed by Charlie Chaplin, with Edna Purviance, Adolphe Menjou, and Carl Miller.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)

March 28: "The Conversation" (1974), directed by Francis Ford Coppola, with Gene Hackman; and "In Cold Blood" (1967), directed by Richard Brooks, with Robert Blake and Scott Wilson.

March 29-31: "Rebecca" (1940), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Joan Fontaine, Laurence Olivier, Judith Anderson, George Sanders, and Florence Bates; and "Gaslight" (1944), directed by George Cukor, with Charles Boyer, Ingrid Bergman, Joseph Cotten, Angela Lansbury, and Dame May Whitty.

April 1-3: "Murder Ahoy" (1964), directed by George Pollock, with Margaret Rutherford, Lionel Jeffries, and Stringer Davis; and "Murder at the Gallop." (†)

April 4-7: "The Third Man" (1950), directed by Carol Reed, with Orson Welles, Trevor Howard, and Joseph Cotten; and "The Lady from Shanghai." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)

Through March 29: "Christmas Holiday" (1944), directed by Robert Siodmak, with Deanna Durbin, Gene Kelly, Richard Whorf, and Gladys George; and "The Man I Love" (1947), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Ida Lupino, Robert Alda, Bruce Bennett, and Andrea King.

March 30-31: "North by Northwest" (1959), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "Suspicion" (1941), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Cary Grant and Joan Fontaine.

April 1: "The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir" (1969), in French, directed by Renoir; and "Homage to Chagall—The Colours of Love" (1977), directed by Harry Rasky, a documentary on Marc Chagall, narrated by James Mason.

April 2: "A Piece of Pleasure" (1976), in French, directed by Claude Chabrol, with Paul Gégauff and Danielle Gégauff; and "Just Before Nightfall." (†)

April 3: "The Magic Cloak of Oz" (1914) and "His Majesty, the Scarecrow of Oz" (1914), both silent films, directed by L. Frank Baum from his own stories.

April 4-5: "Scarlet Street" (†) and "Human Desire." (†)

April 6-7: "The Thing" (1951), directed by Christian Nyby, with Kenneth Tobey; and "The Blob." (†)

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Through March 29: "The Thin Man Goes Home" (1945), directed by Richard Thorpe, with Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Anne Revere; and "Shadow of the Thin Man" (1941), directed by W. S. Van Dyke, with Myrna Loy, William Powell, Stella Adler, and Barry Nelson.

March 30-31: "Key Largo" (1948), directed by John Huston, with Humphrey Bogart, Edward G. Robinson, Lauren Bacall, and Claire Trevor; and "The Treasure of Sierra Madre" (1948), directed by John Huston, with Walter Huston, Humphrey Bogart, Tim Holt, Alfonso Bedoya, and Robert Blake.

April 1: "The Prince and the Pauper"

(1937), directed by William Keighley, with the Mauch Twins, Errol Flynn, and Claude Rains; and "The Adventures of Robin Hood" (1938), directed by Michael Curtiz and William Keighley, with Olivia de Havilland, Errol Flynn, Alan Hale, Ian Hunter, Basil Rathbone, and Claude Rains.

April 2: "The Royal Family of Broadway" (1931), directed by George Cukor and Cyril Gardner, with Fredric March, Ina Claire, and Henrietta Crosman; and "Rasputin and the Empress." (†)

April 3: "The Baroness and the Butler" (1938), directed by Walter Lang, with Annabella, William Powell, and Helen Westley; and "Evelyn Prentice." (†)

April 4-5: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" (1935), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre; and "Saboteur" (1942), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Priscilla Lane, Robert Cummings, and Otto Kruger.

April 6: "Carmen Jones" (†); and "Stormy Weather" (1943), directed by Andrew Stone, with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson.

From April 7: "Bus Stop" (1956), directed by Joshua Logan, with Marilyn Monroe, Don Murray, Arthur O'Connell, Betty Field, and Eileen Heckart; and "Don't Bother to Knock." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

ROY AND NIUTA TITUS AUDITORIUM, Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—March 29 at 2:30: "The Enchanted Cottage" (1945), directed by John Cromwell, with Dorothy McGuire, Robert Young, Herbert Marshall, and Mildred Natwick. . . . ¶ March 29 at 6: "The Whip Hand" (1951), directed by William Cameron Menzies, with Raymond Burr. . . . ¶ March 29 at 8:30: "Susan Slept Here" (1959), directed by Frank Tashlin, with Dick Powell, Debbie Reynolds, Anne Francis, and Glenda Farrell. . . . ¶ March 30 at 2:30: "The Company She Keeps" (1950), directed by John Cromwell, with Lizabeth Scott, Jane Greer, and Dennis O'Keefe. . . . ¶ March 30 at 6: "The Best Years of Our Lives" (1946), directed by William Wyler, with Myrna Loy, Fredric March, Dana Andrews, Teresa Wright, Virginia Mayo, and Hoagy Carmichael. . . . ¶ March 31 at noon: "The Spanish Main" (1945), directed by Frank Borzage, with Paul Henried, Maureen O'Hara, Walter Slezak, and Binnie Barnes. . . . ¶ March 31 at 2:30: "Night Song" (1947), directed by John Cromwell, with Dana Andrews, Merle Oberon, Ethel Barrymore, and Hoagy Carmichael. . . . ¶ March 31 at 5: "The Company She Keeps." . . . ¶ April 1 at noon: "The Spanish Main." . . . ¶ April 1 at 2:30: "Berlin Express" (1948), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Merle Oberon, Robert Ryan, and Paul Lukas. . . . ¶ April 1 at 5: A program of avant-garde films by James Broughton, Scott Bartlett, Robert Nelson, John Whitney, David Rimmer, Robert Breer, and James Herbert; recommended for adults only. . . . ¶ April 2 at noon: "Ski the Outer Limits" (1968), directed by Barry Corbet; and "Bolero" (1972), directed by Allen Miller, with Zubin Mehta and the Los Angeles Philharmonic. . . . ¶ April 2 at 2:30: "Days of Glory" (1944), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Gregory Peck and Tamara Toumanova. . . . ¶ April 2 at 6: "They Won't Believe Me" (1947), directed by Irving Pichel, with Robert Young, Susan Hayward, Rita Johnson, and Jane Greer. . . . ¶ April 3 at noon: "Ski the Outer Limits" and "Bolero." . . . ¶ April 3 at 2:30: "Life Begins at 8:30" (1942), directed by Irving Pichel, with Monty Woolley and Ida Lupino. . . . ¶ April 3 at 6: To be announced. . . . ¶ April 5 at 2:30: "Berlin Express." . . . ¶ April 5 at 6: "Days of Glory." . . . ¶ April 5 at 8:30 and April 6 at 2:30: "Experiment Perilous" (1944), directed by Jacques Tourneur, with Hedy Lamarr, Paul Lukas, George Brent, and Albert Dekker. . . . ¶ April 6 at 6: "Life Begins at 8:30." . . . ¶ April 7 at noon: "The Last Outlaw" (1936), directed by Christy Cabanne, with Harry Carey, Hoot Gibson, and Henry B. Walthall. . . . ¶ April 7 at 2:30: "Two O'Clock Courage" (1945), directed by Anthony Mann, with Tom Conway and Ann Rutherford. . . . ¶ April 7 at 5: "Desperate" (1947), directed by Anthony Mann, with Raymond Burr, Steve Brodie, and Audrey Long. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (794-0630)—In conjunction with the 1979 biennial exhibition, video works made during the past two years are being shown in the first-floor lobby gallery through April 1. The programs change hourly; our best advice is to phone the museum for exact video titles and time schedules and ticket information. . . . ¶ In the second-floor film-video exhibition space, through April 1, "The Hobbs Case" (1979), directed by Allen Coulter, with Guy Boyd and Ivy-Jo Naistadt; and "Splits" (1978), directed by Leandro Katz, with Kathy Gailes, Lynn Anander, and John Levin. Showings at noon, 1:30, 3, and 4:30. . . . Starting April 3: "Town Bloody Hall" (1971-79), directed by D. A. Pennebaker and Chris Hegedus. Showings at noon, 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 7:30 on Tuesday evenings). Closed Mondays.

FILM FORUM, 15 Vandam St., three blocks south of Houston St., at Sixth Ave. (989-2994)—March 29-April 1: "Shadow of Doubt" (1975), in Dutch, directed by Rolf Orthel, English commentary and subtitles; and "Sighet, Sighet" (1964), directed by Harold Becker. . . . ¶ Starting April 5: "Germany in Autumn" (1979), in German, directed by thirteen new German directors, among them Fassbinder, Kluge, and Schlöndorff; English subtitles. Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 7:45.

GOETHE HOUSE, 1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. (744-8310)—Four programs in a seven-week, fourteen-film series of operetta films, 1930-40. March 31 at 1 and April 3 at 6: "The Three from the Gas Station" (1931), in German, directed by Wilhelm Thiele, with Lilian Harvey and Willy Fritsch; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ March 31 at 3 and April 3 at 8: "Gasparone" (1937), in German, directed by Georg Jacoby, with Johannes Heesters, Leo Slezak, and Marika Rökk; no English subtitles. . . . ¶ April 7 at 1: "Waltzes from Vienna" (1934), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Esmond Knight, Jessie Matthews, and Fay Compton. . . . ¶ April 7 at 3: "Der Bettelstudent" (1936), in German, directed by Georg Jacoby, with Marika Rökk, Johannes Heesters, and Leo Slezak; English subtitles.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

AGATHA—Vanessa Redgrave has a luminously loony quality as the distraught heroine of this fictional romantic mystery about the eleven days in 1926 when Agatha Christie, whose husband wanted a divorce so he could marry his mistress, took off for a Yorkshire spa, where she used the mistress's name. Dustin Hoffman is furiously theatrical in the role of a preening star journalist from America who trails Agatha to the spa and falls in love with her. With Timothy Dalton, who gives a strong, funny performance as the husband, exhausted by his wife's high-powered sensitivity, and the curly-mouthed Helen Morse as a friendly woman whom Agatha meets at the spa. (Reviewed in our issue of 2/26/79.) (Gemini 1, Greenwich, and Embassy 72nd St.)

ANNA CHRISTIE (1930)—One waits for an eternity for Garbo to show up and utter her first talking-picture line—"Give me a whiskey, ginger ale on the side. And don't be stingy, baby." This is not one of Eugene O'Neill's best plays, and dat-ole-davil-sea stuff is pretty hard to take in this version, directed by Clarence Brown. The cast includes Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler, and George F. Marion. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 1.)

AUTUMN SONATA—In this Ingmar Bergman film, Eva (Liv Ullmann), a spiritually distracted, dowdy woman of perhaps thirty-five or forty, the wife of a pastor in rural Norway, invites Charlotte (Ingrid Bergman), her worldly concert-pianist mother, to come for a visit. Then she goes at her mother with the impacted rage of a lifetime, accusing Charlotte of having deserted her when she was a child by going off to give concerts, and of never loving her. It's a gruelling, unconvincing movie. Ingrid Bergman is the one likable performer. With Lena Nyman and Halvar Björk. In Swedish. (11/6/78) (Art, and Trans-Lux 85th St. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through April 5.)

THE BELL JAR—Based on the Sylvia Plath novel, with Marilyn Hassett, directed by Larry Peerce. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema I.)

BLACK PETER (1964)—Directed by Miloš Forman. In Czech. (Little Theatre; April 4.)

BLAZING SADDLES (1974)—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem some of the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (R.K.O. 86th St., and Embassy 1; starting April 6.)

THE BLOB (1958)—A sci-fi film about a blob from outer space, directed by Irvin S. Yeaworth, Jr. Notable mostly because Steve McQueen stars in it. (Thalia; April 6-7.)

BLONDIE OF THE FOLLIES (1932)—An unjustly forgotten film—a backstage story with an F. Scott Fitzgerald feeling to it. (It was written by Frances Marion and Anita Loos.) Marion Davies and Billie Dove are a marvellously contrasting pair of Follies girls, and Robert Montgomery is the male lead. Edmund Goulding directed. (Little Theatre; March 30.)

BLUE COLLAR (1978)—The phenomenally successful young screenwriter Paul Schrader makes his début as a director with a script he wrote with his brother Leonard. It's about three Detroit auto workers (Richard Pryor, Yaphet Kotto, and Harvey Keitel) who rob their union headquarters; the destruction of their friendship as a result of the robbery is used to illustrate the you-can't-win thesis. Shot in an ominous, fatalistic style, the film says that the system grinds all workers down, that it destroys their humanity and their hopes. Schrader's jukebox Marxism carries the kind of cynical charge that encourages people in the audience to yell "Right on!" His hostile, melancholy tone unifies this amalgam of pilfered pieces of old pictures and ideologies, but he has imposed his personal depression on characters who, in dramatic terms, haven't earned it. The picture seems dogged, though it is graced with a beautiful performance by Kotto and an unusual one by Pryor, who plays a turncoat. (2/27/78) (St. Marks Cinema; March 30-April 2.)

BOULEVARD NIGHTS—With Richard Yñiguez and Danny De La Paz, directed by Michael Pressman. (Eastside Cinema, and R.K.O. Cinerama 1. . . . ¶ R.K.O. 86th St.; through April 5.)

BREAD AND CHOCOLATE—With Nino Manfredi and Anna Karina, directed by Franco Brusati. In Italian. (Gramercy, and D. W. Griffith; through March 29. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East, and Olympia; March 30-April 5.)

BUCK ROGERS IN THE 25TH CENTURY—With Gil Gerard, Pamela Hensley, and Erin Gray; directed by Daniel Haller. (Gemini 2, R.K.O. 86th St., and Rivoli; starting March 30.)

CALIFORNIA SUITE—Neil Simon's four battling-couples playlets set in the Beverly Hills Hotel. Two are mawkish, bittersweet Wasp pieces (Jane Fonda and Alan Alda; Maggie Smith and Michael Caine), in which gallant people use bitchy wisecracks to conceal their breaking hearts. The third playlet is low-comedy Jewish, with Walter Matthau as a husband caught with a hooker by his wife, Elaine May, and the fourth is slapstick black, with Richard Pryor and Bill Cosby as vacationing doctors from Chicago. Simon and the director, Herbert Ross, turn vaudeville into mush. (1/8/79) (St. Marks Cinema, and Olympia; through March 29.)

CARMEN JONES (1954)—Otto Preminger directing an all-black fantasy version of "Carmen," with Dorothy Dandridge as the heroine, converted into a girl working in a cigarette factory in Jacksonville, and Harry Belafonte as a

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guy called Joe, off to flying school to train as a pilot. The cast also includes Pearl Bailey and Olga James. The picture is not much musically (Bizet turned into jive), and the fantasy world that Preminger created of black America looks a clumsy evasion now. Oscar Hammerstein II wrote the book and lyrics, handicapped by the notion that blacks can speak really quite fair English until the moment they break into song, when he sees their syntax and pronunciation as collapsing. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 6.)

Casey's Shadow (1978)—Walter Matthau, full of his usual wit and humor, and with his appealing crumpled face, in a horse movie that is one of the nicest things in a long time to take a child to. (Olympia; through March 29. . . . ¶ Cinema Village; April 3.)

The Champ—A remake of the 1931 film. With Jon Voight, Faye Dunaway, and Ricky Schroder; directed by Franco Zeffirelli. (Loews New York 1, and Loews Astor Plaza; starting April 4.)

The Chess Players—The great Satyajit Ray making his first picture in Urdu (with some English) after a career of directing films in Bengali. The hero is the king of the remaining portion of the princely state of Oudh, in 1856; he is a man given to ruling, but his crown was taken away from him in 1851 for the Great Exhibition in London and is now about to be taken away from him again by the British, represented by an intelligent-spoken British Resident, played by Richard Attenborough. Alongside this hapless battle goes a leisurely chess game played endlessly between two plump noblemen. They will play anywhere: in their regal rooms, in a mustard field, in a house offered by a little boy who has remained in a lonely town to see the British redcoats take over. The last twenty minutes of this magnificent film exactly catch the relationship between Indians and British. (5/22/78) (Cinema Village; April 1-2. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 6.)

The China Syndrome—With Jane Fonda, Jack Lemmon, and Michael Douglas; directed by James Bridges. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Loews Tower East, and Loews State 2.)

Coming Home—The time is 1968; the place is Los Angeles. Jane Fonda plays the proper, repressed wife of a hawkish Marine captain (Bruce Dern); after her husband leaves for Vietnam she volunteers for work in a veterans' hospital and meets a paraplegic (Jon Voight), who is in a rage of helplessness. Hal Ashby directed this intuitive yet amorphous movie, which falls apart when he resorts to melodramatic crosscutting. (2/20/78) (Embassy. . . . ¶ Paramount; through April 5.)

Competition (1963)—Two short films directed by Miloš Forman: "Do We Need All Those Brass Bands?" and "The Audition." In Czech. (Little Theatre; April 5.)

Days and Nights in the Forest (1969)—On the surface, this Satyajit Ray film is a lyrical romantic comedy about four educated young men from Calcutta, driving together for a few days in the country, and the women they meet. The subtext is perhaps the subtlest, most plangent study of the cultural tragedy of imperialism; the young men are self-parodies—clowns who ape the worst snobberies of the British. A major film by one of the great film artists, starring Soumitra Chatterji and the incomparably graceful Sharmila Tagore. In Bengali. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 6.)

The Deer Hunter—A romantic adolescent-boy's view of friendship, with the Vietnam War seen in the Victorian terms of such movies as "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer"—as a test of men's courage. This is the fullest screen treatment so far of the mystic bond of male comradeship, and it has an inchoate, stirring quality. With Robert De Niro, Christopher Walken, Meryl Streep, John Cazale, and John Savage. Directed by Michael Cimino. (12/18/78) (Coronet; through April 5. . . . ¶ Waverly, Festival, New Yorker, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; starting April 6.)

Despair—Rainer Werner Fassbinder's film of Vladimir Nabokov's autobiographical novel (written when Nabokov was Berlin-based), from a script by Tom Stoppard, the Czech-born playwright who now lives in England. The film has an acute pang of exile, and also some of the émigré's desperate facetiousness. Dirk Bogarde, as a Russian exile, gives the most piercing and witty performance of his career. (3/19/79) (Gemini 2; through March 29.)

Don't Bother to Knock (1952)—Marilyn Monroe as a psychotic babysitter. She wasn't yet a box-office star, but her unformed—almost blobby—quality is very creepy, and she dominated this melodrama. Roy Baker directed, from Daniel Taradash's screenplay, based on Charlotte Armstrong's novel. With Anne Bancroft, Richard Widmark, Donna Corcoran, Elisha Cook, Jr., Jim Backus, Don Beddoe, Jeanne Cagney, and Lurene Tuttle. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting April 7.)

Evelyn Prentice (1934)—William Powell and Myrna Loy as husband and wife, but this isn't a comedy; it's a refined, high-minded courtroom drama. Powell is a prominent attorney, engrossed in his work. He becomes involved with a woman whom he has defended in a manslaughter case, and the neglected Myrna turns her attention to a lyric poet who wanders by. How could she know that the poet's fancy would turn to thoughts of blackmail? The most solemnly awful portions of the movie take place in a nursery: between bouts of genteel adultery, Powell and Loy keep racing back to their infant's crib for a good cry. After the lawyer defends his wife on a murder charge, they forgive each other; by then the audience is forgiving no one. William Howard directed, from a screenplay by Lenore Coffee. With Rosalind Russell and Una Merkel. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 3.)

Fast Break—With Gabriel Kaplan, directed by Jack Smight. (Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Loews Ciné, and R.K.O. Cinerama 2; through March 29.)

The Firemen's Ball (1967)—A Czech comedy considered by some to be a minor masterpiece. A small-town firemen's ball is held, ostensibly to award a hatchet to a retiring fire chief but also as an occasion for a beauty contest, a raffle, and an all-purpose celebration. Directed by Miloš Forman, with a feeling for parody and gentle slapstick, from a script that Ivan Passer had a hand in. Sample gag: an old man sits in a chair in the snow facing his house, which is burning; his neighbors, considerate of his feelings, turn the chair around, and then, fearing he'll catch cold, move the chair closer to the fire. (Little Theatre; April 6.)

The Floradora Girl (1930)—Marion Davies as a member of a "Floradora" sextette in what used to be called the Gay Nineties. She falls in love with a millionaire (Lawrence Gray) and sticks by him when he loses his fortune. A lavish production, with a large cast including Ilka Chase, Walter Catlett, Claude Allister, and Anita Louise when she was a beautiful child. Harry Beaumont directed; the story is by Gene Markey; the gowns are by Adrian. (Little Theatre; March 31.)

The French Detective—With Lino Ventura, Patrick Dewaere, and Victor Lanoux; directed by Pierre Granier-Deferre. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

Get Out Your Handkerchiefs—Bertrand Blier's new sex comedy is flagrantly funny in a slangy, buoyant, unpredictable way. Like his earlier "Going Places," it's about two pals (played by the same actors—Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere) who don't really understand women, and their not understanding women is part of their bond. This time, the two aren't roughnecks; they're polite, respectable men, for whom women are like another species. With the lovely, dark Carole Laure as Depardieu's wife and Dewaere's mistress, Michel Serrault as the neighbor, and Riton as the Mozartean prodigy. In French. (10/16/78) (Paris.)

La Grande Bourgeoise (1977)—A noble, beautiful piece of work by Mauro Bolognini, set in the Italy of 1897. The story has the quality of a fable. The Countess (Catherine Deneuve), daughter of the famed and powerful house of Murri, is married to a boorish doctor but is in love with her brother (played by Giancarlo Giannini). Luck flickers around the apparently blessed Murris, children of a great scholar (played by Fernando Rey). The Murris are rich Socialists; they excite the rage and envy of poorer fellow-Socialists and traditional monarchists alike. Bolognini has made an intellectually exquisite film. In French and Italian. (8/8/77) (Olympia; March 30-April 5.)

The Great Bank Hoax—With Richard Basehart, Ned Beatty, Charlene Dallas, Burgess Meredith, Michael Murphy, and Paul Sand; directed by Joseph Jacoby. (Trans-Lux East, Guild, and Embassy; through March 29.)

The Great Train Robbery—Handsome re-creations of mid-Victorian England. The year is 1855, and Sean Connery plays a thief who masquerades as a wealthy businessman in order to plan the theft of gold bullion that is being shipped by train to pay the British troops in the Crimea. The film has a satisfying, tame luxuriousness, like a super episode of "Masterpiece Theatre." This was the last film completed by the cinematographer Geoffrey Unsworth before his death. Directed by Michael Crichton, with Lesley-Anne Down, Donald Sutherland, Alan Webb, Gabrielle Lloyd as his daughter, Malcolm Terris as a bank manager, and Robert Lang as a Scotland Yard inspector. (2/12/79) (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Beekman; through April 5.)

Hair—Based on the Broadway musical, with John Savage, Treat Williams, and Beverly D'Angelo. Directed by Miloš Forman. (Ziegfeld.)

The Heartbreak Kid (1972)—As the director, Elaine May finds her comic tone (befuddled skepticism) and scores a first besides—no other American woman director has ever directed her daughter in a leading role. Jeannie Berlin plays the voluptuously giddy bride, whose groom (Charles Grodin) falls in love with a cool American dream girl (Cybill Shepherd) three days after the wedding. From Neil Simon's script, based on a Bruce Jay Friedman story. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 1-2.)

Heaven Can Wait—We all can wait for something better, in spite of the acting contributions of Warren Beatty, as a dead football player intent on being reincarnated; of Julie Christie, as a gutsy English girl in love with him; of James Mason, as a heavenly guardian angel; and—most startling of all—in spite of a script by tremendously intelligent Elaine May, in collaboration with Beatty. (7/10/78) (Bay Cinema. . . . ¶ Forum; through April 5.)

House Calls (1978)—Walter Matthau and Glenda Jackson in a carefree pairing of splendid comic talents and of equally matched intelligences. Miss Jackson's first view of her future lover, a doctor, looking lugubrious in mustache and beard, is from a hospital bed; she's been clamped into a football-helmet sort of brace by a testily inept old doctor (Art Carney) to mend a broken jaw. (4/3/78) (Olympia; starting April 6.)

Human Desire (1954)—Fritz Lang's melodramatic Hollywood version of Zola's novel about blind instinct, "La Bête Humaine," which was turned into a classic film by Jean Renoir in 1938. There's nothing very special about this updated version, set in America, and starring Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame as a ruthless, taunting wife, and Broderick Crawford as her jealous husband. Lang didn't want to make the film but was contractually forced into it by Columbia, which hoped for a success comparable to his "The Big Heat" of the year before, also with Grahame and Ford. With lots of high angles and night scenes, and also Edgar Buchanan and Dan Seymour. (Thalia; April 4-5.)

Ice Castles—With Robby Benson, Colleen Dewhurst, Tom Skerritt, Jennifer Warren, David Huffman, and Lynn-Holly Johnson; directed by Donald Wrye. (72nd Street East; through March 29.)

The Innocent—For its first half, this Visconti film, based on the 1892 D'Annunzio novel, is a steamy comedy of manners. Tullio (Giancarlo Giannini), an aristocratic liberal, has become sexually indifferent to his innocent, round-cheeked, country-mousy wife (Laura Antonelli), and has turned to a liaison with an ardent, glittering countess (Jennifer O'Neill). But when his gentle wife becomes interested in another man, he falls passionately in love with her. In the second half, the picture runs out of steam and turns into a ponderous melodrama. In Italian. (2/12/79) (Plaza, and Cinema 3.)

Invasion of the Body Snatchers—Undiluted pleasure and excitement. The scriptwriter, W. D. (Rick) Richter, supplies some of the funniest lines ever heard from the screen, and the director, Phil Kaufman, provides such confident professionalism that you sit back in the assurance that every spooky nuance you're catching is just what was intended. This set of variations on the low-budget classic directed by Don Siegel in 1956 has its own macabre originality. With Brooke Adams, Veronica Cartwright, Jeff Goldblum, Donald Sutherland, Leonard Nimoy, Kevin McCarthy, and Don Siegel. (12/25/78) (Quad Cinema; through April 5.)

Just Before Nightfall (1971)—Claude Chabrol's mask of prankish cynicism may be one of the most foxing visages in modern cinema. This film, written by him from a novel by Edouard Atiyah, is ostensibly about a sadomasochist killing by a rather down-at-the-mouth bourgeois named Charles (Michel Bouquet), who strangles—at her request—the wife (Anna Douking) of his best male friend (François Périer). Charles' own wife (the witty Stéphane Audran) administers to his neglected sense of guilt by giving him, at his wordless bidding, a fatal dose of laudanum. So goes the schematic balancing of Chabrol's most ironic and chillingly blasé film. But it quickly turns out to be less about perverted sexuality than about the notions of heresy, reprisal, repentance, and redemption that have steadily fascinated Chabrol. In French. (Thalia; April 2.)

A King in New York (1957)—Maybe the worst movie ever made by a celebrated film artist. Chaplin mugs archly as King Shadhov, a deposed Ruritanian monarch who becomes a TV celebrity in New York. With Dawn Addams, Harry Green, and young Michael Chaplin, from whom his father coaxed a grotesque performance. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 4.)

The Lady from Shanghai (1948)—Orson Welles directed the picture and plays an Irish sailor who once fought for the Spanish Republic, and now is caught up in what he calls a "bright, guilty world" of rich people. Arthur Bannister (Everett Sloane) is a criminal lawyer who is himself criminal, and the blight has spread to his wife (Rita Hayworth). Witty and enjoyable; there was never a director so excited by the grammar of film imagery as Welles. (Regency; April 4-7.)

Last Tango in Paris (1972)—Nothing else like it. Bernardo Bertolucci directed; the stars are Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider. In French and English. (St. Marks Cinema; April 3-5.)

The Last Wave—The young Australian director Peter Weir treats the white Australians' guilt over their treatment of the aborigines in terms of alienation and occult manifestations. The decadent white race is represented by a sickly paleface corporate lawyer (Richard Chamberlain), and the aborigines by a lithe, graceful young man (Gulpilil) and a dignified, wily shaman (Nandjiwarra Amagula). The film is over-deliberate and sluggish, and Chamberlain keeps us conscious that he's acting all the time. With Olivia Hamnett as the lawyer's wife. (1/22/79) (Quad Cinema; through April 5.)

Love on the Run—With Jean-Pierre Léaud, Marie-France Pisier, and Claude Jade; directed by François Truffaut. In French. (Coronet; starting April 6.)

Loves of a Blonde (1965)—A dreamily romantic young girl who is depressed and lost in her regimented factory milieu mistakes the casual interest of a young musician for a serious interest, and follows him to his home. The Miloš Forman picture is a comedy, and yet it's too painful and desolate to be funny; it reveals a horribly petty middle-class world within the Socialist economy. A Czech film. (Little Theatre; April 3.)

Manpower (1941)—This is one of those roughneck melodramas about two men friends who both fall for the same woman. Marlene Dietrich comes out of prison after serving a year for theft and gets involved with Edward G. Robinson and his buddy, George Raft, who are Los Angeles light-and-power-company linemen; the hackneyed situation isn't improved by a tragic ending—Robinson attacks Raft on a high-tension tower during a storm. Dietrich has never seemed more foolishly miscast than in her bungalow apron baking biscuits for good, honest Robinson. Jerry Wald helped concoct the script; Raoul Walsh directed. With Alan Hale, Eve Arden, Ward Bond, Frank McHugh, and Faye Emerson. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 2.)

The Milky Way (1968)—A genial guided tour of Catholic heresies. Luis Buñuel, in an impudent, rather than blasphemous, spirit, and a bit fusty. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; April 5.)

Murder at the Gallop (1963)—Modest, relaxed follow-up to "Murder She Said." Margaret Rutherford again as Agatha Christie's dotty, blustering Miss Marple; she rides a horse in

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

this one and does the Twist, as well as attempting to solve crimes. With Robert Morley, Flora Robson, Stringer Davis, James Villiers, and Duncan Lamont. George Pollock directed. (Regency; April 1-3.)

Murder by Decree—A newly written Sherlock Holmes story, set in Victorian London. This handsome Anglo-Canadian production, directed by Bob Clark, features fine Whistler-like dockside scenes and many beautiful, ghoulish gothic-movie touches, but the modern political attitudes expressed by the writer, John Hopkins, misshape the picture. As Holmes, the mellifluous-voiced Christopher Plummer is accomplished but unconvincing. James Mason is a superb Dr. Watson—silly, querulous, innately good; it's a small-scale but great performance. (Quad Cinema, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Loews New York 1, and Criterion; through April 3.)

Norma Rae—Directed by Martin Ritt, written by Irving Ravetch and Harriet Frank, Jr. (Mrs. Ravetch). A first-rate, rather dated—thirtyish—film about the efforts of a spunky young woman in the South to unionize the textile industry. The factory noise in the film is nearly intolerable. Sally Field, as the heroine, gives a terrific performance. (3/19/79) (34th St. East, Loews New York 2, and Loews State 1.)

Not So Dumb (1930)—Marion Davies is absurd and silly and charming all at once in this version of George S. Kaufman's and Marc Connelly's comedy "Dulcy," directed by King Vidor. She plays a compulsively tactless young girl who tries to help her fiancé swing a business deal and screws everything up. The material has a built-in, harmless-trifle familiarity, and it had already been done in 1923 by Constance Talmadge, but Davies is wonderfully skillful as the cutup. With Elliott Nugent, Raymond Hackett, Franklin Pangborn, and the writer Donald Ogden Stewart in his acting days. (Little Theatre; April 1.)

Old Boyfriends—With Talia Shire, Richard Jordan, John Belushi, and Keith Carradine; directed by Joan Tewkesbury. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Sutton.)

The Paper Chase (1973)—Timothy Bottoms as a first-year law student at Harvard, and John Houseman as the professor he idolizes. Bottoms meets the professor's daughter (Lindsay Wagner), who's derisive about everything, and he becomes confused about why he's studying. The picture, directed by James Bridges, tries to be thoughtful and provocative, but it has nothing to say. (St. Marks Cinema; through March 29. . . . ¶ Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 3.)

Paradise Alley—Sylvester Stallone wrote, directed, and stars in this story about three Italian brothers in Hell's Kitchen in 1946. The youngest (Lee Canalito) becomes a saloon wrestler, the oldest (Armand Assante) manages him, and the middle brother (Stallone) serves as his trainer. The film is an actor's baroque version of the lower depths, compounded of dime-a-dance girls, cripples, beggars, floozies, a good-hearted whore, a gentle giant who talks to a pet canary named Bella, and a Damon Runyonesque assortment of crooks and thugs. Not a single one of them seems capable of walking the two or three blocks that would get them out of Hell's Kitchen; instead, they all dream about escape or hatch near-impossible plans. Stallone gives a blowhard performance, and he's a blowhard director, too. He's grotesquely eager to move the audience; he pounds you so hard that you come out feeling that you've been slammed on the head with a two-by-four. With Frank McRae, as Big Glory, and Terry Funk. (11/20/78) (St. Marks Cinema; March 30-April 2.)

The Patsy (1928)—A silent film, with Marion Davies, directed by King Vidor. (Little Theatre; March 29.)

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A Perfect Couple—With Marta Heflin and Paul Dooley, directed by Robert Altman. (Gramercy, Beekman, Paramount, and Forum; starting April 6.)

Picnic at Hanging Rock—With Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard, directed by Peter Weir. (Little Carnegie.)

The Promise—With Kathleen Quinlan, Stephen Collins, and Beatrice Straight; directed by Gilbert Cates. (Music Hall.)

Rasputin and the Empress (1932)—The only film with all three Barrymores—John, Ethel, and Lionel—and they all seem to be at their worst. John had played the mesmerist Svengali the year before, so Lionel was decked out in a beard to play Rasputin. The hammiest actor in the family, Lionel, who doddered even in his youth, is so unhypnotic that Ethel, as the Empress, seems less mesmerized than bored stiff. John, as Prince Chegodieff, finally gets to choke his brother, to everyone's immense satisfaction. With Ralph Morgan, as Nicholas, and Diana Wynyard. Richard Boleslavski directed, pompously; the script is attributed to Charles MacArthur. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; April 2.)

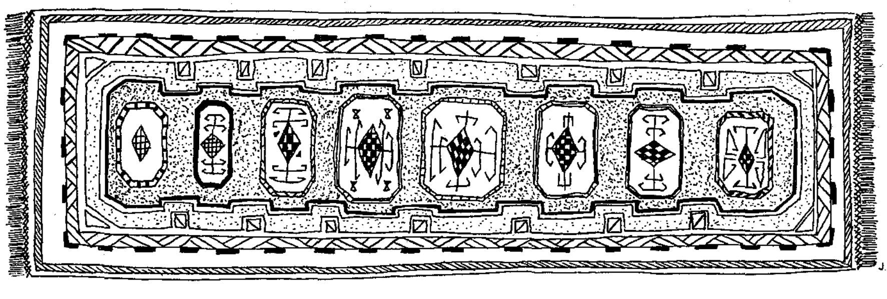
Real Life—With Albert Brooks and Charles Grodin, directed by Brooks. (Cinema II.)

Remember My Name—With Geraldine Chaplin, Tony Perkins, Berry Berenson, and Moses Gunn; directed by Alan Rudolph. (Cinema Studio 1.)

Same Time, Next Year—A tepid, sweet meal. Genteel lifelong adultery by two ciphers, played by Ellen Burstyn and Alan Alda. The time span is from 1951 to 1977. Bernard Slade wrote it, and Robert Mulligan directed it. (12/4/78) (U. A. East, and Loews 83rd Quad. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting April 6.)

Saturday Night Fever (1977)—How the financially pinched seventies generation that grew up on TV attempts to find its own forms of beauty and release. John Travolta plays Tony, a nineteen-year-old Italian Catholic who works selling paint in a hardware store in Brooklyn's Bay Ridge; on Saturday nights, he's off to the local disco dream palace, where he's the champion dancer. It's Tony's pent-up physicality—his needing to dance, his becoming himself only when he dances—that draws us into the pop rapture of this film. The mood, the beat, and the trance rhythm are so purely entertaining, and Travolta is such an original presence, that a viewer spins past the crudeness in the script (by Norman Wexler, based on Nik Cohn's June 7, 1976, *New York* cover story, "Tribal Rites of the New Saturday Night"). Karen Lynn Gorney plays opposite Travolta as Stephanie, who is trying to climb out of Brooklyn and onto Manhattan, which is seen as the magic isle of opportunity—not ironically but with the old Gershwin spirit. John Badham directed. (12/26/77) (D. W. Griffith, Loews Ciné, Guild, Loews 83rd Quad, and Victoria; starting March 30.)

Scarlet Street (1946)—Fritz Lang directed this American version of Renoir's "La Chienne;" in the American setting it's a sordid, low-life melodrama about illicit love, and it never takes root—it's not one of Lang's best American movies. (It was originally banned in New York State—that is, denied a license—as "immoral, indecent, corrupt, and tending to incite crime," a judgment that seemed off the wall even then.) Edward G. Robinson is a frustrated, gray-haired cashier married to a nagging widow (Rosalind Ivan); his only pleasure is in painting on Sundays. He falls for a tart (Joan Bennett) and sets her up in a Greenwich Village apartment, on stolen money. But the tart is in love with a lout (Dan Duryea), who beats her. The script, by Dudley Nichols, is heavy-handed, and Lang's emphatic style pounds home the ironies and the murder-plot devices. (Robinson kills the girl, and Duryea is electrocuted for the crime.) Robinson's paintings are actually by John Decker. (Thalia; April 4-5.)



Show People (1928)—A silent film, with Marion Davies, directed by King Vidor. (Little Theatre; March 28.)

A Slave of Love—A new Russian classic, made by Nikita Mikhalkov. Set in the Crimea just after the October Revolution, with White Russians still holding out in the south, it tells a story worthy of Chekhov in its simplicity and idiosyncrasy of detail. A preposterously melodramatic film-within-the-film is being made. The woman star is Olga (Yelena Solovei). She longs for a cause almost as if she were yearning for a trip to Moscow; the cause is all around her, but she cannot see it. The film is a most beautiful and fragile story about people out of step with their era. In Russian. (8/28/78) (St. Marks Cinema; April 3-5.)

Superman—Christopher Reeve, the young actor chosen to play the lead, is the best reason to see the film; he's immediately likable, with an open-faced, deadpan style that's just right for a windup hero. Though one of the two or three most expensive movies ever made, it's cheesy-looking, and the plotting is so hit-or-miss that the story never seems to get started; the special effects are far from wizardly, and the editing often seems hurried and jerky just at the crucial points. Directed by Richard Donner. With Marlon Brando, Gene Hackman, and Margot Kidder. (1/1/79) (Murray Hill, and Loews Orpheum. . . . ¶ Loews Astor Plaza; through April 3. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux East; starting March 30. . . . ¶ Criterion; starting April 4.)

Taking Off (1971)—Miloš Forman, the Czech director of "Loves of a Blonde" and "The Firemen's Ball," working for the first time in America. His subject is the generation gap, but he sees it in his own way; this is a very funny film, flying in the face of cant journalistic opinions, and gently finding that both sides in the generation war are old-fashioned, decorous, and intent on smallish endeavors. (Little Theatre; starting April 7.)

Tiger Shark (1932)—The material of this brisk (eighty-minute) Howard Hawks melodrama is naïve and far from virgin-new, but the movie is freshly and powerfully directed, and the tired plot is filled out by footage of tuna fishing in the Pacific. Edward G. Robinson gives a shrewd, energetic performance as the Portuguese captain of a tuna boat; the beautiful, sullen, dark-eyed Zita Johann is his wife, and his best friend (Richard Arlen) is, inevitably, in love with her. Wells Root did the script, from "Tuna," by Houston Branch. Vince Barnett and J. Carrol Naish are in the cast. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; April 2.)

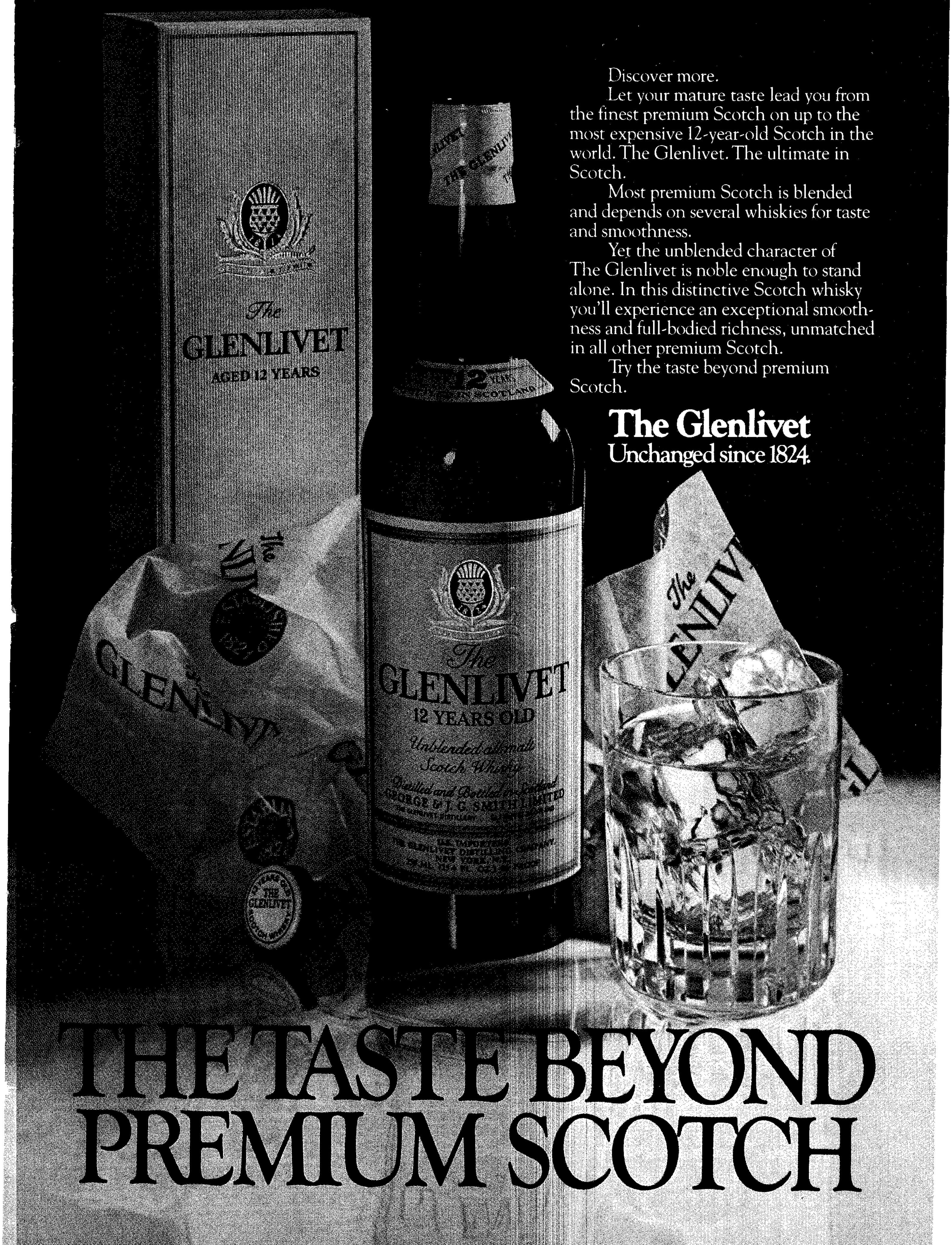
Two Daughters (1961)—Satyajit Ray at his most splendid in two short-story films based on works by Rabindranath Tagore. The first, "The Postmaster," is a small masterpiece; the second, "The Conclusion," has some defects of rhythm, so it is merely wonderful. In Bengali. (Cinema Village; April 1-2.)

Voices—With Michael Ontkean, Amy Irving, and Alex Rocco; directed by Robert Markowitz. (Baronet.)

The Warriors—Walter Hill's spectacle enters into the spirit of urban-male tribalism and the feelings of kids who believe that they own the streets because they keep other kids out of them. The action runs from night until dawn, and most of it is in crisp, bright Day-Glo colors against the terrifying New York blackness. Adapted from the Sol Yurick novel. (3/5/79) (R.K.O. 86th St., and Victoria; through March 29. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting March 30.)

Wifemistress—With Marcello Mastroianni and Laura Antonelli, directed by Marco Vicario. In Italian. (Festival; through April 5. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting April 6.)

Your Turn, My Turn—With Marlène Jobert and Philippe Léotard, directed by François Leterrier. In French. (Cinema Studio 2. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema; starting April 6.)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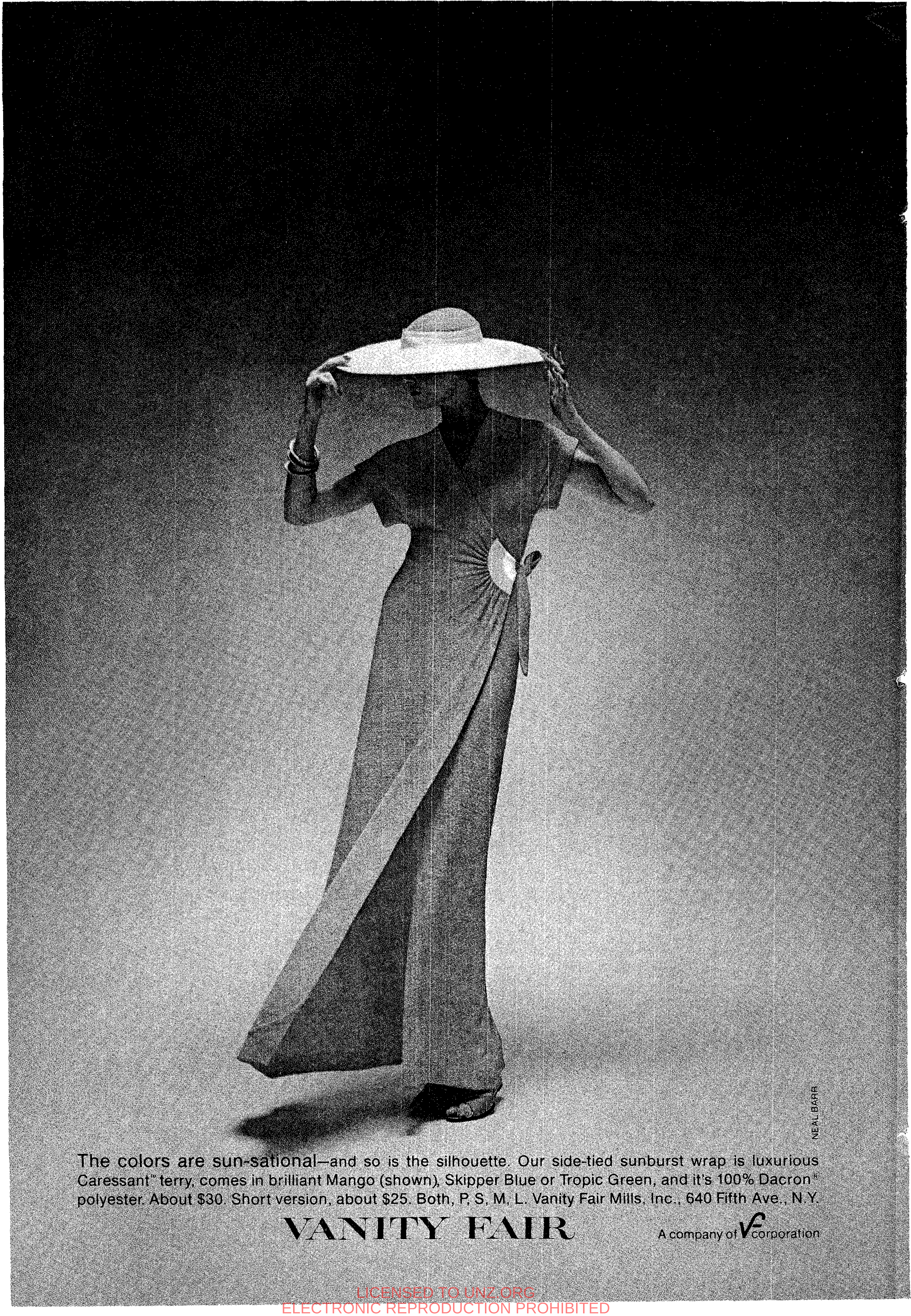
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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

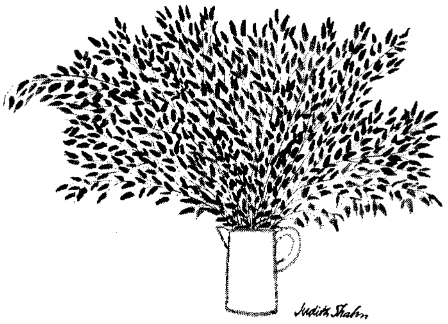
THE mind of the political censor is seldom displayed as unguardedly as it is in a document that has just reached us—a letter from the Directorate of Publications, Republic of South Africa. The Directorate has the power, under South African law, to ban books, pamphlets, and periodicals that are either politically or morally "undesirable." Its letter explains why it banned a pamphlet on the situation at Crossroads, a squatter camp near Cape Town where twenty thousand African men, women, and children live in shacks of corrugated metal and cardboard, which they built themselves. (The men would otherwise have to live in all-male hostels, because their families have no right, under South Africa's "pass" laws, to be in the Cape Town area or live in the official black township nearby.) The government planned to bulldoze Crossroads, but it has held off in the face of international protest aroused by the residents with the help of white lawyers, religious leaders, and faculty and students at the University of Cape Town. The pamphlet was published last October by the National Union of South African Students. It is a ninety-seven-page collection of reports, interviews, and legal documents on Crossroads—mild in tone by American standards. When it was banned, soon after it came out, the students wrote to the Directorate of Publications to ask the reason; they got a detailed letter in reply.

One objection was to the title of the pamphlet: "'We Will Not Move'—The Struggle for Crossroads." The use of "will" instead of "shall" conveyed "an implication of intention, volition, or choice," the Directorate said, and many readers would "regard it as a deliberate call to illegal action." The pamphlet was "calculated to further undesirable confrontation with the authorities and to incite lawbreaking." In general, the letter said, the pamphlet was guilty of "distorted one-sidedness." As an example of bias, it cited an interview with Mrs. N——, of Crossroads, who was quoted as saying, "We worked very hard to build this home. We cleared the bush, then we laid down mats. We initially built up a shelter to prevent the wind from blowing at the primus stoves. On the first night we were not able to put on the roof and we were told to build some toilets ourselves. Then we were only able to get water pipes installed after three months, as a result of some nurses, I would think." Such material, the Directorate said, was intended to "worsen and harm Black-White relations, disturb the peace and good order, and cause hostile international reaction amongst persons not acquainted with the full facts." And, the letter said, the timing was undesirable: "The pamphlet is being brought out at a time when plans are, as far as is known, already afoot for the peaceful removal of the illegal squatters."

The students included in the pamphlet two substantial statements by Brigadier J. H. van der Westhuizen, an official of the South African government: a report in which he criticized arguments against the destruction of Crossroads, and the verbatim transcript of a speech by the Brigadier at the University of Cape Town. Including his report was "an alleviating factor," the letter said, but it was "more than counterbalanced by the dishonest and crude way in which his speech before the students is reported." The letter explained, "It is easy to make a speaker, who is addressing an audience which may at times be noisy or distracting, look ridiculous by giving a verbatim tape transcription of his speech. No decent journalist would, however, descend to such methods. An analogy is Parliament, where the Hansard writers take great pains to give a true reflection of what a Member has said, even if the tape recording of his speech may at times not accord with the rules of sentence structure and grammar."

The Directorate of Publications also made another point. "Publicity is given to the determination of the illegal squatters not to leave the area," it said. "The gravity of this is compounded by the fact that the vast majority of the illegal squatters are Transkei citizens, making them in effect foreign intruders who could under certain circumstances become a dangerous fifth column." Most of the Crossroads residents are "Transkei citizens" because they are blacks whom South African law has assigned to an official "homeland" in the Transkei. Two and a half years ago, the Transkei became an "independent" country; one million six hundred thousand blacks living in various parts of South Africa were deprived by the South African government of their South African citizenship and told that they were now citizens of the Transkei, a place many of them had never seen. No country other than South Africa recognizes the Transkei as an independent state.

The factual content of the letter from the Directorate of Publications is uniquely South African, but the reasoning is not limited to censors or would-be censors in one country.



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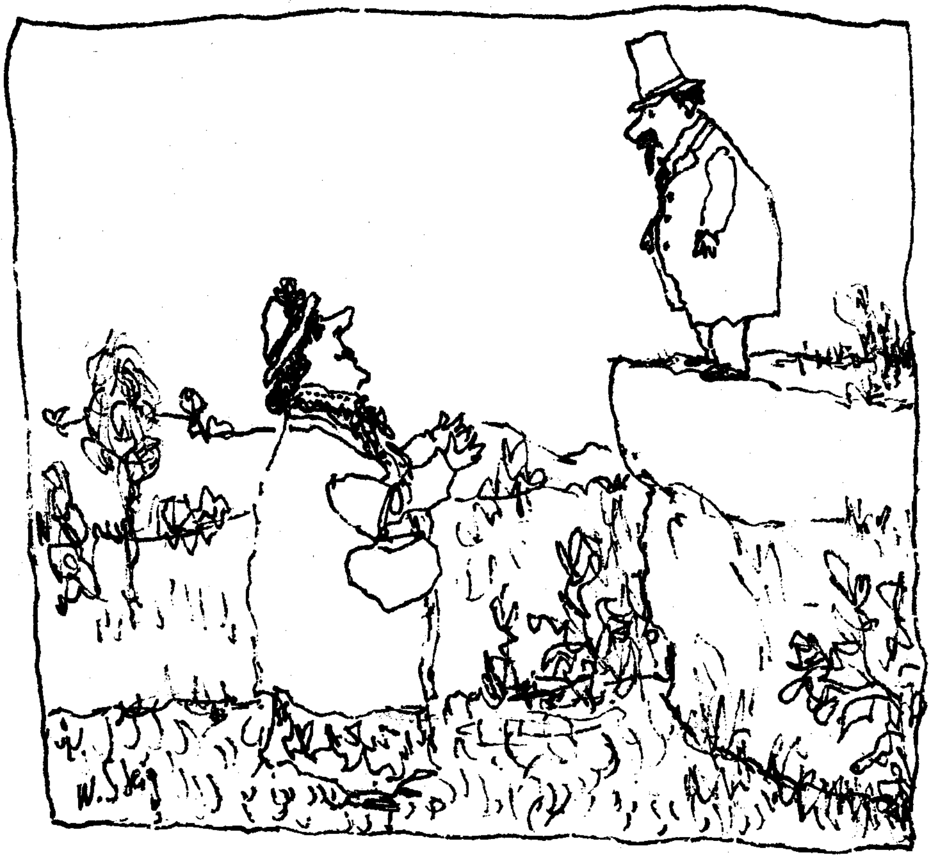
Famous

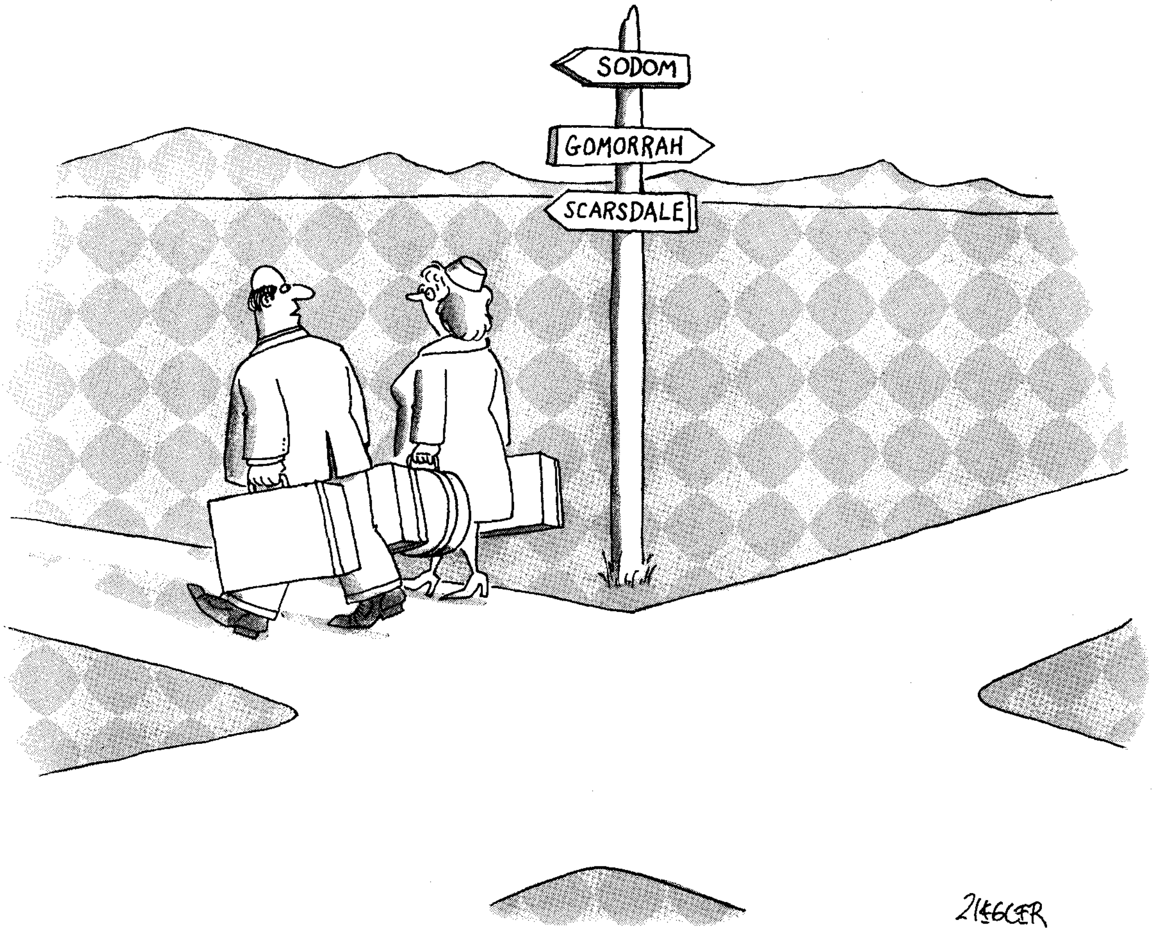
SELMA GLASSER, of Borough Park, does not insist that her students call her "Professor," but it doesn't bother her a bit if they do. Some of her students just call her Selma. Her academic specialty is the mellifluous testimonial to the worthiness of a toothpaste or a spray detergent. She has done extensive work in the area of the rhyming jingle. In the Brooklyn College adult-education program, she teaches a course titled Writing for Prize and Publication. The course lasts eight weeks, and the tuition is twenty dollars. A new term has just begun, and Mrs. Glasser assumes that by the time it ends, students who have paid attention should be in a position to earn back their twenty bucks and then some. In theory, the most gifted students will be prepared to compose lines on a box top explaining in fifty words or less why a certain kind of cookie is like a trip to the Continent (and win a trip to the Continent) or why a certain kind of chrome polish is superior to all other chrome polishes (and win a freezer and five hundred dollars). Mrs. Glasser combines scholarly expertise with practical experience. She has won the trip to the Continent. She has won the freezer and the five hundred dollars. She has won a mink coat. She has won a car and would like to win another one. (Right now, she has her eye on a 1979 Buick station wagon filled with five hundred dollars' worth of meat.) She has won a vacation in the Caribbean. She has won a vacation on a Texas dude ranch. She has won a vacation in the Catskills. She has won more stuff than she can remember. One time, she entered a contest that required her to explain in verse why she wanted to go out on a date with Sid Caesar while wearing a certain brand of shoes. She won the date with Sid Caesar. That happened quite a while ago. Some years later, in another contest, she won what was billed as a date with Engelbert Humperdinck. This entitled her to a ringside table on the opening night of his singing act at what was then the Americana Hotel. Mrs. Glasser recalls having a fine time, and says it didn't surprise or disappoint her that she and Humperdinck didn't have an actual date. Much as she enjoys hobnobbing with celebrities like Sid Caesar and Engelbert Humperdinck, when Mrs. Glasser enters a contest and wins a prize she prefers cash.

One day recently, we went to visit her at her home, a stucco row house in Borough Park. We sat in the kitchen while we talked with her. Mrs. Glasser told us she won the gas oven and range. Another time, she won a gas home-heating system. If it ever goes bad, the gas company promises to repair or replace it free of charge. Not everything that she has won has had a practical use. For instance, the good news that she had won a mink coat, two years ago, arrived at a time when the roof of her house needed to be fixed. "I'm not the mink-coat type," said Mrs. Glasser, who is short and slight and is in her early fifties and has orange-blond hair. "But it was a very interesting contest. You were supposed to write on the subject 'Why I'm a Good Girl'—you know the old saying 'Good girls don't get mink coats.' So I won the mink coat. When they told me I'd won, I wrote a letter telling the company that my roof was leaking awful. I wrote directly to the president of the company. It was a very touching letter—pleading for money instead of a mink coat. But they got impatient and said that they were going to give it to someone else if I wasn't satisfied. I didn't want to offend them, so I took it."

Usually, Mrs. Glasser isn't a complainer. It's just that she has been so successful over the years entering and winning contests that she has learned how to be choosy. She told us, "I used to say to my son, Gary—I used to say to him, 'Would you like me to win you a car?' And he'd say, 'What kind of car?' Imagine that. He was very fussy. Once, I won a motorcycle, and when it was delivered we didn't know what to do with it, so we put it in the basement. My son slept there, next to the motorcycle—the dog sleeps there now. Anyway, they delivered this motorcycle and we put it in the basement with my son, and my son, who *wanted* a motorcycle, refused to ride it. It wasn't fancy enough for him. He wanted a Harley-Davidson. This was some other brand, so he wouldn't ride it. Thank God."

A few months ago, Mrs. Glasser's son moved to California and got married. The day that we went to see her, she had just returned from a three-week trip to California to visit him. While she was out there, she happened to meet a lot of her admirers—people who read a column she writes, "Selma Glasser's Write-On," in *Golden Chances*, which is a monthly newsletter published in South Pasadena. The newsletter's motto is "Dedicated to Better Contesting." Back home in Brooklyn now, she had a bouquet of flowers on her kitchen table. She won the flowers. "There was a contest in which you had to write about 'Why I'm the Greatest Mother-in-Law in the World,' or words to that effect," she said. "Since my son has only been married a short while, I figured I'm still qualified to be a great mother-in-law. So I entered, and I won the flowers." The flowers had actually arrived before her trip to California, and looked dried out. Mrs. Glasser told us that dried flowers are one of her hobbies. Marigolds grow in her back yard, and she enjoys pressing them inside heavy books and then covering them with glass to make coffee-table tops. "I press them inside phone books, dictionaries, thesauruses," she said. "I have dictionaries and the-





"Let's hope, Lucille, that our decision hasn't been too hasty."

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sauruses all over the house. I need to. I'm a writer. They're my tools. You understand."

When Mrs. Glasser falls into a rhyming mood, she writes in a mode reminiscent of Ogden Nash, although she is satisfied that her style is pure Glasser. She told us that her father, late in his life, developed a habit of writing birthday poems to himself. This led her to think that she had inherited a way with words. Today, she has transcended mere contesting and graduated to what she calls "short writing." In her column in *Golden Chances* she often includes a plug for a fifteen-lesson mail-order course she gives called the Glasser Guide to Filler Writing. "I don't differentiate anymore between contests and fillers," she said. "Like, last week, I did a column for *Golden Chances* on how to hit the *Reader's Digest* for fifty dollars for a short filler. Because when some publication buys something that you've written it's like winning a contest." Mrs. Glasser has hit the *Reader's Digest* quite a few times.

Soon Mrs. Glasser will be getting out a new edition of "Fell's Guide to Prize Contests and How to Win Them" (published by Frederick Fell), which her late husband, Allen, wrote in 1963. Some chapter titles from the previous edition are "Contestdom—Realm of Rich Rewards," "How to Win Limerick Contests," and "Analogy in Action." Mrs. Glasser plans to retain these chapter titles and to add her own updated wisdom. "I'm thinking of one chapter of prize-winning entries," she said. "No, they're not going to be all mine. A lot of people have written and asked 'Can I give you my car-winning entry?' or 'Can I give you my dishwasher-winning entry?' Can they? They sure can! Of course, a lot of the ones in the book will be entries that have not been previously revealed, because I happen to have run across them through my course at Brooklyn College."

It no longer surprises Mrs. Glasser that people come from as far away as Queens to take her course in the Brooklyn College adult-education program. "I know why," she said, with a shrug. "It's because I'm famous." Once, she had a student who lived in Manhattan, and she has even received inquiring phone calls from people in New Jersey. In these instances, Mrs. Glasser tries to give travel directions to Brooklyn, but invariably the callers decide to sign up instead for the mail-order Glasser Guide to Filler Writing. Mrs. Glasser understands how some people just don't enjoy long automobile journeys. Before she won her car, in the late sixties, she didn't know how to drive. But then she took lessons and got a driver's license, and she has found the experience uplifting. In fact, she feels that learning to drive was the most wonderful thing that has ever happened to her, and now she drives all over the place. "You see," she said, "sometimes a contest can really change your life."

Taped

WALKING through Times Square around seven-thirty one recent evening, we suddenly heard—over the familiar noise continuum of honk, rumble, disco—the lucid, nimble sound of a piano: Teddy Wilson. It was out of place, refreshing, and nearby. We looked around—we were approaching the northwest corner of Forty-sixth Street—and saw only an ordinary newsstand and its proprietor, an elderly man. We stepped over and asked the man where the music was coming from. He pointed to two speakers, attached to either end of the stand. "Cassettes," he said. "I make them on Sunday. Listen—now I got Fred Astaire." He cocked an ear, but the next sound from the speakers was an announcement in his own voice: "All late! All new! And don't forget *Cue* magazine!" Then Fred Astaire began to sing. "Those announcements save my voice," said the newsstand man, and he introduced himself as Ralph Gelbert. He was very short, with longish gray hair parted in the middle, and he wore gold spectacles. His eyes were large and twinkly. He had a blue apron over a brick-red turtleneck and a gray jacket. "I tape my voice ordinary, then I turn up the volume so people know I'm here," he explained. A customer paused, saying, "Ralph, give me a *Post*." Ralph gave him a *Post*, pulling it out from under a sheet of plastic ("That's so people don't steal"), and said to us, "I collect the old-timers—Harry James, Count Basie . . ." He was temporarily drowned out by his own voice saying "*Star! Enquirer! Midnight!*" Then a big band began to play. "That's that drummer—Gene Krupa," said Ralph.

Two young men approached. "What paper's got the movies?" asked one.

"The *Voice*," said Ralph.

"How much?" said the young man.

"Sixty cents," said Ralph.

"Can I just look at one?" said the young man.

"No," said Ralph.

The young man produced sixty cents and got the paper, and they moved on. "Around here, they either steal or they want stuff free," said Ralph. "I've been here ten years. Before that, I worked in a factory cutting curtains and drapes. Originally, I was from Vienna. Everybody in my family was in the theatre. I played child parts with Maurice Schwartz and Paul Muni. I was born in Berlin, but we moved to Vienna because of Hitler. When Hitler came to Vienna, I escaped to Switzerland. Before that, I acted for thirty years. Played night clubs. I sang, danced—tap dance, eccentric dance, and always with a partner—and I did a Charlie Chaplin imitation, a Charlie Chase imitation, Maurice Chevalier. When I came to America, all I got was one bit part in 'The Goldbergs,' so I had to get different jobs. I miss the acting, but now I'm sixty-five. Forget about dancing!" He smiled.

"Always late *Post!*" said his voice in stereo.

"I see all the shows around here," he said, live. "Friends give me free tickets. I just saw 'Whoopee!' "

We had to leave; it was near curtain time.

"Stick around!" cried Ralph. "You'll hear me singing on the tape!"

"What do you sing?" we asked.

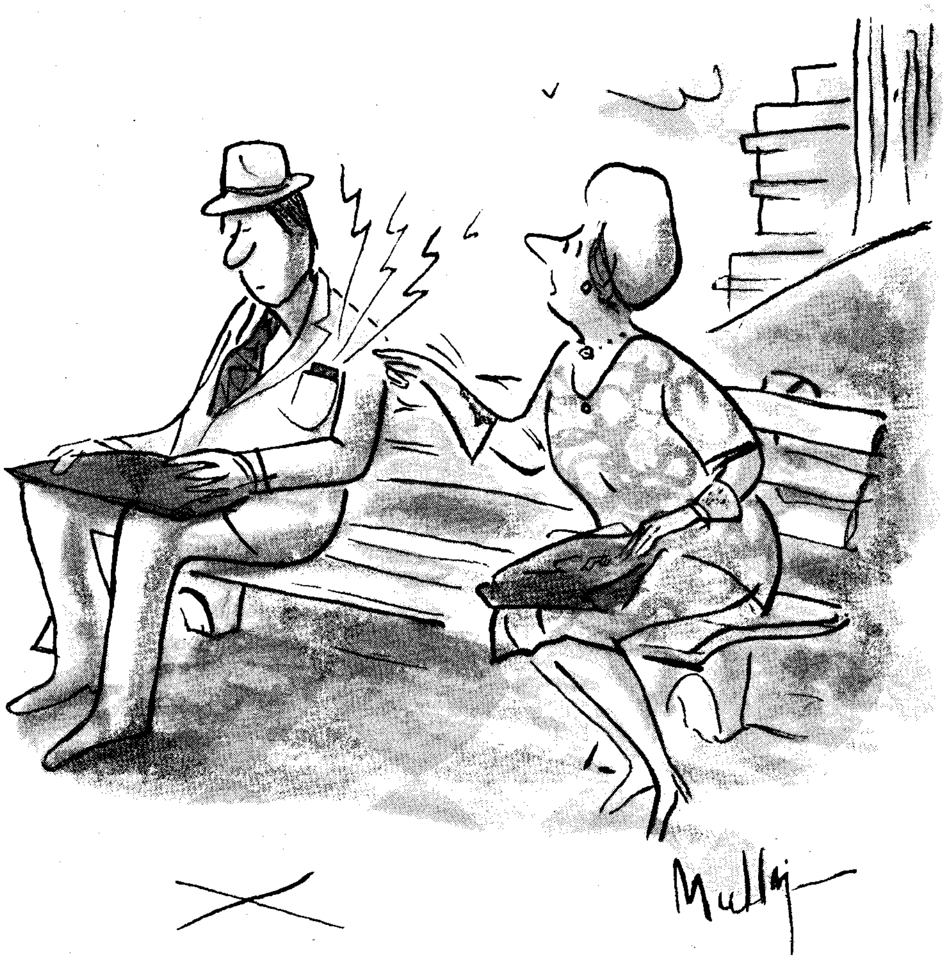
" 'Lady Be Good,' " he said.

Craft

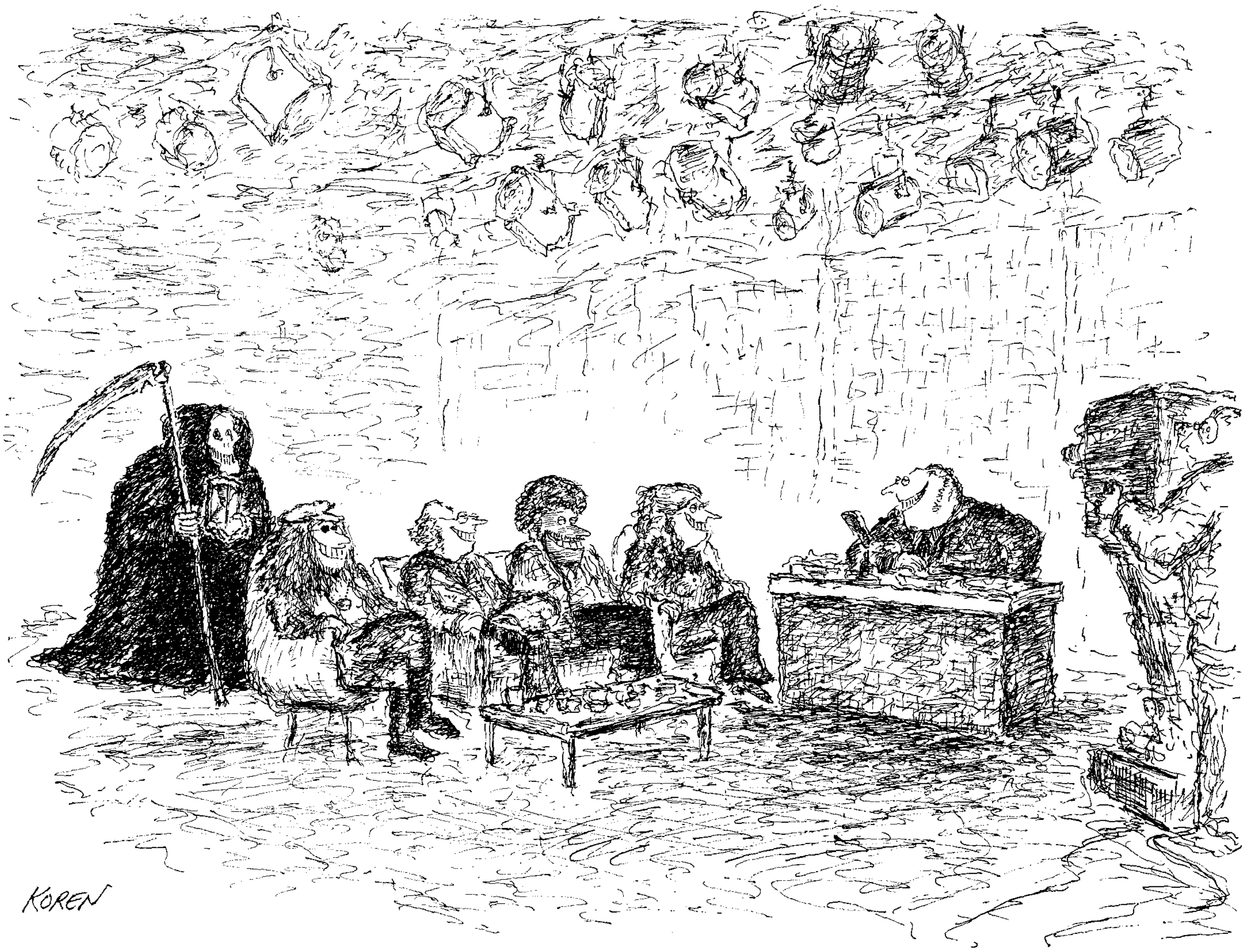
ONE evening last week, our apartment doorbell pealed unexpectedly and an artist friend came bounding in. "Hey, wait till you see this!" he said, brandishing a long white roll of paper. "I've been out at the printing plant in New Jersey since seven this morning, working on the colors for that children's book I did. Are you ready?" We were.

Our friend found a space on the floor and sent the roll unfurling with a flick of his wrists and the unconcealed excitement of a magic-carpet salesman. As the paper unfurled, the room filled up with images of little boys in red and green T-shirts disconsolately seeking and triumphantly finding brown-and-white dogs. The uncut pages were islands of color on the white sheet, like giant postage stamps in some huge album. There were two copies of the jacket and the endpapers; the story was told upside down half the time, and out of normal sequence. The artist was on his knees beside the sheet now, craning his neck round to look at the upside-down bits.

"You can't imagine what we've been through to get those nice, soft colors," he said. "Ava Weiss, my art director at Greenwillow Books, kept working away with the printers to get the color balance just right. When the first sheets came off the press, the kids' faces were tomato-color and their pants were St. Patrick's Day green. I mean, I nearly died! But Ava was so great, and the printers at the Rae company were so incredibly patient. She'd say to the pressman, 'Now, Bernie, I think the reds are coming through too red—we'll *have to take them down* a touch.' And then the greens would come out all washed out, or the browns would look too brown. It got to be four o'clock, and we hadn't had a chance to eat any lunch. I got so worn out by decisions that I said to Ava she should let some little things go. But she never would. She said we had to see it through, and she kept after them all day, asking them for fixes, but in the nicest way. Sometimes I got so nervous she told me to go outside and take a walk. But it turned out the guys there were glad to try to get things perfect, even if it meant they had to scrub off the rollers all over again. They got along with Ava, because they could see she really appreciated them and cared about what they did. Who says there's no craftsmanship in this country? You'd think those guys were making a soufflé. The team on our press was constantly checking—going up on catwalks to watch the rollers, controlling the flow of colored inks with rows of knobs as if they were tuning a violin. And they don't just trust the eye, you know. They pull out every thousandth sheet and scan it electronically, making sure the color density isn't varying by more than a couple of points. And then there's one man just in charge of



"Pardon me, sir. You are being beeped."



"Well, I see that our time is just about up."

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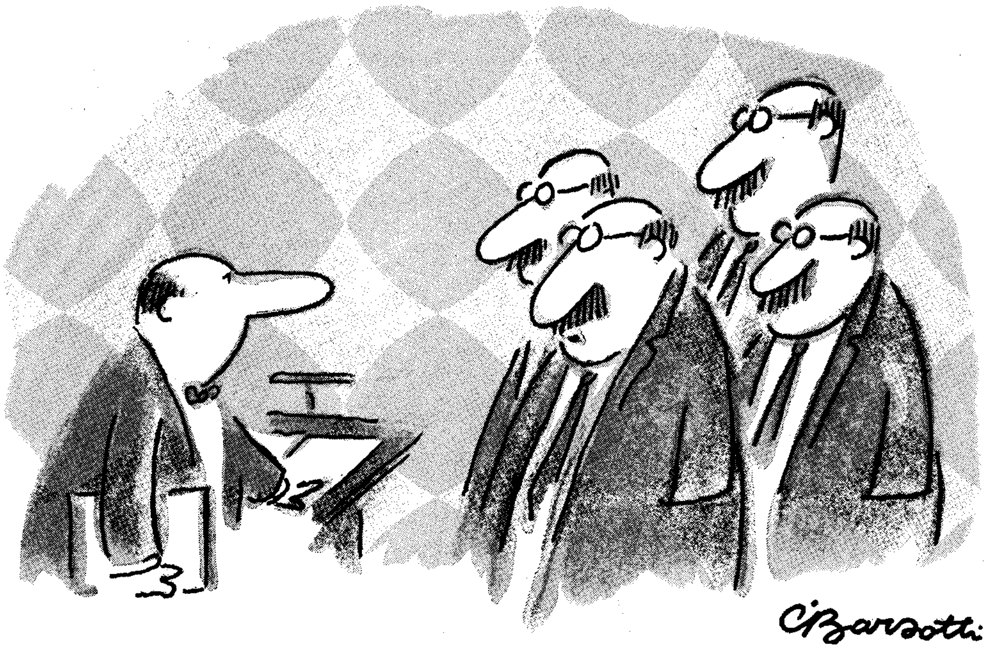
the pile where the sheets come out, chunka-chunka-chunka, and flutter out from the dryer at the end.

"All that technology! What an amazing place. From the outside, it's this huge, streamlined building, like a chemical company, set on a manicured lawn. Trucks are coming and going all the time with loads of paper and ink and with sheets being sent off to be bound into books. Inside, it's these long, long corridors and surprisingly tidy rooms. Forget the old-fashioned movie images of black presses and inky-fingered men. This place is so clean it's more like a bakery. The presses themselves are great, million-dollar machines like gleaming silver trains. In different rooms, men in red shirts are poring over proofs with magnifiers or laminating sheets of dust jackets. Each one of them has his place in the scheme of it all, and they're such nice, gentle sort of men that they'd answer my questions about what they were doing even before I felt brave enough to ask. One great room is just squared-up stacks of unprinted paper, as far as the eye can see. If you like white paper, you could go *crazy* in that place. And, all over, there are thousands and thousands of different kinds of books in different stages of production. Chest-high stacks of jackets for Mrs. Ford's book next to drugstore romances and Michener's latest. Pages of Dr. Seuss books next to publications of the Smithsonian Institution. Everything seems to run so smoothly, to be so unbelievably organized. There's a sort of control-room place, where Ava and I saw these men studying a mammoth wall chart and discussing the presses' round-the-clock schedule. There they were, very businesslike, saying that they'd had to do a rush job on what sounded like 'Tweaky Turtle' and if they got the twenty-five thousand 'Tooley! Tooley!'s rolling tonight O.K. they'd be able to squeeze in 'Bump in the Night.' "

Bookbinders

THAT books can be beautiful is a fact much in evidence in New York City these days. For one thing, the Morgan Library is staging an exhibition, through April 8th, called "Twelve Centuries of Bookbindings," which—in a glittering display of bibliophilism—consists of a hundred very old books whose covers are made of materials like leather, ivory, enamel, gold, silver, pearls, and semiprecious stones. The other morning, we walked in and found about twenty-five people lingering before, say, a Coptic leather binding of the Acts of the Apostles dating from the fifth century, a gold (repoussé) and jewelled binding of the Gospels in Latin dating from the ninth century, and an illuminated manuscript known as the "Farnese Hours," with silver-gilt covers, which dates from sometime after 1591 and has been called the single most famous manuscript of the Italian High Renaissance.

Then, on a brisk spring evening not long afterward, we went down to the Center for Book Arts, on Bleecker Street. Though the center is populated mostly by young people, it has a distinct air of the past about it. It occupies a rather dingy storefront that



"We're the Duderstadt brothers. I believe we have a table for four."

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once housed a furrier's establishment, and it has a self-assured, worked-in look. If one imagines an old, down-to-earth newspaper office—the kind seen in Western movies—combined with a Dickensian stationer's shop, one can get the idea. A class in hand bookbinding was in progress, and the instructor, a scholarly-looking young man named Bruce Schnabel, was helping three students at a long workbench. "What I'd like to see you do is glue up the spine of the book, knock it up, let it set until it's tacky, round it, and then see if you can get it in the press," he told a young woman named Filomena Tuosto.

Miss Tuosto began to follow his instructions—she was preparing to cover a blank-paged journal—and we asked Mr. Schnabel to tell us something about the craft of hand bookbinding. He was eager to talk. "It's very important to maintain skills like these, since a book bound by hand is not only aesthetically pleasing but also much stronger and much more durable than one bound by machine," he said. "Industrialization almost killed off hand bookbinding in the United States, but it continued to exist as a trade in Europe throughout the nineteenth century—William Morris gave it a boost—and into the twentieth. Half a century ago, a number of American women began to look into bookbinding. They tended to be the wives of wealthy men, and since it wasn't thought proper for them to work, they went off to Europe and studied hand bookbinding as a sort of hobby and brought the skills back here. There was another surge of interest in the nineteen-sixties, and now there are perhaps two hundred hand bookbinders practicing their trade in this country."

He returned to his students, and we wandered over to a showcase containing books that had been bound by students and instructors. Though the techniques used were the same as those used to bind many of the books on display at the Morgan—some were sewn on raised cords, some had hand-sewn silk or linen headbands, and so on—the designs were very different. An example was a journal bound by Mr. Schnabel, whose cover had an abstract pattern in earth-colored tinted and dyed leathers on goatskin. At a desk near the showcase was a young woman named Kathleen Weldon, who is the center's executive director. She told us that the center was founded in 1974, that it accepts apprentices as well as students, and that, in addition to bookbinding, it gives classes in hand typesetting, wood engraving, calligraphy, and graphic design.

Through the street door came a ginger-bearded man. He introduced himself as David Sellars, and told us that he taught at the center last year, that he has a studio in London, that he once bound a book for the Queen, and that he had just flown over to deliver a book to an American client. "I wanted to give this one to him myself," Mr. Sellars said, in a Yorkshire accent. "Besides, I wanted to drop in at the center, maybe drum up a little business—you never know." He showed us the book, whose cover he had designed and made, taking two hundred and fifty hours to do so. It was a heavy volume of Pindar's Odes which had been printed on vellum at the Shakespeare Head Press, in Stratford-upon-Avon, in 1928, and its cover—in multicolored mixed leathers—looked like a cross between a Kenneth Noland and a Jasper Johns. "When I do a cover, it has to come from my involvement with the text," Mr. Sellars said. "If you had asked me to cover this book with a full gilt binding—the traditional 'prestige' look—I wouldn't have done it. That just wouldn't have been right. Not today. Not for me. Do you know what I mean? I'm an artist, and some of my friends keep telling me that I should practice some more readily accepted art form, such as painting. What they don't seem to understand is that bookbinding is a form of sculpture."

The Story

A FRIEND of ours has a nine-year-old daughter who, upon returning from school, always rushes to the television set to see "General Hospital." He recently asked her what the story was all about, and she replied—during commercials—as follows: "Heather and Jeff . . . no, wait . . . Jeff is all upset and stuff . . . he was in a quarantine because of Lassa fever . . . during that time, the chief of staff . . . he doesn't know the chief of staff is his real father . . . the quarantine's over, but Mrs. Hardy . . . his wife, Audrey . . . she thought her husband was going to die . . . she wanted Jeff to know, but he didn't die . . . she told him, but Steve doesn't know she told . . . Anne was staying there and babysitting for Tommy and Jeremy . . . they didn't know Jeremy was the carrier of Lassa fever . . . Heather, Jeff's wife, had a baby, but some lady took it and put it in an adopting home, and I don't think Jeff knows whose . . . Cal Jamison is a criminal and tries to get money out of people by telling them secret information they don't want to know . . . he finds out secret stuff people don't want spread about or they'll lose their job . . . they can't catch the guy . . . Heather is a selfish woman, she always wants stuff, and lies . . . her mother is a maid at the Webbers' house . . . Jeff Webber is really Jeff Hardy, and he knows that now . . . his brother is a doctor, too . . . there's a lot more . . ."

A FOGGY MIRROR

(THE FOREWORD TO A STUDY THAT WILL DO TO 1978 WHAT BARBARA TUCHMAN HAS DONE TO THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY)

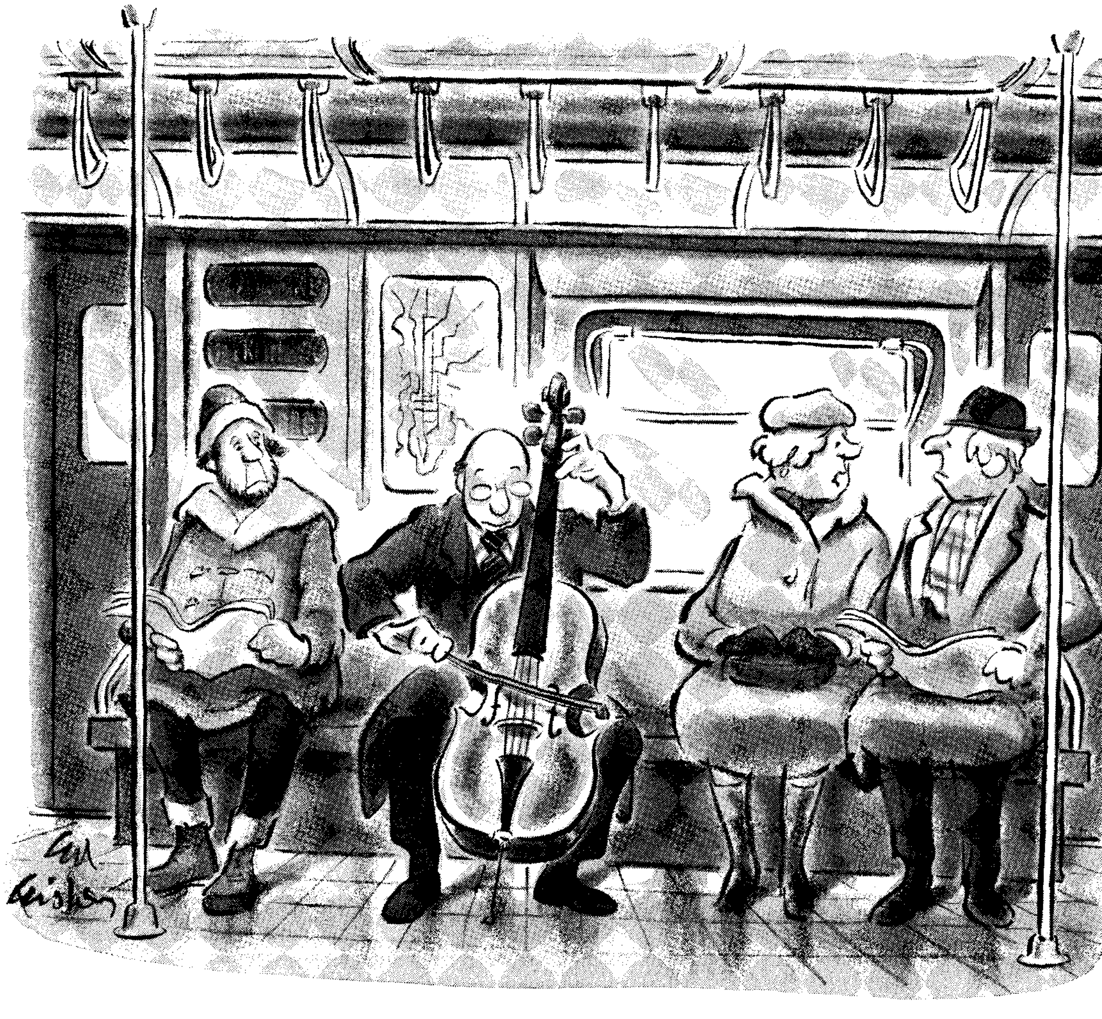
For not all things which chaungeth not ne'er alter those that do.—*Duns Blotus.*

THE initial motivation for undertaking this work was the hope that a chronicle of 1978 might illuminate our own time. Certainly, at first glance, that year would seem to have much in common with this one, 1979; it, too, consisted of three hundred and sixty-five days, the earth was the third planet from the sun for the year's entirety, and it provided a wide market for huge yet mysteriously light books of popular history. I am not the first to have noticed such remarkable parallels. Tyrell Barkham—the night doorman at an apartment building that contains a dwelling not unknown to this historian—said recently, "Seventy-seven, seventy-eight, seventy-nine—what can I tell you? It's the same old story." Unfortunately, as I penetrated the shadows of the past more deeply, the light it shed on the present became ever more elusive, until it was at best an intermittent flicker of familiarity. Still, what I discovered seemed compelling in its own right—all the more so as the vision of my own perceptions and conclusions, neatly set in eleven-point Caslon Old Face on attractively margined pages, solidified in my imagination, more and more resembling, in shape, weight, function, future public weal, and eventual personal reward, a *book.* I pressed on with my work.

People in 1978 lived under conditions that we would find utterly alien. College football players were safe in the environs of opposing coaches. "The Deer Hunter" had not been widely released. "Teng Hsiao-ping" had no generally understood meaning beyond the noise of an automobile engine malfunctioning. (Three or four unadorned declarative sentences in a row had the same literary ring that they have now, however. Some things never change.) In order to make this epoch—so bizarre and yet so troublingly "close" to our own—more vivid and immediate for today's reader, I decided to focus on one person's life as a kind of exemplum. I measured every likely candidate against exigent historiographical standards. Did he have a normal hairline? Was he known to believe that you shouldn't just throw dollars at social problems in the hope of solving them? Did he play at least one racquet sport? Could he do the Disco Duck? Through this process of selection, the choice was narrowed down to one Thomas Hugo Kramer III, of Great Neck, Long Island, who, as far as we can tell, graduated from high school in June of 1978 and entered Yale the following September. His will be the shoulders to bear the burdensome mantle of this chronicle.

"Tommy" Kramer was truly representative of his era. He started the year at five feet eight and ended it at five-ten, thus doubly conforming to the parameters of average height for males described by archivists of the time. We can assume on the basis of dental records that have crossed the intervening gulf of weeks that, like many of his contemporaries, he experimented briefly with Pop Rocks. Furthermore, his short-lived emotional alliance with a young woman known to us today only as "Betty," from Oradell, in the state of New Jersey, and his subsequent travels to medical specialists on the island of Manhattan[1] gave his life a scope considerably broader than that of many of his time. (New Jersey was a leg-of-lamb-shaped area east of Great Neck.)

It also appears evident that the threads of Thomas III's personal history were tightly interwoven with the major national, international, and meteorological events of his time—events that in retrospect take on the criss-crossed, muted hues of a much-worn tartan muffler of the period. He slipped on the ice no fewer than three times after a celebrated blizzard in February of 1978. The aircraft that carried the



"At least it's better than those awful radios."

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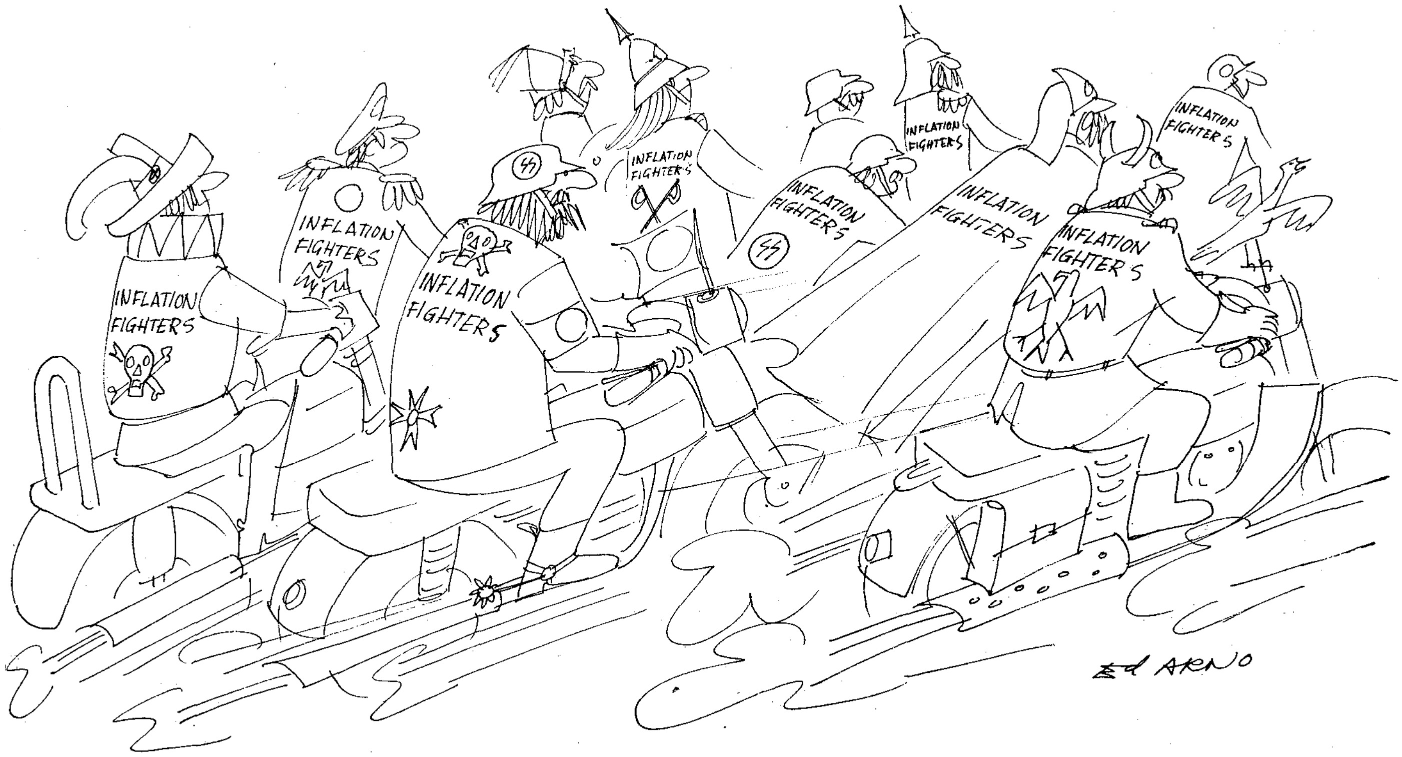
[1] See Chapter 247.



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head of the Israeli government from his own country to the American capital of Washington, prior to an intense period of international bargaining, in all likelihood flew within not less than fifteen miles of Thomas III's house (a typical dwelling of "four walls and a roof," with apertures for the admission of daylight and air and for human egress and ingress). And when in the spring of 1978 important treaties involving an artificial isthmus-spanning waterway connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans was approved by the higher body of the American legislature, Thomas III was not dead. Furthermore, he stayed extraordinarily close to the cultural pulsebeat of his time: we know, for instance, that his cousin Laura, of Hewlett (near Great Neck on the same forked island that stretched eastward from New York City like an alligator with jaws slightly agape), was the secretary of a local "fan club" celebrating the fame of a contemporary jongleur hero named William Joel. Finally, like so many of his time, Thomas III was deeply adjectival—sublunary, vertically symmetrical, non-arboreal, and, almost invariably, bipedal.

BEFORE embarking on the story of Thomas III, however, I must say a few words about the methodological obstacles inherent in such an enterprise. First, there is the unclear and conflicting evidence regarding dates. For instance, certain documents would seem to indicate that Thomas III had two different dates for a "freshman mixer" at Yale.[2] Numbers are as important to the historian as are dates, and the figures that come down to us from 1978 have their own serious vexations. For example, the local Chamber of Commerce publication put the population of Great Neck at 11,263, while records from the Mayor's office indicate that it was 11,200. In such cases, I have generally used the lowest figure, knowing that the people of 1978 were no less prone to exaggeration than we are today.[3]

Other kinds of discrepancies and enigmas abound. We know that young Thomas III matriculated at Yale in the fall, yet the notes of admissions directors from four other universities show that the boy had promised to attend each of those schools if admitted—promised "on his mother's life," in two instances. On the larger canvas, we have indications that many Americans began to decorate their homes with the artifacts of industry and commerce—zinc laundry sinks in bathrooms, steam tables in kitchens, crane operator's seats in living rooms, fluorescent-lighting fixtures from police-precinct houses in hallways—but we have *no* idea why they did so. Finally, there are outright blanks in our knowledge. For instance, the summer before leaving for college Thomas III apparently spent large amounts of time driving in his car (a self-propelled internal-combustion-engine vehicle) around the streets of his village. We can only speculate upon the nature of his thoughts during this specialized but customary period of youthful *Rastlosigkeit.*

These inconsistencies and lacunae have made it necessary for me in the writing of this account to resort frequently to such constructions as "presumably," "probably," "perchance," and "who knows?" And to such sentences as "Thomas III's father, Thomas, Jr., had a great deal of trouble computing the earned-income credit on his 1977 Internal Revenue Service tax forms, or he didn't."[4] On the other hand, the life of any epoch is filled with complexity and paradox, even for those who live in its midst. The only certainty in any person's existence—today as in the glorious yet undistinguished, lighthearted yet serious, violent yet pacific, brief yet easily rendered interminable year of 1978—is that it will one day come to an end. On that cheering note of commonality, I should like to begin my pursuit of the phantoms of historical order.

—Daniel Menaker

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[2] "Terry and I had a boss time last night," he wrote in his diary on the day after the dance, while on the same day a certain Theresa Bugliosi said in a letter to a friend at Wellesley, "Went to the mixer at New Haven with creepy Tom last night. He told me that every boy from Great Neck was a great necker and boogied all over my feet. Yuck." No doubt there is a simple explanation for this discrepancy, but it has been lost in the swirling mists of time.

[3] Humor.

[4] Chapter 846.

ROUTE 17

EVERYONE was so restless. All through the late-winter days and on through the first thaw, the boy Misha dreamed of the Passover holidays. It was then, in the spring, that his family drove to the mountains, squeezing into the old black family sedan, hoping it would still move. Holiday dresses and pressed trousers hung from wire hangers hooked over the car windows. Air whistled through the window cracks, puffing the empty suits, as the car picked up speed on Route 17, rushing through the trees to the Catskills. Icicles hung from pink rock walls where the mountains had been blasted to let the highway pass.

"And now if you'll take off your shoes and nap," his grownup brother Tigran would say, "I'll tell you some stories." Second Avenue-theatre music, full of drum rolls and clarinets, played softly on the car radio.

Tigran told stories drawn from the well of Sholom Aleichem—stories of Kasrilevke, of Sheika the one-eyed boy who knew of buried treasure, of Esther Libe, her face a stanza from the Song of Songs. He told about the Queen's daughter, kidnapped from under her wedding canopy, imprisoned in the Crystal Palace these last seven years.

Outside the warm car, hotel billboards streamed past, with come-ons in fancy lettering. Men in pleated golf slacks were smiling, swinging from the heels, frozen in a painted moment. Enlarged 7-Up bottle caps decorated roadside stands. Stacks of lounge chairs waited by empty pools.

Tigran told Misha of the Sambatyon River, churning golden and fiery six days a week, before turning cool, like a mother's arms, on Sabbath Day. He said that real explorers had searched for this river, which, according to the rabbis, runs through a hidden corner of Europe, through Afghanistan or Ethiopia. Some say the Ten Lost Tribes live on the other side. Tigran smiled. He said the Sambatyon River really runs through the Catskill hills, alongside Route 17, all the way to the village of Roscoe. He said the Ten Lost Tribes live in bungalows there, by the banks of the mystery water.

Misha's mother, Malka, cradled her son's head in her lap. She played with his sidecurls, ran her fingertips over his eyebrows, and tried to lull him to sleep. She told him he would have to be well rested for the late-night Seder. Tigran had finished his stories, and now Malka sang to her young son. She sang a lullaby, half to herself, in a voice barely audible over the drone of the highway and the rumble of the car:

In the quiet of a farmhouse,
In the still of afternoon,
Sits a widow, child of Russia,
With her little baby Misha.
She rocks him in the cradle.

Underneath this cradle
Sleeps a pure white calf;
This calf has gone a-wandering.
This will be your calling,
With raisins and almonds.
Try to sleep, try to dream.

SO they made their way up the old Route 17. There were patches of snow in the ditches. There were Jersey cows by the silos, lazing by the barnside, swishing tails beside the burnt-out winter hay. Malka, not knowing if the child was asleep, whispered, "Look, honey. Look at the cows."

Misha had fallen asleep. Malka stroked his face. Her fingers smelled of soup and sugar. In his sleep, he tasted the Passover Seder, the leaving of Egypt. He fell still deeper, beginning to dream . . .

In the fireplace burns a small red
  coal
And it's hot in the room
And the teacher drills the children
  in the *alef-beys.*

Remember, children, what you
  study here.
Repeat once again, "*Komets-alef:*
  aw!"
And again, "*Komets-alef:* aw!
  Alef: aw!"

Study, children, with passion.
How much do I ask?
The first to learn to read will win
  a flag.

AT the hotel that night, Misha felt restless. It was busy and noisy in the many-floored wooden hotel. After the holiday meal, young men and women played charades around a couch in the corner of the lobby. In the casino, a heavily mascaraed woman sang music-hall songs. While the busboys cleaned up, men danced Chassidic dances around the bundled-up tablecloths. The men stamped their feet, shaking the tables, and the silverware jangled. It was noisy all over the hotel.

Misha was put to bed. Malka kissed him and turned out the light. The door to his room was closed. Misha untucked himself and ran to the curtains. Outside his window, in orchards and forests, the frosted branches sparkled in a shower of stars. In less than a moment, he had flown through the window, floating down the fire escape. He wanted to find the Queen's daughter, the Lost Tribes, the Sambatyon water.

Sheika showed him the way—Sheika from Sholom Aleichem, Sheika who knows Cabala, Sheika who is blind in one eye.

"Take Route 17 north until the highway meets the mountain," he said. "Then walk over the mountain until you come to Sackett Lake. Swim across the lake and count seven times seven."

Misha followed his directions. He flew through the heavens in the hollow of the night. Mythological lovers embraced in constellations, rolling together from the morning light to the darkness in the west. Bungalow colonies clustered together, as if for warmth, by the side of the highway. Headlights and tail-lights on Route 17 flowed ruby and golden in bursts of late-night traffic. The colors reflected in the bungalow windows.

Clouds massed in front of the moon. Misha, standing by his window, shivered and crept back to his bed. He fell asleep listening to the noises in the hotel. The singing and dancing continued till dawn, pouring from the hotel to the meadows. Everyone was restless, dancing in the hills.

—JONATHAN MARK

UNCLE SAM
Clara's
UMBRELLAS
CANES
SALE
BRELLAS

WEEDING

WHAT has happened here is this: There's been a lot of rain. In a tumult of indecision the addled Canada geese have flown away. After coming and going, coming and going, at last they have gone. In perfect echelons they have dragged their net of the new season over the bare trees, spilling bits and pieces of spring—a yellow daffodil here, a small scarlet tulip there. . . . "And the spring comes slowly up this way." It was pleasant and sunny for three days this week, but last night we had showers. Now the polished trees stretch into the morning, flinging the last drops of rain out of their leaves, and the brisk early air sparks the farmers' blood that is my legacy. I am never far from The Land and never closer than this morning, when I go out onto the wavy brick patio and survey my nearest garden. It looks like something a real-estate agent would indicate to a prospective client with a flick of the hand, saying, "That must have been a rather sweet garden once, although it hasn't been tended since the family's mysterious disappearance. The children grew up and went away, and we never knew what became of the old people." The rains have brought the oddest things out of the ground—spiked, curled, and gnarled, resembling nothing at all that I can find in my book on weeds and wild flowers. Once more into the fray, I think, standing quite still. No, once more into the breach. No, once more *unto* the breach. The One and Only would correct me instanter, without recourse to his Bartlett's.

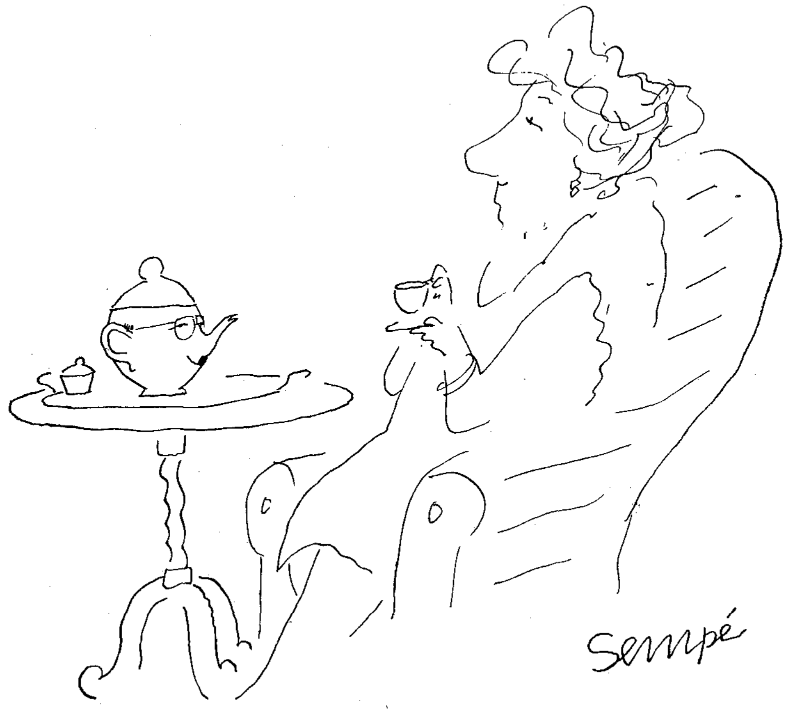
This garden has to be cleaned up before the weeds bloom, when it is quite easy to identify them by looking them up under colors. By then the birds and the bees and the breeze will have done their work, and you will have your thousands to slay instead of your hundreds. I let the dandelions alone each year for two reasons: first, they bloom before I am warm enough to go out and dig them up (they have a taproot that goes down to China); second, there are days on which the dandelion blossoms flutter into the air and fly away. This is of course an illusion, in that unpredictable time when the tiny olive-green finches that have dropped around all winter suddenly turn golden. (You *know* only the males do this; the females simply brush up last year's coat.) They all swoop down into the field of dandelions to feed on seed and insect and within a few days fly away—forever, I am afraid, but it is only until the end of summer, when they come back and fade into the less conspicuous feathers of the sober season. The finches have gone. Somewhere in that garden are irises and day lilies and peonies and I forget what else because I can't see for weeds. There are also great hybrid azaleas and two hybrid lilacs, which I suppose are my signature and which have elicited patronizing smiles from certain acquaintances. What they knew and I didn't is that you can't plant azaleas and lilacs in the same territory; azaleas like sour or acid soil and French lilacs prefer something sweeter. In May, nevertheless, the rules go back to the books here; tall rosy fountains of azaleas rise to the season and, nodding above them, full-blown, lilacs flick a few white-ringed purple blossoms into the spray. Such harmony should be in immortal souls!

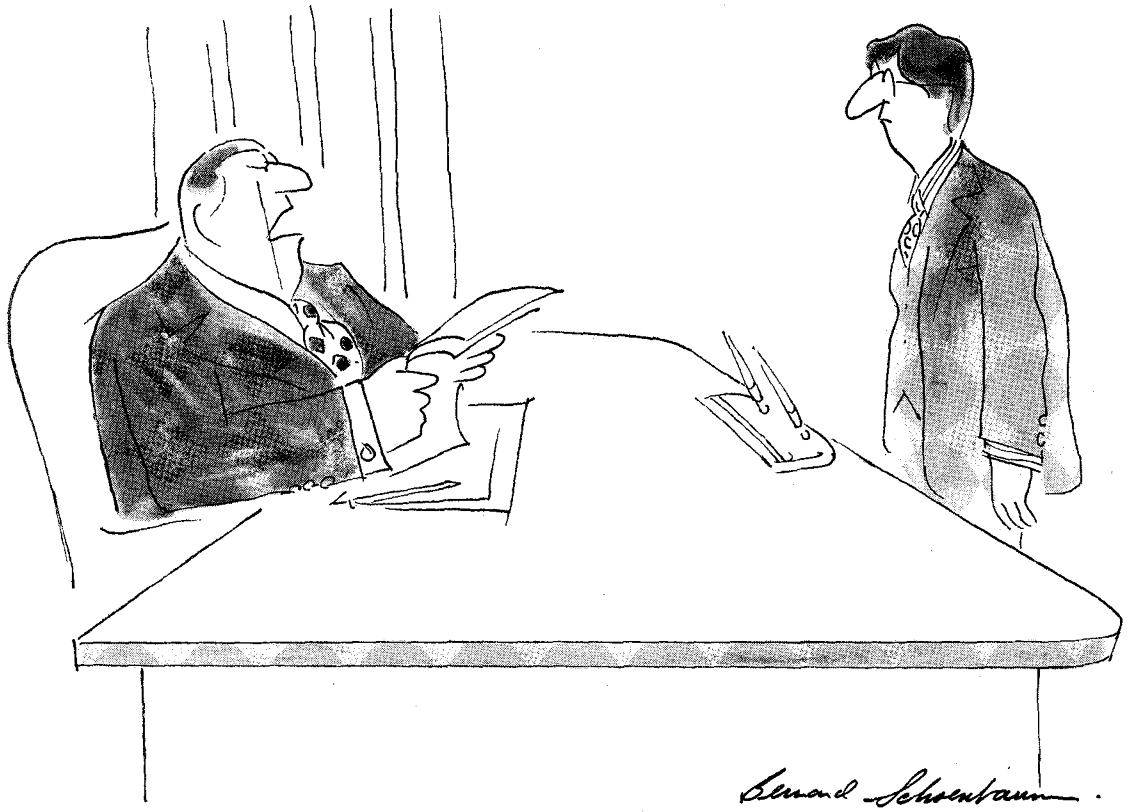
My Grandmother Parthena's blood tells me to start weeding and stop talking so much. I go into the garage to find my gloves, trowel, and raking thing, decide I don't need the last two items, pick up my foam-rubber kneeling pad, and go back to the patio. Where to start? There is a creaking noise; a door opens, and the One and Only appears at the door of his study, off the patio. He rubs his hands smartly and looks up at the sky.

"Nice day," he says. Then he stares at me. "Planting?"

"Weeding," I tell him. He couldn't know, as my uniform is the same for both—old jeans, socks, ruined sneakers, a T-shirt, and over all one of his discarded long-sleeved shirts. I am slimy with insect repellent, particularly around the ears and hairline. Talk about strength of character: I was able to resist those pink designer jeans I saw this spring, although I could see myself wearing them in the flourishing garden, just for picking something stylish and yellow to put in my turquoise vase, or on Main Street while buying cans of insect spray and muttering about getting home fast to the yardwork. I mentioned to the One and Only that there were pink jeans for men, too, and he said he was sure there were and looked at me as if I were a weed.

"Weeding," I repeat. He backs into his study and closes the door. This retreat of his is all louvred windows, outside of which, for his pleasure, years ago I planted rambling roses and a purple clematis that friends had given me for my birthday. He can look up from his work and, seeing them, be refreshed, renewed. When I look up from my workroom, away from the sink and stove, what do I see? A failing laurel, leggy and riddled with lace bug. He can't weed. It causes him to break out in large mottled hives; he scratches, bleeds, spots things. When we had dependent children at home, they said quite simply that weeding bored them; it was possible only for people over thirty. I give the garden a piercing stare, like your internist, and roll up my sleeves, then roll them down again, remembering why I wear long sleeves. It is a real mess out there, and God knows what is hiding in my garden—things that crawl and leap and sting and pinch and sometimes slither. And I will be all alone. But at this moment I am joined by White and White, who at four weeks of age got me to remove them from among hundreds of other kittens at the local Humane Society shelter by screaming





"Wilson, the gods are very angry."

and staging fainting fits. They are in their prime now, and they think it is fun to have me out here with them. Ms. White races up a tree and peers down to see if she has started anything. Robert is bored; he could have run up the tree twice as fast if he had wanted to but he hadn't.

It takes know-how to weed. I begin at the edge of the garden, pulling up something that looks like wild chrysanthemum but isn't, like ragweed but isn't, that is a weed with long spindly roots that come out easily when the soil is damp. I sit on the brick walk and pull them up with my left hand, put them in a plastic pail, and when that is full dump it into the cart to trundle down to my compost heap. Where the expertise comes in is in recognizing the red lower leaves of the evening primrose, the sharp, white-veined leaf of the bellflower. Robert White follows my motions like a tennis fan until he becomes aware of something deep in the garden; with one long leap he leaves me and disappears among the azaleas. I finish the edge, pick up my kneeling pad, and decide to enter the garden from another direction, near the lilacs.

One lilac had begun to list until it had to be propped up by a two-foot board; now it looks like an old person bent over and leaning on a cane. I toss the rubber pad on the ground, kneel, and begin to weed my way into the middle of the garden, then pause and sit back on my heels. I am almost hidden in this rambling, misbegotten jungle, but I feel great. I really do. Really. I am one with the universe; there is nothing petty about my aspirations. I am dedicated to this kinship with the soil, quite a lot of which has now plastered itself on me in muddy patches. I think of how much my mother loved these faltering gardens of mine, even though she and my father were city people. My father never saw them, and it would have made little difference to his life if he had; he saw no use in going into the country unless it was to hunt and fish. This is his part of me that is sitting on its heels instead of continuing to scramble through the undergrowth; he mused and pondered while my mother got on with things. I hear him now as the telephone rang and I answered. "O.m.c.," he says—old man calling. He preferred flowers in their place of origin—the florist's—and had the sympathetic understanding of the One and Only; he brought my mother Parma violets for her broadcloth suit or her black Hudson seal. He required good food and wine; I hear him at a dinner party looking at my mother and asking, "F.h.b.?" ("Family hold back?"). I see him at the front door in the morning, turning to say goodbye in his fashion, nodding and saying, "O.t.w.," and going out, on the way. And I think of him in the hospital, for the first and last time in his life, recovering, as we believed, from a stroke, although it was his contention that few people who go into a hospital come out alive. It was during the war; I had been visiting my parents in Chicago with my first two children, a two-year-old daughter and six-week-old son. Nurses were scarce; I did night duty in two chairs; my mother was with the children. I recall the hot August night as he slept fitfully, a streak of pale light from the dimmed corridors edging through the door that was just ajar. As I shook myself out of a drowse, I looked at the bed and saw one hand rise, tremble, fall. I got up and went over. His eyes were closed; for such a big man, six feet two, a solid two hundred pounds, he looked frail and exhausted, and the strands of white hair that he had disciplined with military brushes were damp and wispy. His hand moved again and I whispered, "I'm here. Do you want something?" He moved his head slowly, opened his eyes, and stared up at me with a one-sided smile. I leaned over as he tried to speak; I watched his lips, the hand that I knew wanted to touch mine. I put my hand on his as he tried again to speak, and I could only vaguely understand—"Little One." Well, I wasn't exactly a little one, with a spare diaper pin holding my skirt together because six weeks had not adjusted my figure. His eyelids fluttered; I said, "How are you?" He looked up again; his lips again were contorted as he tried to say something, and then that disembodied sound that could not shape itself began. I leaned closer; his head moved restlessly. I repeated what I thought he said: "N.g." He nodded. No good. He closed his eyes and slept. The morning nurse arrived. I went home. That morning he died.

SOMETHING has attacked me in the small of my back! I rise to my knees, prickling all over, but it is only Ms. White, butting me affectionately. I take off a glove and pat her, but,

CASUALTY

I

He would drink by himself
And raise a weathered thumb
Towards the high shelf,
Calling another rum
And black currant, without
Having to raise his voice,
Or order a quick stout
By a lifting of the eyes
And a discreet dumb show
Of pulling off the top;
At closing time would go
In waders and peaked cap
Into the showery dark,
A dole-kept breadwinner
But a natural for work.
I loved his whole manner,
Sure-footed but too sly,
His deadpan, sidling tact,
His fisherman's quick eye
And turned observant back.

Incomprehensible
To him, my other life.
Sometimes, on his high stool,
Too busy with his knife
At a tobacco plug
And not meeting my eye,
In the pause after a slug,
He mentioned poetry.
We would be on our own
And, always politic
And shy of condescension,
I would manage by some trick
To switch the talk to eels
Or lore of the horse and cart
Or the Provisionals.

But my tentative art
His turned back watches, too:
He was blown to bits
Out drinking in a curfew
Others obeyed, three nights
After they shot dead
The thirteen men in Derry.
PARAS THIRTEEN, the walls said,
BOGSIDE NIL. That Wednesday
Everybody held
His breath and trembled.

II

It was a day of cold
Raw silence, windblown
Surplice and soutane:
Rained-on, flower-laden
Coffin after coffin
Seemed to float from the door
Of the packed cathedral
Like blossoms on slow water.
The common funeral
Unrolled its swaddling band,
Lapping, tightening
Till we were braced and bound
Like brothers in a ring.

But he would not be held
At home by his own crowd
Whatever threats were phoned,
Whatever black flags waved.
I see him as he turned
In that bombed, offending place,
Remorse fused with terror
In his still knowable face,
His cornered, outfaced stare
Blinding in the flash.

He had gone miles away
For he drank like a fish
Nightly, naturally
Swimming towards the lure
Of warm lit-up places,
The blurred mesh and murmur
Drifting among glasses
In the gregarious smoke.
How culpable was he
That last night when he broke
Our tribe's complicity?
"Now you're supposed to be
An educated man,"
I hear him say. "Puzzle me
The right answer to that one."

III

I missed his funeral,
Those quiet walkers
And sideways talkers
Shoaling out of his lane
To the respectable
Purring of the hearse . . .
The move in equal pace
With the habitual,
Slow consolation
Of a dawdling engine,
The line lifted, hand
Over fist, cold sunshine
On the water, the land
Banked under fog: that morning
I was taken in his boat,
The screw purling, turning
Indolent fathoms white,
I tasted freedom with him.

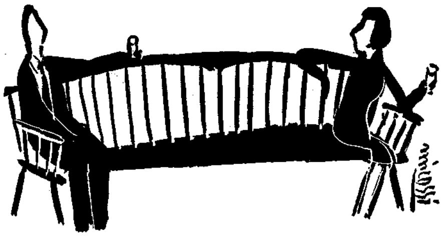
To get out early, haul
Steadily off the bottom,
Dispraise the catch, and smile
As you find a rhythm
Working you, slow mile by mile,
Into your proper haunt
Somewhere, well out, beyond . . .

Dawn-sniffing revenant,
Plodder through midnight rain,
Question me again.

—Seamus Heaney

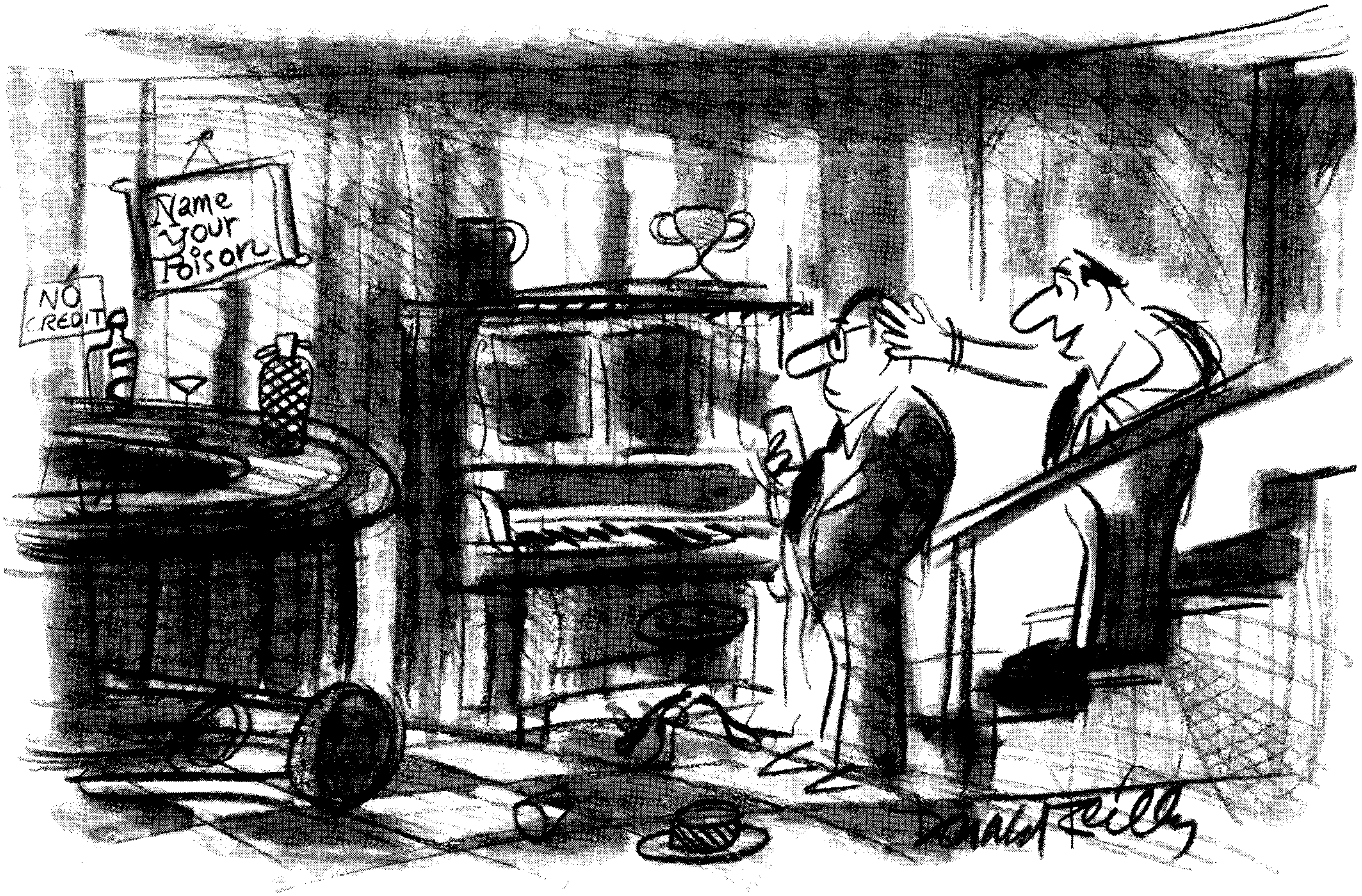
• •

hearing something, she moves away. I hear something, too—a squirrel chattering with rage as he hangs head down from a nearby maple, lumping me with the Whites as foe. He has the long, side-set eyes of the prey, the Whites the round, forward-looking eyes of the predator, his brown, theirs a perfect blue. I have the eyes of the predator, too, but I do not have to kill; others do it for me—allowing me to be civilized, that is, with no more guilt than I can comfortably endure. To compensate, I am watchful of small things; on the road when a squirrel, tail horizontal, inches across my way like a miniature slow freight, I honk and pull over. Now I put my glove on again and get back to weeding, but there are smaller things than squirrels in the garden, and as I put out my hand a circle of soil quivers and a very little rain-colored bug, looking like an armored tank, emerges, but I am not sure how, as it seems to have no back or front. It goes under a weed, and I hear tiny trumpets as something marshals its forces: ready, aim, crawl! I forge ahead, stacking the weeds now to be raked up later. I have to leave the kneeling pad behind as I duck under the bent lilac because I cannot go around it; there are peonies in the way. I remove a matted patch from the roots of something that looks as if I had put it there, but to do this I have to lie almost flat and am face to face with a worm. It looks raw; I am grateful for it, but that's all. I begin to straighten up and find I cannot, as I have somehow trapped myself between the bent lilac, the upright lilac, and the azaleas. It is at this moment that I hear the door open, and, lifting my head up, I see the Chief standing on the patio, looking around and frowning as if he had lost something.



"Ahoy," I say.

"Where are you?" he calls, with the kind of exasperation that makes me believe he suspects me of playing Snap In,



"And this is the old rumpus room, where we had all our rumpuses."

• •

Snap Out with delinquent playmates.

"Mayday," I say.

"Mayday?"

"I can't get out of here."

"*There* you are," he says, Stanley spotting Livingstone and preparing a historical utterance. "Well. I see." He comes down onto the brick walk, shades his eyes against the sun and looks me over. "I see your problem. You are trying to turn around and go out the way you came in. Right?"

"I'm trapped," I tell him.

"Not at all," he says. "Make a ninety-degree turn to the right. Now lower your beam. Good. And *back* out." The leaning lilac rakes my head; I duck and keep going until I am free. I look over at the patio, but there is no one there and the door is closing.

Out of the garden I feel the sun on my soggy spots. I pick up the kneeling pad and sit on the lawn and squint. We live on a hill that begins on the road at the top of the front yard and proceeds down, with the house in the middle, until it winds up in woods and then wetlands as far back as I can see. This is where the thrushes keep, as my Scottish friend has it, and the foxes and the pheasants, and where the deer have found an emergency retreat from a housing development. Early Jan de Graaff lilies are coming into bloom, sparkling this morning and scenting the yard. It was last year that the Chief called: "Come here! Come quick! There are seven deer in the yard!" I raced downstairs in my close-to-nature frenzy to find him rooted to the spot, gazing out the window at the seven deer that were cropping the blossoms of my Imperial Crimsons. By the time I got to the door and shouted, the lilies were gone.

"You did not consider the lilies," I said.

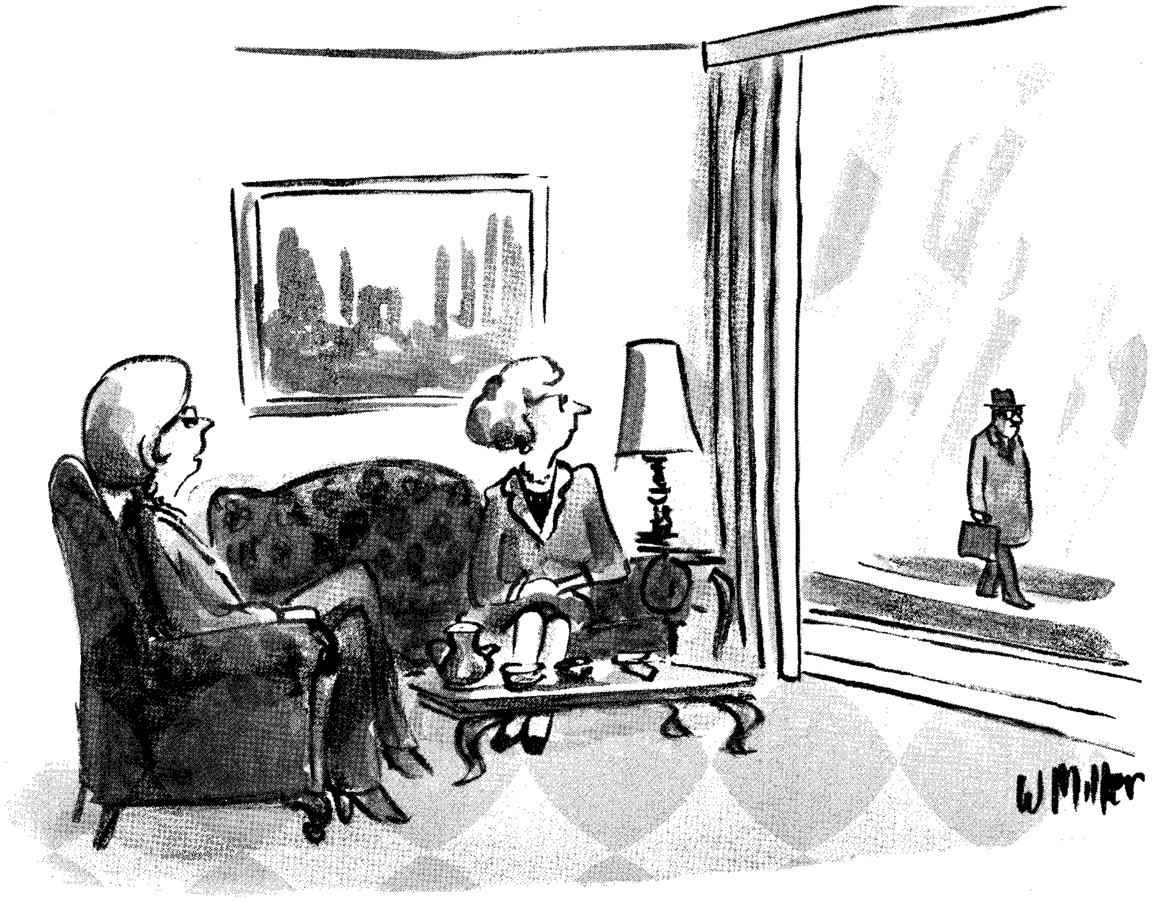
He said, his hands upturned, " 'What is this life if, full of care, we have no time to stand and stare?' "

The sun is not yet hot enough to keep me as warm as I'd like. If my mother were here she would say, "What *are* you doing, sitting around in those wet clothes; go and put something dry on immediately." But I have only one gardening uniform. Tomorrow is sure to be a good day; I could get on with the weeding then and not catch cold today. I think of my mother in the spring, when it comes wandering by, lolling about the place. It was her favorite season; I said I preferred autumn. I see her roaming from flower to flower as from grandchild to sleeping grandchild, as if flowers and children should be loved and touched. But in the autumn she stood still, her shoulders rounded and hunched, clasping her elbows with her hands, noting the first falling leaf. "When you are older," she said, "you'll understand." I believe I understand now; faint twinges confirm a lust that I may not at last resist. She was never a Senior Citizen or a Retired Person; she simply grew older until one day when she was ninety, one day when she was too tired to reach for the sun that dawdled at the window just beyond her grasp. If I had my way I would save them all. But I don't.

The door opens and Mr. President comes down onto the patio. He wears tidy slacks and a jacket. He always wears a jacket, even on the hottest summer day, as he does not know what to do with everything—his wallet, his glasses, his keys—unless he has adequate pocket space. He is perhaps too well-groomed for this world in any case. I hear it dimly but distinctly: "What's for dinner?"

"Search me," I say.

"I'm going into town," he continues, "and I thought I'd pick up



"Here comes my Ralph—semi-retired and semi-impossible."

something for you to cook, saving you the trouble."

"What time is it?"

"Ten o'clock," he says. "You've got the whole day for weeding."

I say, "Why don't you call someone and suggest a covered-dish supper."

"What *are* you talking about?"

My back, I hope, is sullen. The door creaks, closes. I turn and study the garden. The peonies are quite lost; they ought to be transplanted. Last year, a year ago in the spring, I bought two new azaleas for the front yard and arranged to have a laurel or two moved. When the nurserymen arrived to plant and transplant, they brought with them a young woman in flowered jeans and a purple jersey, introduced as their new landscape architect. She placed everything before the work began and then wandered about with shears, editing the shrubbery. Between times she stretched her arms hugely and lifted her face to the sun with grimaces of ecstasy.

"You really like your work, don't you?" I said.

"Really," she said. "My friends all think I'm crazy. They've got jobs at Bloomingdale's."

"No," I said.

"No," she repeated. She scanned the property and waved a hand. "For a thousand dollars we could do something with the front of this house."

"Find the thousand bucks," I said, "and begin anytime."

This spring I called to ask her advice about moving two rhododendrons that were lost behind a spreading evergreen. A man answered the phone.

"She's not here," he said.

"When will she be in?"

"She doesn't work here anymore," he said. "She took a job at Bloomingdale's."

THE phone rings in the empty house. I scramble up and catch it on the fourth ring. It is my friend Louise.

"Busy?" she asks.

"Just sitting here," I say.

"I'm in trouble," she says.

I hook a chair with my foot and sit down. "What is it?"

"I've had my physical," she says. "I've got lung cancer."

I stare at the phone. "Want to come over," I say, "or me to go there?"

"No, not now," she says. "I only wanted to say it. And please don't tell me about Arthur Godfrey and all those miracles." She hangs up.

In the empty house I replace the phone. Nothing here has changed. I go outside and stand on the walk by the garden. Something is moving around in there—a small snow-white periscope. I sit down on the brick walk and Ms. White soars over a clump of fading lemon lilies and comes to stretch beside me and put her head in my lap. She curls around me, humming.

The peonies in this garden are too shaded and therefore do not bloom. I must arrange now to have them moved in September or so much will be lost. In September summertime ends, floats away on little puffs of milkweed, and the mindless geese will fly over the trees so crowded with leaves that we cannot see the geese but only hear them in their chaos of communication; they come and go, come and go, dragging their invisible net over the land, gathering the last scraps of summer, scattering the first olive-green leaves among the returning finches until you cannot tell finch from leaf, leaf from finch. We will put up storm windows and wear heavy sweaters in the house, and the soup will be piping hot. And one morning when there has been too much and we only want to get the damn winter over with, the Chairman of the Board will hurtle from his bed, rush to the window, and cry out, "Listen! You hear that?" I join him at the window; we stare up into the vague light of the early sky: the clamor explodes above us, and over our foolish and abandoned heads the first spring echelon of Canada geese thunders by.

—KATINKA LOESER

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Many local citizens have expressed their appreciation to us for opening our shop in Spartanburg and we would like to publicly thank them for their continuous patronage. In recent weeks, we have been undulated with questions on why we closed.—*Adv. in the Spartanburg (S.C.) Herald-Journal.*

Is that fun?

A REPORTER AT LARGE

PRINCE

NOT long ago, I heard the editor of a small-town newspaper in eastern Oklahoma declare that it was his ambition to go partners someday in a business deal—any kind of business deal—with Oral Roberts, the evangelist and great Oklahoman, and Gene Stipe, a politician and great Oklahoman. To do so, the man reasoned, would be to consolidate the credit of church and state into a single bankroll. Hearing the newspaperman's bold confession left me feeling deflated; it was no fun to learn that another person shared an esoteric fantasy of mine. Actually, I had begun to loosen my grip on the fantasy several years before, when it became apparent to me that the Reverend Mr. Roberts intended to go strictly legit. In the late sixties, he folded his faith-healing tent show, left the Pentecostal Holiness Church behind and joined the Methodist Church, consulted a qualified tailor, and concentrated most of his attention on Oral Roberts University, on the south side of Tulsa, my home town. The university annexed several cornfields and replanted them with about a hundred and fifty million dollars' worth of buildings that have names like the Aerobics Center, the Learning Resources Center, and the Prayer Tower. A medical school opened last December, and a seven-hundred-and-seventy-seven-bed hospital is on the way. And Roberts, whose travelling religious show used to play to audiences worldwide, has ceased to be any fun at all.

Which leaves only Gene Stipe in my private gallery of estimable Oklahoma rogues. Stipe is a fifty-two-year-old trial attorney and Democratic state senator who lives in McAlester, the seat of Pittsburg County, which is the most populous county in the region of southeast Oklahoma that is commonly referred to as Little Dixie. A lot of people who know Stipe personally and many people who know him mainly by reputation—among them, admirers and detractors—believe that he is unique. On the one hand, his hard-core admirers rank him right up there with Will Rogers and John the Baptist. On the other hand, some of Stipe's detractors are convinced that they will awaken one day and learn that the Statue of Liberty has been stolen and Stipe is holding it for ransom. Such notions are unfair to the Senator, who, as they say, has never been convicted of any wrongdoing. Not that men of the law haven't tried. More often than Stipe cares to, he reads in the newspapers that yet another United States Attorney or team of Internal Revenue Service auditors has a scheme for mounting him and hanging him in a trophy room. One of Stipe's liabilities is that he has survived thirty years in Oklahoma politics and has prospered substantially along the way. Some of the most gifted practitioners of Oklahoma politics—a recent governor, a Speaker of the State House of Representatives, and a couple of justices of the state Supreme Court—have gone on to become graduates of federal penal institutions.

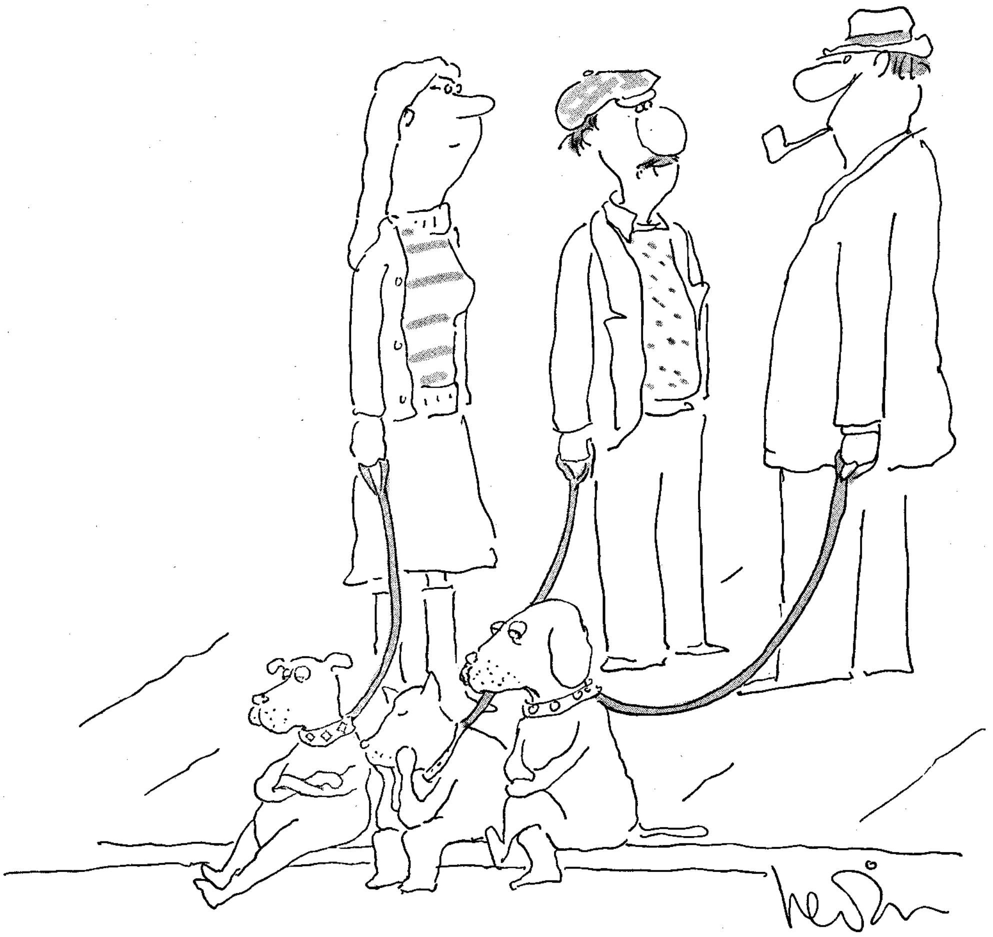
Biographical sketches invariably note that Gene Stipe was born in 1926 and grew up, along with three brothers and two sisters, in a one-room house—of course—not far from McAlester, in a place called Peaceable Mountain. During several visits to Pittsburg County, I have searched for Peaceable Mountain, but I have not found it. (It does not appear on road maps, the way, say, the Pittsburg County birthplace of Carl Albert, the former Speaker of the United States House of Representatives, does. As everyone around McAlester—and, indeed, everyone in Little Dixie—knows, Carl Albert was born in Bug Tussle.) The largest newspaper in the state, the *Daily Oklahoman*, pious and conservative, published in Oklahoma City, has printed a good deal about Stipe over the years, doing its best to portray him as a white-collar, one-man Dalton Gang. Early last summer, the *Daily Oklahoman* published a series of sixteen articles, the product of sixteen months of research by a reporter named Jack Taylor. The first installment bore the headline "GENE STIPE—JUST WHO, OR WHAT, IS HE?" Some of the articles focussed on Stipe's activities as a lawyer and a legislator. By far the

"Something in a suit, please."

most interesting installment was one that described a United States Bureau of Land Management oil-and-gas-lease sale in 1977, at which Stipe bid successfully to buy a thirty-per-cent interest in a prodigious gas lease in Beckham County, in western Oklahoma. When the sealed bids were opened, Stipe had offered three million five hundred and fifty thousand dollars—not quite ten thousand dollars more than the second-place bidder. At the time of the auction, Stipe was ostensibly the sole party in interest on the lease. Two months later, however, he sold three-quarters of his interest. On a subsequent financial statement, he listed the value of the remaining twenty-five per cent at five million dollars. Taylor estimated that Stipe's annual share of the well's production would be worth around eight hundred thousand dollars to the erstwhile poor boy from Peaceable Mountain.

"The *Daily Oklahoman* shook the closets for what they said was sixteen months and discovered that I work twenty hours a day, wear rumpled suits, and have made a lot of money," Stipe remarked later whenever anyone mentioned the articles. "That sort of thing goes over pretty well with a lot of voters. In Oklahoma, they kind of admire you for understanding oil and gas and cattle." Oklahomans also admire you if you know how to please the right crowd, and Stipe tries to oblige. He saves some of his best moves for the courtroom. Part of his success as a trial lawyer is attributable to the fact that in Little Dixie, where most of his feats of advocacy have taken place, juries have always been strangely reluctant to convict the accused.

The boundaries of Little Dixie, which have never been officially designated, coincide roughly with what was, before Oklahoma gained statehood in 1907, the Choctaw Nation. This was an area approximately a hundred and fifteen miles wide, demarcated by the Arkansas and Canadian Rivers on the north, the Red River (and, across it, Texas) on the south, and Arkansas on the east. In the early eighteen-thirties, the Choctaws were forcibly removed by the federal government from their homeland, in Mississippi, to the southern half of Indian Territory, which at the time was thought to be beyond the encroaching American frontier. When the Choctaws arrived, however, they discovered that more than a bit of the frontier had preceded them to their new home. During the nineteenth century, eastern Oklahoma became a settling ground for people who, as the historian Frederick Jackson Turner put it, pressed "individual liberty beyond its proper bounds." They were, in many instances, Arkansas renegades who had crossed the border into Indian Territory to create distance between themselves and the Hanging Judge, Isaac Parker, the federal magistrate in Fort Smith, who, in his remarkable career, sent enough men to the gallows to cast several Sam Peckinpah movies. They were people who believed and feared the dictum "At the plains, you've got to go to work." Little Dixie stood on the edge of the plains, and its mountain ridges worked like a sieve, retaining those freethinkers who placed less trust in courtroom legalities than they did in extralegal barn burnings. "Let every man shoot his own snakes" has been a popular saying in Little Dixie for a long time. In Latimer County, one of the three counties in Stipe's legislative district, the smartest thing that someone accused of a felony could have done between 1949 and 1974 would have been to request a jury trial. That quarter of a century slipped by without a single verdict of guilty. "Let's say I pick up a Smith & Wesson double-action .22-calibre revolver on a .32-frame with a four-inch barrel and plant one right between your eyes," a man in Latimer County once said to me, in what I decided to regard as an utterly speculative and friendly tone of voice. "Now, if I've got a brain in my head, all I need to do is drop the gun and borrow a dime and call Gene Stipe. And I'm pretty sure he can find me a jury of my peers that believes in the good old 'Judge not, that ye be not judged.' "



A thought along those lines occurred a couple of years ago to one of Stipe's legislative colleagues, a state senator called Bob Ray Shatwell. One winter night in 1977, the police in Tulsa found Senator Shatwell in an apartment on the north side of town, tied up and wearing only his underwear. Neighbors had called the cops after hearing a man shouting, "Help! I've been kidnapped! I'm a state senator!" A few days later, the police in Amarillo arrested the regular occupant of the apartment, a two-hundred-pound prostitute named Judith Marie Owen, and a friend of hers named John Gary III. Shatwell identified Miss Owen and Gary—a young white woman and a young black man—as the perpetrators. At a preliminary hearing, however, the suspects identified themselves only as indiscreet thieves, claiming that they had robbed Shatwell when he came to Miss Owen's apartment voluntarily, in quest of fun. When the district attorney of Osage County charged Shatwell with perjury, the Senator borrowed a dime and telephoned Stipe.

Naturally, the case got a lot of coverage on television and in the Tulsa

"Just one more question. Would you like sour cream and chopped chives on your baked potatoes?"

• •

papers, which led Stipe to request that Shatwell's perjury trial be shifted away from Osage County, where the Senator had been stranded in his underwear. As an alternative venue, Stipe preferred a site in Little Dixie or in the Panhandle—those being the two most conservative areas of the state—but he had to settle for Purcell, the seat of McClain County, in central Oklahoma. The trial lasted two weeks, and when it ended the Tulsa *Tribune* reported that it had featured "sex and Sunday school, drugs and the P.T.A., phone tapping, room bugging, clandestine meetings, and bitter feuds between the men whose job it is to be the law." The prosecution handled its evidence with something less than finesse. The district attorney had a tape recording that allegedly revealed the Senator bribing a drifter to help him construct an alibi, but someone in his office inadvertently erased part of the tape. Judith Owen, who along with Gary was in jail for robbery, did manage to testify that she and Shatwell had had a long professional relationship; Stipe rebutted that that was inconceivable, because she was "the least attractive woman I have ever witnessed with my eyes." Or, as Stipe's co-counsel said, "she couldn't sell sex with a shotgun."

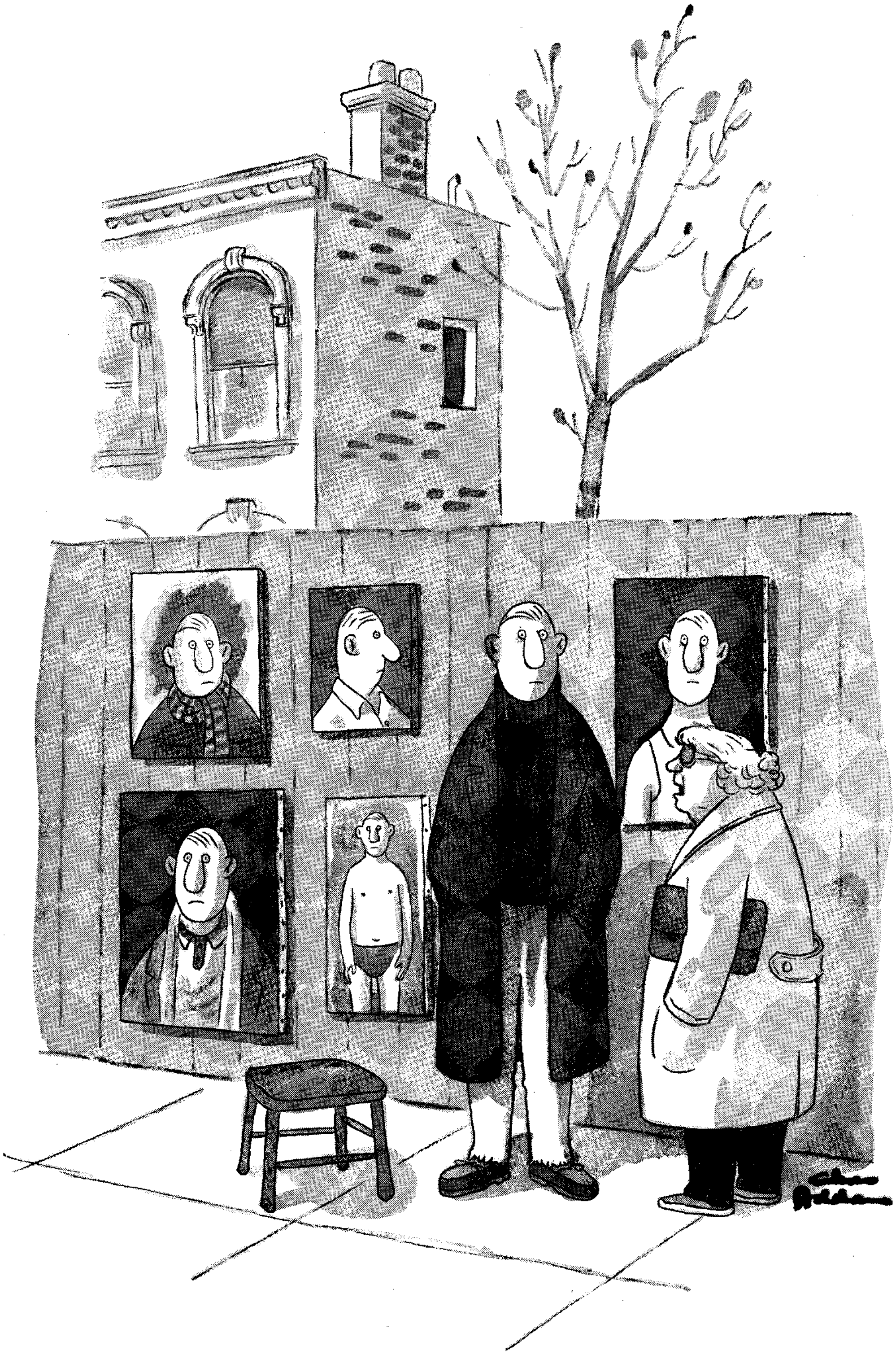
The change of venue hadn't hurt a bit. Stipe happens to be the chairman of the finance committee of the Oklahoma chapter of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, but the key prosecution witness was a white prostitute with a black boyfriend, and Purcell is one of those towns where it's demographically difficult not to impanel an all-white jury. The jurors deliberated a little more than three hours and acquitted Shatwell, who praised the Almighty several times and said, "The Lord works in strange ways. God and I always knew I was innocent. It just took Gene Stipe to prove it." Deeply relieved, Shatwell announced that he was a candidate for reëlection to the State Senate. Then he took some time off to stroll beside the still waters and put the finishing touches on a gospel-music album. In a subsequent primary election, the Senator finished second in a field of four. The album, however, which features Shatwell singing and accompanying himself on guitar, survives as a monument to his inventiveness. "The Senator Sings" is, I feel safe in saying, *sui generis*. It contains several of my favorites—"Unworthy," "Let Me Be Worthy," "One Day at a Time," "Little Wooden Church"—rendered in a fashion that the liner notes refer to as "the so-called 'Chet Atkins' style of guitar." The notes don't shy away from discussing the vicissitudes of the Senator's life:

> The Senator had a perfect attendance record [in the Senate] until 1977 when he was kidnapped, robbed, and beaten. Probably one of the greatest testimonials of anyone is possessed by the Senator, who proclaims that he has by the Lord's help and grace completely forgiven his cruel abductors who are at the time of this production behind bars for their crime. Although he will carry large physical and emotional scars for his life as a result of the crime, he says that except for society's demand that they serve time, he would just as soon see them free.

Another of Stipe's former clients, a perspicacious man whom he once successfully defended in a criminal proceeding, told me, "If there were only twelve people in the state who believed Bob Shatwell was innocent, Gene Stipe would somehow manage to wind up with all twelve of them on the same jury."

STIPE entered politics in 1948, when he was twenty-one years old and a part-time fireman in the town of Norman and a full-time law student at the University of Oklahoma there. He decided that the time had come to represent Pittsburg County in the Legislature. Because of his Peaceable Mountain pedigree, some of the xenophobic voters in downtown McAlester viewed him as a carpetbagger. Nevertheless, he managed to win three straight two-year terms to the State House of Representatives, and in 1954 he decided to run for the State Senate. His opponent, the late Kirksey Nix, had an edge over Stipe both in age and in trial by fire. Nix was an imaginative campaigner who had once challenged Carl Albert for his seat in Congress. In a desperate moment during that campaign, Nix drove up to the Pittsburg County Courthouse in a car whose windshield had obviously been blasted with a shotgun. A sight like this was bound to draw a good crowd, Nix must have assumed. The people of McAlester didn't let him down. He parked the car, leaped out, and, within earshot of a maximum number of voters, announced, "I'm sure Carl Albert had *absolutely nothing* to do with this assassination attempt against me!" Because Albert's incumbency was virtually unassailable, Nix's windshield had been blasted for naught. But he was definitely a formidable opponent, and in the 1954 State Senate race he handled Stipe easily. Two years later, in midterm, Nix managed to win a spot on the Court of Criminal Appeals. This left his Senate seat vacant. Stipe ran for it and won the election, and he has held the seat ever since. He tries to make it a habit to carry every precinct in the district.

Some years ago, the pundits in the pressroom at the State Capitol, in Oklahoma City, began to refer to Stipe—first behind his back and then in print—as the Prince of Darkness.



"This all your own stuff, fella?"

In truth, Stipe has a healthy lust for bright lights and sunshine. When the Legislature is in session, responsible citizens can always entertain themselves of an evening by turning on the television and watching videotapes of the Prince, a voluble orator, savoring the floor. Moreover, politicking in Little Dixie requires him to spend a lot of time in the sun. By the end of a day of pumping hands, cocking his ear, nodding his head, and making promises, his face glows like a pink beacon. It is a large, dimpled face—the more broadly he smiles, the more his cheeks dimple; when he frowns, his brow dimples—with hooded gray eyes, a cherry-tomato nose, and two chins. Stipe has wavy gray-streaked black hair. He is six feet two, broad-shouldered, and sturdily built—hefty but not quite beefy. Often, when he talks, he punches the air like a shadowboxer practicing an uppercut in a clinch. In a crowd, he moves with ease. If he finds himself on a busy Main Street on a Saturday afternoon, he proceeds with an unhurried shuffle, like a man of leisure on his way from the post office to the feed store. He pauses here to share a confidence with the mayor, that fellow in the lime-green leisure suit; he pauses there to curse locusts with three men wearing Big Jims and sweat-soaked straw cowboy hats. If he is politicking in tighter quarters, in a crowded room, he works the premises like a steadily moving top, rotating on his heels, eventually caroming off everyone present. Stipe's home telephone number is listed in the McAlester directory. For all his accessibility and visibility, however, the Prince-of-Darkness myth persists, and it has spawned corollary myths. Occasionally, Stipe steps forward to deny the colorful rumor that, as royalty, he is not quite mortal and therefore does not require sleep. "I sleep," he says. "I get by fine on about four hours a night. I like to hit the pillow hard at one or one-thirty and really give it heck until five. I sleep faster than most folks."

When some of Stipe's colleagues from the Legislature get in the mood to wax eloquent, they compare him favorably with the big names in political prestidigitation—Lyndon Johnson, Huey Long, Julius Caesar. He sits on six committees: Rules; Appropriations and Budget; Criminal Jurisprudence; Public Safety and Penal Affairs; Business, Industry, and Labor Relations; and Roads and Highways, of which he is chairman. Public Safety and Penal Affairs is a natural, because Stipe's district includes the largest penitentiary in

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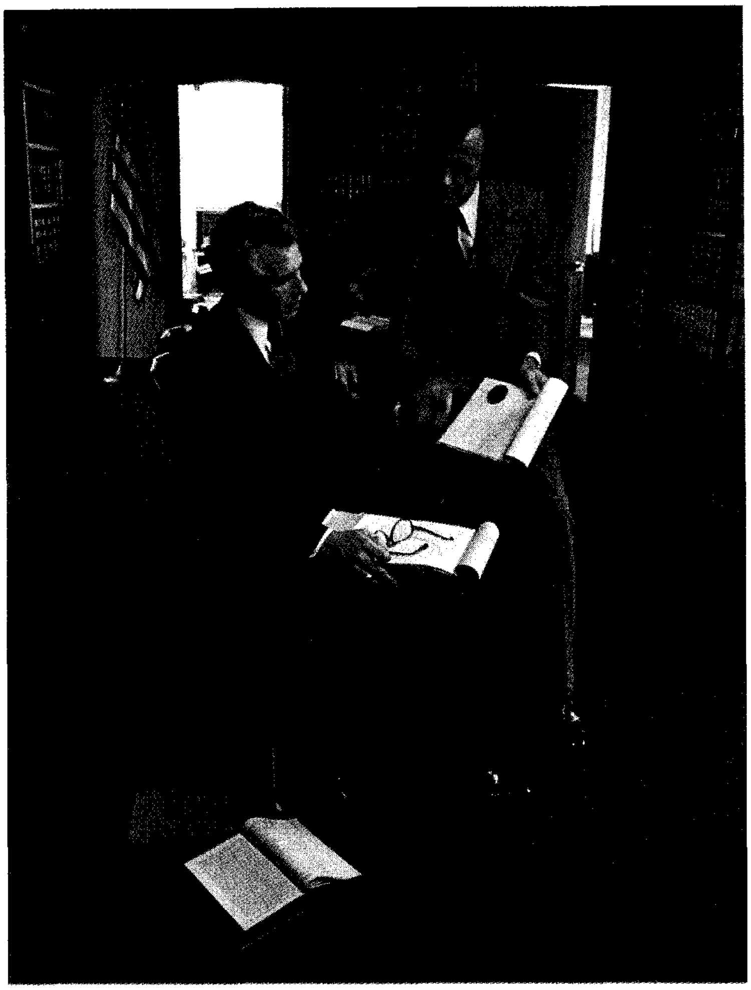

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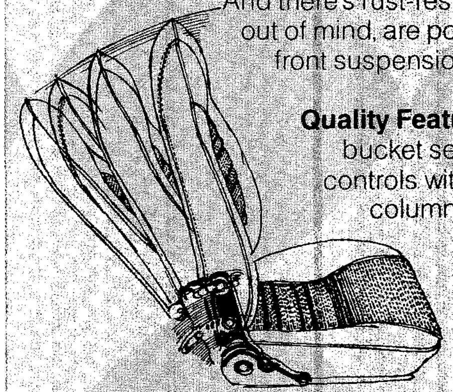

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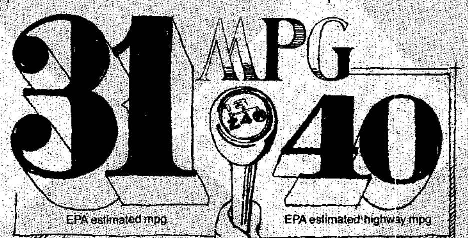

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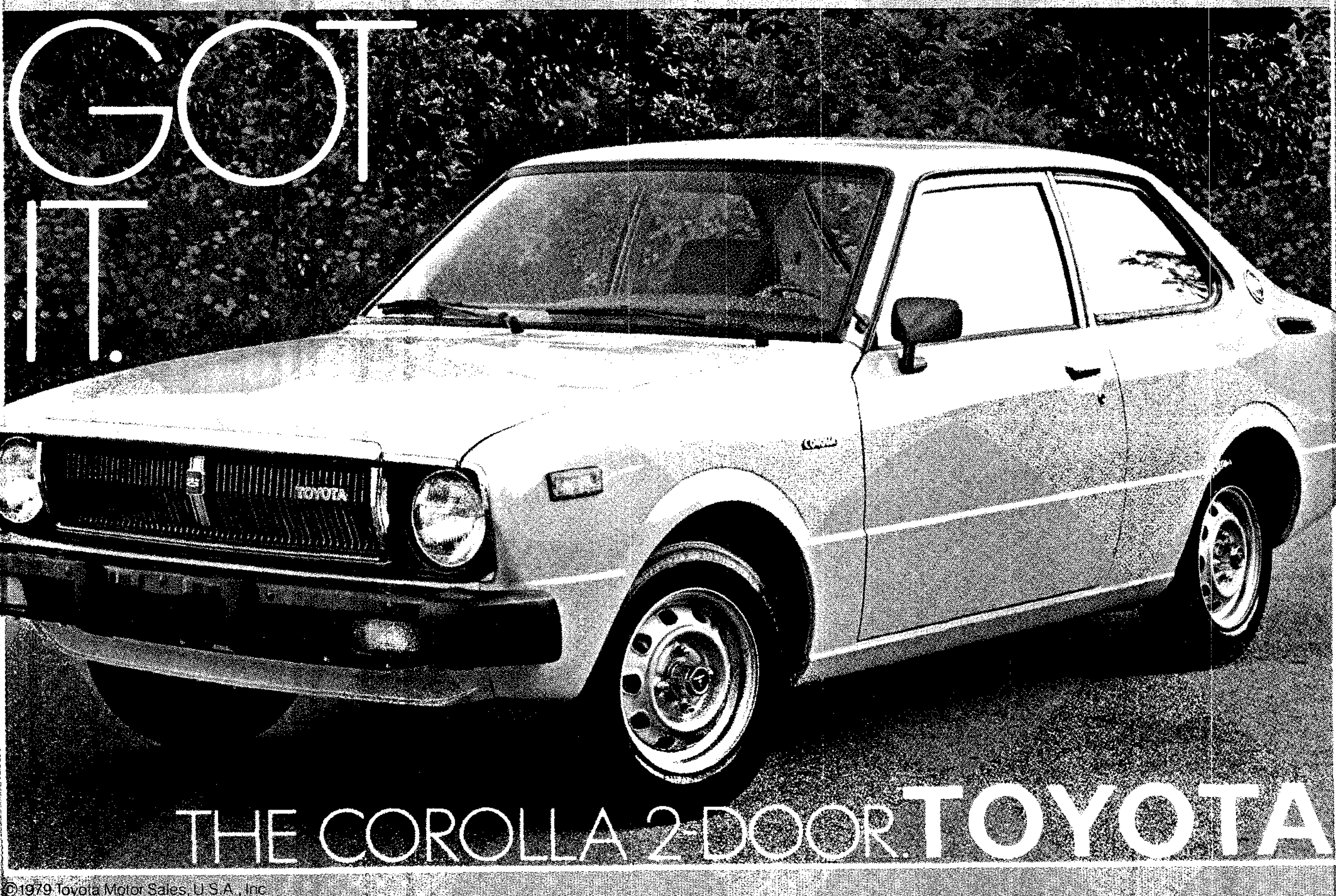

THE COROLLA 2-DOOR. **TOYOTA**

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the state. Part of the Prince-of-Darkness mythology is grounded in the belief that Stipe "runs the prison." Living myths generate their own reality. In the House-Senate General Conference Committee on Appropriations, where the most basic legislative battles over the state budget take place, he wields great influence. In Roads and Highways, he is able to remind legislators who propose road-improvement projects for their home districts that the fine people of Peaceable Mountain do not yet enjoy the convenience of a turnpike extension. Last winter, *Oklahoma Business Magazine* published an interview with Stipe advertised on the front cover with the words "Statesman or Scalawag?" The interviewer tried to solicit Stipe's opinion of the treaties governing the Panama Canal. "If it ran through my district, I would have a strong position on it," Stipe said.

"Gene-o takes care of his folks," Denzil Garrison, a former state senator from Bartlesville, Phillips Petroleum's company town, told me recently. "That's why he's lasted so long. But, you know, as a younger senator he couldn't pass the time of day. He lost six straight bills one session. Then, in 1964, they reapportioned the Legislature. Until then, the Legislature had been inordinately dominated by the rural representatives. The reapportionment was supposed to follow the population shift to the cities. But the city guys didn't catch on very fast. Stipe's district ended up covering more territory, and he's just stayed and stayed and got stronger. Another thing you have to understand is that Gene-o resents reformers. He truly does. One session—it was during a Republican administration—we had a bill that was supposed to change the perjury statutes in Oklahoma. I proposed the bill one day, and he started fighting it and I couldn't pass it. The next day, it came up again, and he and I went at it and I couldn't pass it. The third day, it came up again, and Stipe happened to be absent, so we passed the thing. And it went to the governor's desk, and the governor called me up and said, 'What's with this perjury bill?' I told him to sign that son of a bitch quick. The next day, Stipe comes up to me and says, 'Garrison, what happened to that perjury bill of yours?' I told him, 'Tough luck, Stipe. You weren't here and we passed the damn thing. It's already been signed into law.' He looks at me and says, 'Oh, *no!*' I could see that he was truly pained. He says, 'It don't outlaw *all* perjury, does it?' "

Garrison was seated in his living room in Bartlesville when he told me this story. He is a short, handsome, white-haired man who talks fast and thinks as fast as he talks. He tilted his head back and looked up at the wooden blades of an overhead fan and said, "You've got to get up real early to outstipe Stipe."

Like the most useful foreign idioms, the transitive verb "to stipe" defies literal translation. In practice, it means, roughly, to steal a man's undershirt while he is wearing it and then sell it back to him and then conspicuously donate the proceeds to charity. One stipes effectively when one simultaneously covers a number of bases. Stipe, for example, is a great friend of organized labor and an unabashed capitalist. For many years, he received a comfortable retainer from the Oklahoma chapter of the A.F.L.-C.I.O., which he represented as counsel. He is also a newspaper publisher and a radio-station owner; he operates a chain of convenience stores and truck stops; he and one of his brothers build houses; he owns real estate, and three abstract offices; in the past, he has held sizable blocks of bank stock; he is deeply involved in the gas and oil and coal businesses; he once raised race horses and still raises cattle. As a defense attorney, he has enjoyed a successful career making lawmen and district attorneys look stupid; the last time he ran for office, the leadership of the Fraternal Order of Police recommended him to its membership. He's the underdog's pal; he's a red-blooded Oklahoman. In the lexicon of Oklahoma politics, "stiping it" is cross-referenced with the phrase "lovin' it to death."

"That's what Gene-o does when he comes across a bill that he really can't stand," Garrison told me. "He sure does know how to love the son of a bitch to death."

Several years ago, a Tulsa Republican named Joseph McGraw proposed a bill that would have restricted the political activities of labor unions. As the Disraeli of the state A.F.L.-C.I.O., Stipe naturally hated the bill—something that McGraw did not realize when Stipe asked for unanimous consent to be a co-author of the bill. McGraw merely assumed that he had enlisted a persuasive ally, and he welcomed the co-authorship of the Prince of Darkness. The unanimous consent was granted. Then Stipe said, "I now move that we postpone action on my program indefinitely." Suddenly it dawned on McGraw that he had lost control of his own proposal. He began to scramble. "Couldn't we just pass this bill out of committee without recommendation?" he asked. Stipe, who had lodged the bill in the Business Relations Committee, smiled at him and said, "Friend, I'll handle my half of the bill my way. You handle your half your way."

FOUR photographs:

Two of them hang in the office of Jack Taylor, the *Daily Oklahoman's*

"Your wordsmith is here, sir."

resident Stipe-ologist. On one wall, the Honorable David Hall, a former governor of Oklahoma, stands in a hallway at the Capitol shaking hands with the Honorable John Rogers, the secretary of state. It is a double-profile shot. Governor Hall—handsome, robust-looking, prematurely white-haired—has a firm, two-fisted grip on the secretary of state's hand and forearm. Rogers, who has dark hair and a mustache and a tight smile, looks like the hatchet man in a home-improvement-loan department. He leans away from the governor, knees bent, like a novice water-skier receiving dry-land instruction. This was expedient posture, because David Hall was a well-known backslapper, and on this particular day—January 13, 1975, the day that Hall completed his term in office, and his successor, David Lyle Boren, was inaugurated—Rogers was wired for sound: he had a recording device concealed in the small of his back. Three days later, a federal grand jury indicted Hall for attempted bribery and attempted extortion. Key pieces of incriminating evidence in his subsequent trial were taped conversations that Rogers had had with Hall. Governor Hall eventually spent twenty months in jail. Rogers, who later resigned from office about half a step ahead of impeachment proceedings, was the prosecution's star witness. This photograph is signed by John Rogers, with best wishes to Jack Taylor.

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The second photograph hangs on a wall across the room. It appeared on the cover of *Orbit*, the magazine section of the *Sunday Oklahoman*. Shot from overhead, it shows Governor-elect Boren, a few days before his inauguration, holding a broom and sweeping the marble Great Seal of the State of Oklahoma that is embedded in the floor of the Capitol rotunda. Boren, a pale, portly, cheerful-looking man wearing a dark suit, seems at ease with the broom. He had carried one with him throughout his election campaign, in the spirit of sweep-out-the-old-guard-and-clean-up-corruption—not a novel idea but a timely one. This was the summer of 1974—the summer that Nixon resigned, the summer that the newspapers in Oklahoma were filled with allegations of misdeeds by Governor Hall. It did not take a summa degree from Yale or the credentials of a Rhodes Scholar—both of which Boren has—to figure out that advertising himself as a fair-haired reformer would be a wise idea. When the campaign got under way, very few voters had heard of Boren. He was only thirty-three years old and had spent the previous eight years as a relatively quiet back-bencher in the Legislature. But, with broom in hand, he covered a lot of territory, walking much of the way. He often wore a baseball cap, and he drew sustenance from roadside Dairy Queens. The Dilly Bar—a round slab of chocolate-coated vanilla ice milk on a stick—was his favorite item on the menu. Soliciting votes and sweeping away in the withering heat, a man can work up a powerful Dilly Bar hunger. Boren consumed dozens of Dilly Bars on his way to the governor's mansion. It was a long trek. First, to win the Democratic nomination, he had to defeat both the discredited Hall and the early favorite, a congressman and accomplished rodeo announcer called Clem McSpadden, one of Stipe's pals. In the November general election, the Republicans graced him with a weak opponent. Now, safely elected, he posed for the magazine cover story, titled "The New Mr. Clean." The framed cover is inscribed to Jack Taylor, the author of the article, with best personal regards from David Boren.

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The third photograph, taken after Boren had spent a couple of years in office, has been enlarged to life-size dimensions and mounted on thick pasteboard. It shows Boren and Stipe together, and it leans against a chair in Denzil Garrison's living room. A Republican, Garrison ran for governor in 1974 but failed to win the nomination. After Boren was elected, he appointed Garrison his legislative liaison. A proper analogy might be Ronald Reagan's joining the Jimmy Carter brain trust, except that when this sort of thing happens in Oklahoma—where the Democrats and the Republicans regularly

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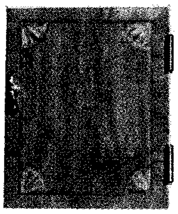

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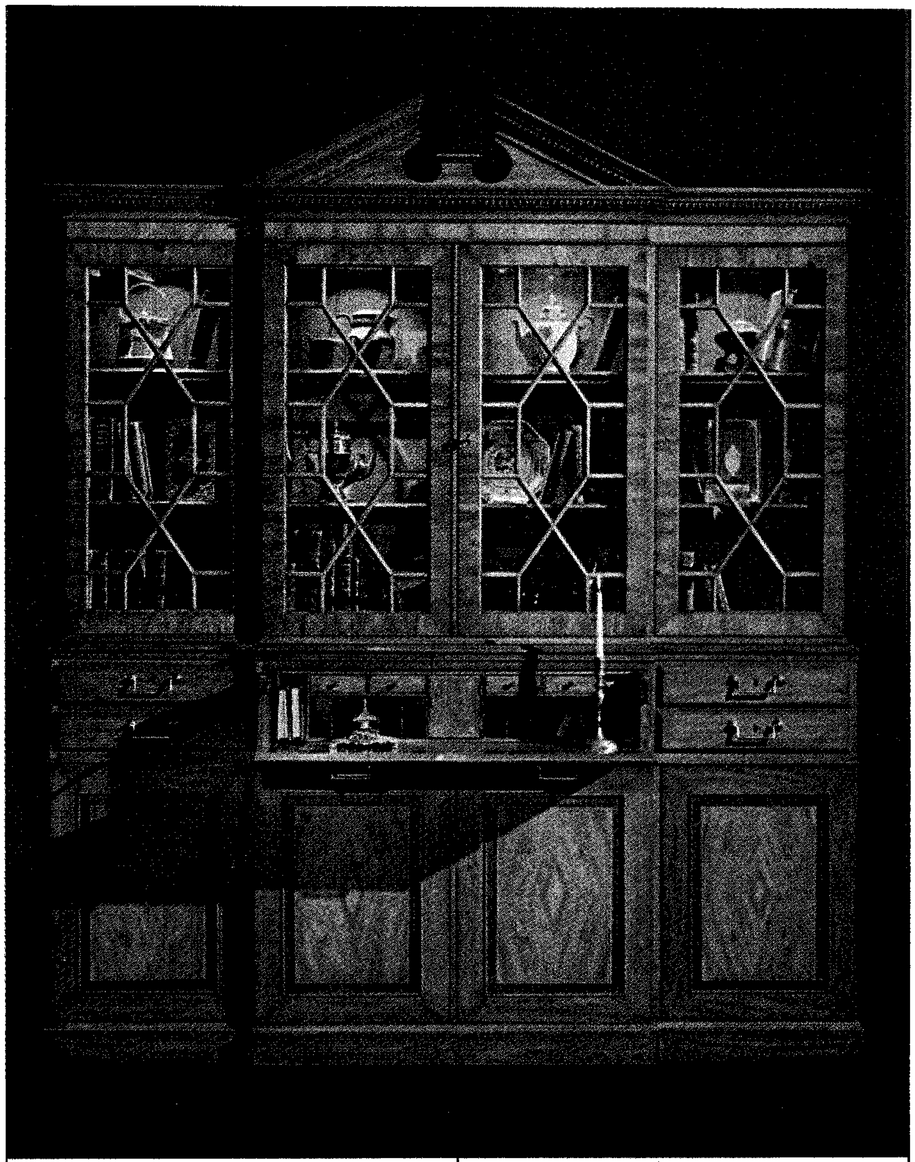

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play a game called Get Thee to the Left of Me—nobody blinks. Garrison learned how to stipe at the guru's knee, which is to say that he receives confidences from both Boren and the Prince of Darkness. Boren and Stipe, however, just didn't get along. Near the end of Boren's four-year term, it was said that "Gene Stipe brings out the best in David Boren." This meant that when the topic of conversation shifted to the State Senator from McAlester, Boren didn't weasel or pussyfoot around. Once, when Stipe introduced legislation to amend Oklahoma's workmen's-compensation system, Boren called the proposal "the Gene Stipe compensation bill." It happens that Stipe and his law partners handle a great number of workmen's-compensation cases. Still, by Little Dixie standards the Governor's reproof was virtually a love tap, and it's possible that Stipe didn't flinch. It may have been simply because Boren styled himself a reformer that Stipe had trouble mustering warm fellow-feeling for Boren. In fairness to Boren, however, it should be pointed out that his high-minded campaign pledges—"efficient" government, "open" government, a lid on spending, reduced taxes, a reduced bureaucracy, dramatic revisions in the welfare system—never became reality. Boren was impressive when he talked about government to a Rotary Club audience, but he did not really enjoy horse trading, which is, ultimately, how government business is transacted in Oklahoma. Cultivating the good will of the oil industry and the conservative-owned major newspapers was one thing, and Boren did it. Getting along with the Legislature—where Stipe was the main horse trader—was another matter.

None of this tension shows up in the photograph, which was taken during a ceremony in the Governor's office, when he presented a Boys' Club Boy of the Year award to Gregory Stipe, Gene's teen-age nephew. Greg has been cropped out of the picture, and the Governor looks as if he could qualify for the award himself; he is saucer-eyed and perky. Stipe's demeanor makes the tableau resemble one of those ersatz tintypes that costumed couples pose for at carnivals; he is grinning so broadly that his eyes have been reduced to slits. The Governor sits in a cushiony leather chair, and Stipe looms behind and above him. With his right arm resting across the back of the chair and his left forearm draped across that, Stipe appears to be testing the Governor's head the way a fastidious shopper might examine a ripe melon.

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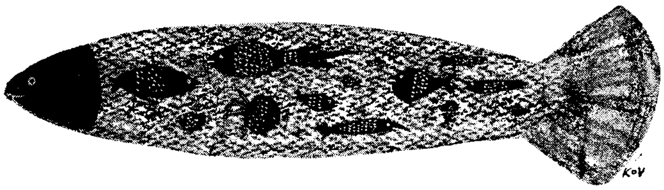
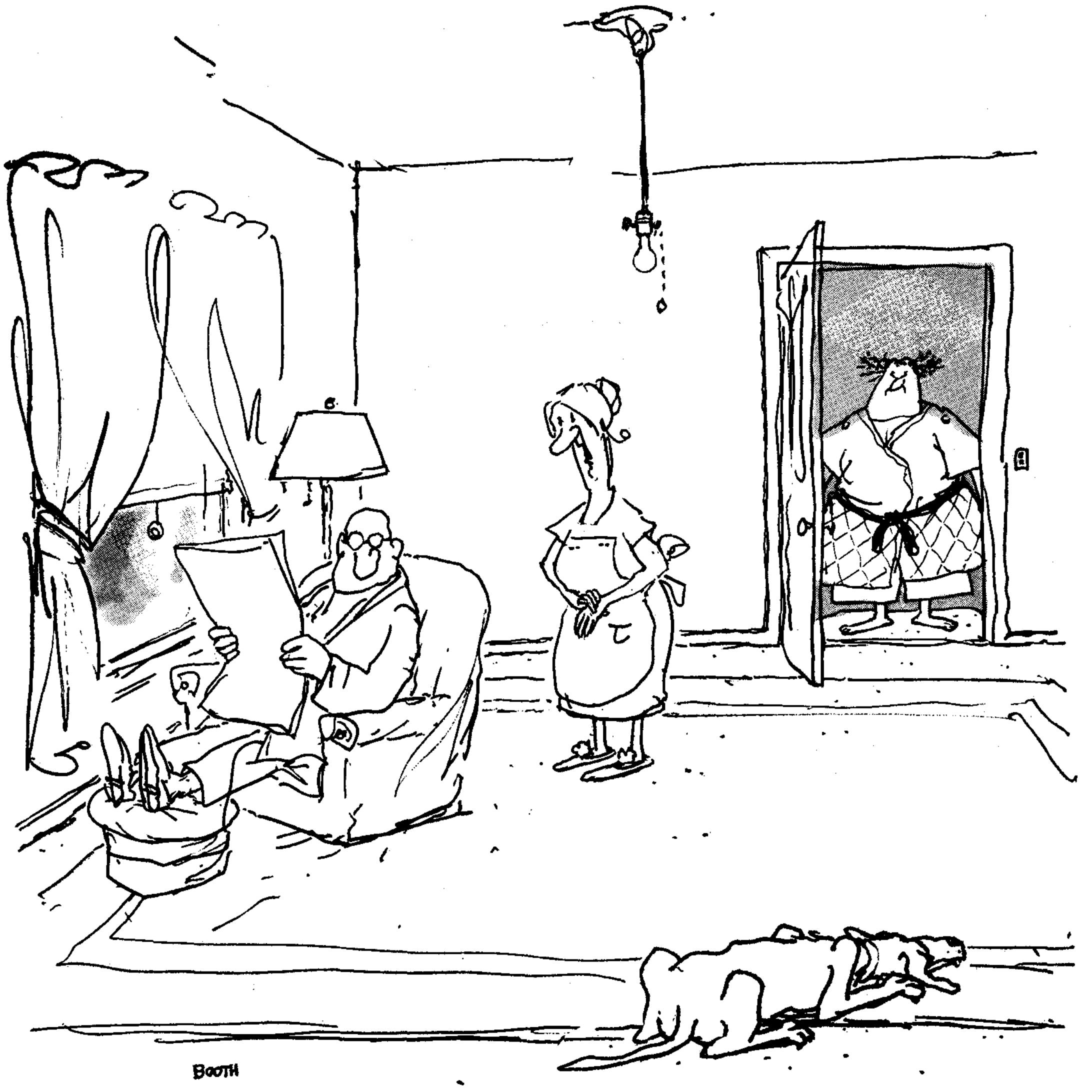
Before the fourth photograph was taken, Boren had announced that he would run for the United States Senate, to fill the seat that was being vacated by Dewey Bartlett, a Republican, who was retiring. Boren's decision to run didn't surprise many people. The day after Boren was elected governor, in 1974, a reporter from one of the Tulsa papers tracked down and interviewed Ruth Robinson, a retired schoolteacher in Boren's home town of Seminole—an oil town in east-central Oklahoma which is made up of pipe yards and drilling-supply outfits strung end to end, with a couple of drive-in restaurants and several churches in between. Mrs. Robinson recalled that when David Boren was a six-year-old first grader he had told his classmates that he intended to be President of the United States when he grew up. Now that he had spent almost four years as governor, the Senate loomed as the logical next step in his apprenticeship. In 1978, Boren licked his finger and held it to the wind and decided to campaign as a fiscal conservative. The path to Washington appeared unobstructed, largely because Boren still called himself a Democrat but sounded exactly like a Republican. Stipe was reported to have passed along word, through his friend Garrison, that he wouldn't stand in Boren's way. It promised to be a torpid summer in Oklahoma—one that would not interest me at all—until one day in mid-July, when a newspaper clipping arrived in the mail, bearing the fourth photograph. It was a two-column-wide close-up of Stipe. He was smiling, more deeply dimpled than usual, his face all craters and balloons. "STIPE: POWERFUL, MILLIONAIRE, FULL OF QUIPS, POLITICAL SAVVY," said the headline on the accompanying story. "Dumb Boy Act Put On for Newsmen," said the overline. "Gene Stipe—'Tempted to Be Against Waste in Government,' " said the picture caption. What had happened was that Stipe had decided he didn't want to watch Boren waltz to the Senate. With only an hour remaining before the filing deadline for the primary election, Stipe invited a large contingent of reporters and pals to the office of the State Senate's president pro tem, a short, slight, partly bald, often nervous Stipe follower named Gene Howard. Stipe had done this sort of thing often in the past, but always to produce an anticlimax: for years, he had conspicuously *not* run for statewide office. Now, however, he conducted an impromptu press conference at which, royally, he asked all the questions: "What about inflation? Are we for it or against it? What about waste in government? I'm tempted to be against it." The phone rang, and Stipe took the call, saying at one point to the party at the other end, "Why aren't you up here with the rest of the Christians?" In Oklahoma, this passes for a dumb-boy act. When the curtain came down, Stipe left the office and walked up a flight of stairs to the State Election Board and entered the Senate race. The Boren camp went out and stocked up on a fresh supply of brooms.

DURING a campaign in Pittsburg County several years ago, a Stipe-backed candidate appeared to be trailing a man who had no obvious character flaws other than daring to be anti-Stipe. Then it occurred to Stipe and his retinue that there was something peculiar about the opponent's physiognomy. That wasn't exactly how the word went out, though; the word went out that So-and-So was "narrow between the eyes." The Stipe man won the election. Among Little Dixie's charms, it remains a place where an election can be won or lost by the width of a nose.

With Stipe suddenly a factor in the Senate race, the question that hung in the air was just how much like Little Dixie politics the statewide campaign might become. That question drew me to Oklahoma in late July, a month before the Democratic primary—a time of year when the effect of the heat varies from demoralizing to crippling. Boren was not going to carry Little Dixie in the primary—that much seemed certain. But nothing else seemed certain. Even though Boren was leading, I made the pilgrimage with the expectation that Stipe had an even-money chance to force him into a runoff. The afternoon I arrived, I drove to Stipe's Oklahoma City law office, a sprawling one-story brick building half a mile north of the Capitol. Good news and bad news awaited me. The good news was that I had missed a tornado that struck the previous evening, taking with it a





"Bernard, a Lieutenant Colonel Lucy Treadwell, of Consumer Vigilantes, Fox Company, 2nd Battalion, Utilities Division, wants to know do we have any complaints in regard to our utility services."

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huge picture window and the electrical and telephone connections. The bad news was that, tornado or no tornado, I had come to town a day late. That morning, Stipe had flown to Lawton, a city of seventy-five thousand inhabitants in the rattlesnake country of southwestern Oklahoma, to stalk Boren, who had been invited to speak at the Lawton Kiwanis Club's weekly luncheon. Debating had been one of Boren's strong suits when he was in high school. Now that he was running for the Senate, however, he ignored Stipe's repeated invitations to debate. He was, one of his aides explained to me, "laying low, just smarter than hell, staying out of Stipe's way." For the trip to Lawton, Stipe happened to have three reporters along. Early in the day, he held a small press conference and later offered a hundred-dollar reward to anyone who would furnish him with a copy of Boren's campaign schedule.

The first person I met at Stipe's office was Ginger Barnes, his secretary and factotum, a friendly dark-haired woman in her mid-thirties. The phones were back in order, more or less, and she spent most of her time with a receiver cradled between ear and shoulder. Francis Stipe, Gene's youngest brother and one of his campaign managers, occupied an adjacent office. I stepped in to introduce myself. He and a family friend called Doc Lacy, both of whom wore yellow lapel buttons that said "Shake Hands With a Friend of Gene Stipe," were wrestling with a dilemma: Through an entity called the Committee on Political Education, the leadership of the Oklahoma A.F.L.-C.I.O. had pledged its support to another candidate, Ed Edmondson. The labor leaders stood just a day away from announcing that endorsement, even though Stipe advertised himself as the champion of the workingman. Edmondson had won the Democratic nomination for senator in 1972 and 1974, but both times he had lost in the general election. Now he had decided to run again. Before Stipe announced his candidacy, Edmondson, a moderate-to-liberal former United States congressman, had lined up the A.F.L.-C.I.O.

"Well, see, Gene's been so close to labor all these years," said Lacy. "It's like he kind of tacitly endorsed Ed himself. They didn't know Gene was gonna run."

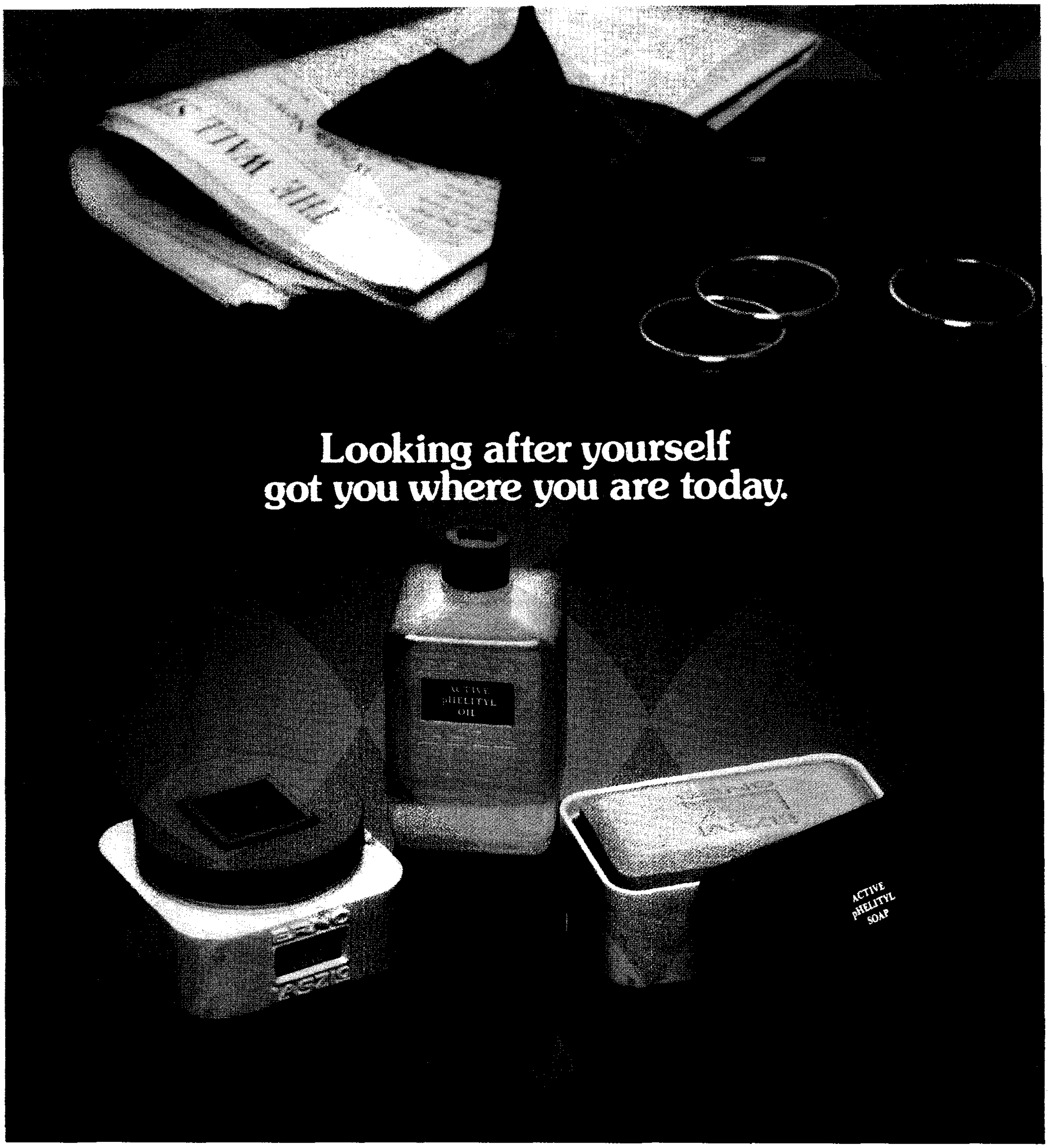
"*I* didn't know Gene was gonna run," said Francis.

"And Boren's been real anti-labor, so they obviously weren't for him," Lacy explained. "So they went ahead and decided to announce for Ed."

"They shouldn't have gone off half-cocked like that," Francis said.

From the next room, Ginger shouted, "Francis, pick up Line Two!" I wandered back toward her desk. "I want you to hear this, too," she said, handing me the telephone receiver.

I had no trouble recognizing the voice. It belonged to Gene Stipe—deep, deadpan, full of twang. "After my press conference, you know, I offered a hundred dollars for the Governor's travel plans," he was saying. "After the press conference, I went to a Kiwanis Club luncheon, and guess who was there—the Governor of Oklahoma. They invited him down there to be the guest speaker, and I went as the guest of my friend Senator Paul Taliaferro. You know, I was with the Kiwanians for years, and Senator Taliaferro just invited me to lunch. When I got there, the Governor was shaking hands. I went up and shook his hand and said, 'Governor, it's nice to see you. I've been looking for you.' He seemed real surprised to see me, but he said, 'Well, hello, Gene.' I turned around to talk to somebody else, and the next time I saw the Governor he was heading out the door. I know it upset the Kiwanis Club program chairman, because it left him without a guest speaker. I wasn't there to say anything. I just went to hear the Governor of my state. But he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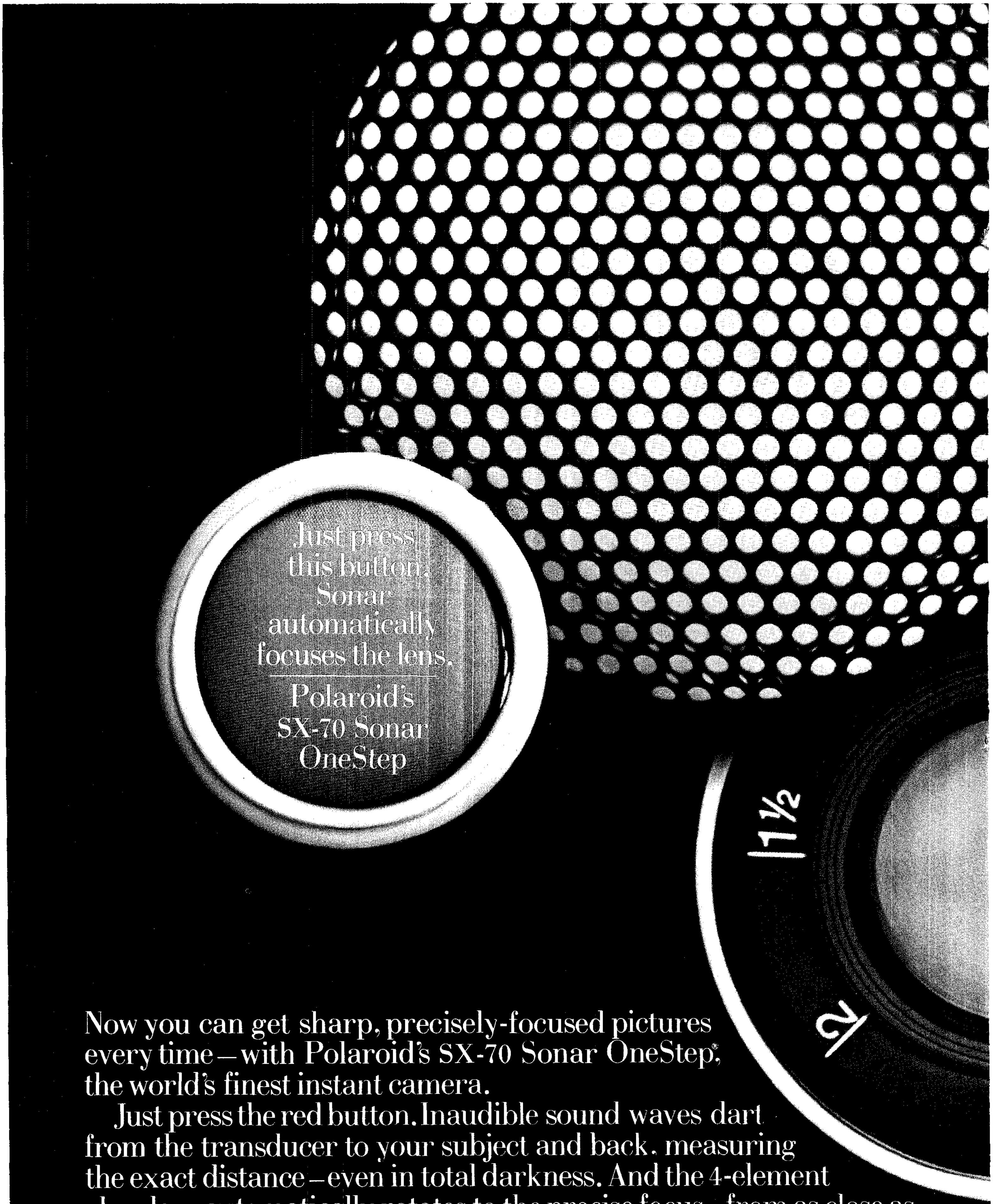
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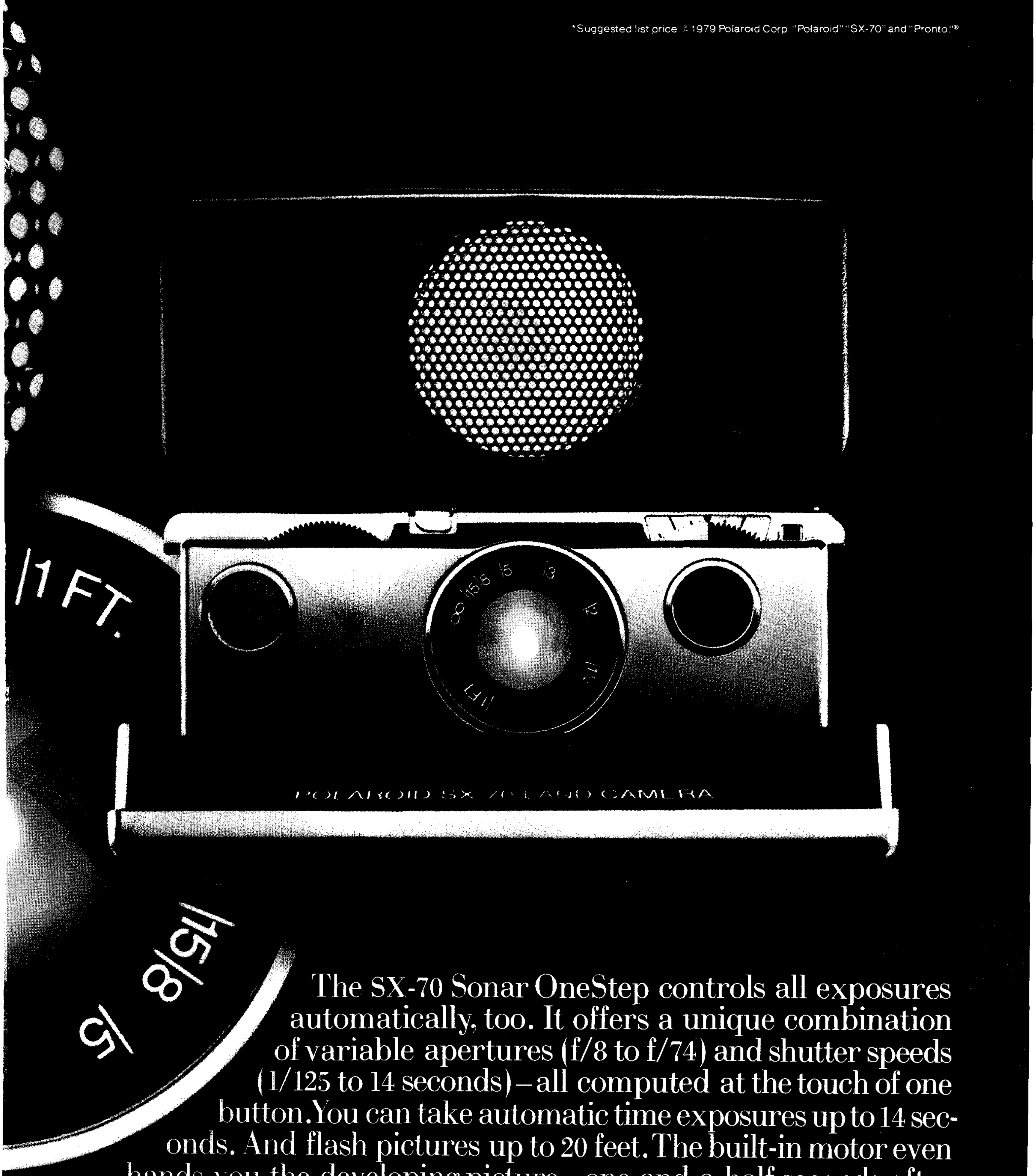

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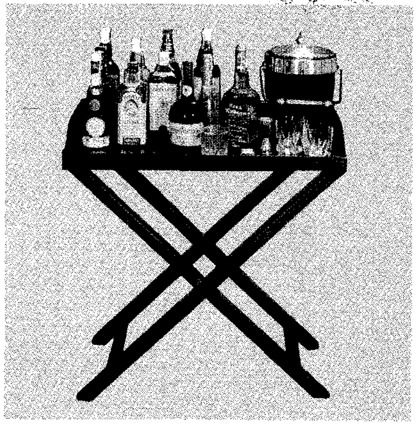

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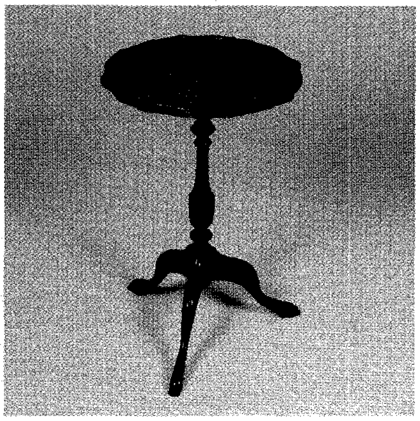

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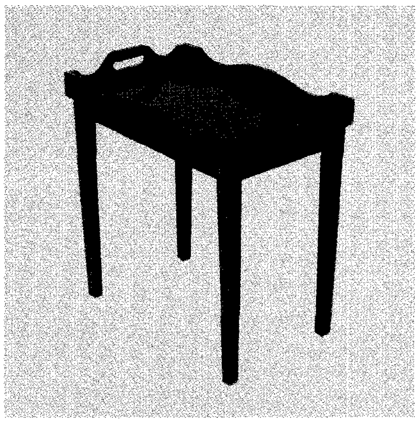

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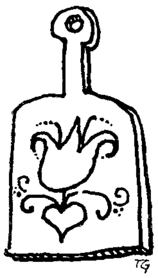
deprived me of that opportunity. I guess when people ask me from now on whether I think the primary's going to go into a runoff I'll have to tell them it's already been and we won it. We showed up in Lawton, America, and the Governor *run off*."

In the next room, Francis laughed enthusiastically—the family laugh: high-pitched, rhythmic, like a creaky rocking chair. I passed the receiver back to Ginger. After she hung up, a few minutes later, she gave me several typed sheets of paper that were stapled together. "That's a copy of Gene's schedule for the next few days," she said. "I doubt if you'll be able to keep up with him. He's the campaigningest guy you'll ever see."

ON the average day, Stipe's schedule called for him to visit four counties. "I had a dozen people offer me airplanes last night," I once heard him say as he was flying toward the Red River Valley the morning after a fund-raising barbecue. He sounded almost embarrassed. But planes were indispensable—Piper and Cessna prop-jets that enabled you to attend a catfish fry in the Panhandle at dusk and a gospel sing-in in Little Dixie later that night.

If Stipe was riding in a car, on his way to an airstrip and a speaking engagement a hundred and eighty miles away, and if he saw an intersection ahead that was marked by a service station and a grocery store, and if he happened to be running only forty-five minutes behind schedule, he would ask whoever was driving to pull in to the service station so that he could get out and pass around hand cards to everybody in the place. The hand cards, printed in black on a fluorescent background of orange, green, or pink, showed an inordinately dignified photograph of Stipe beneath the legend "OKLAHOMA NEEDS A WINNER." If it was sale day at the livestock-auction barn, he would notice the cars in the parking lot ("There's gotta be sixty votes inside that barn") and pull over for more serendipitous campaigning. A cowboy hat would materialize from somewhere, and he would put it on and work his way down to the show pit and offer to work the whip, coaxing doomed steers to stand still and be quiet while the auctioneer chanted the bids. The show pit was the stage of an amphitheatre. When Stipe had finished working the whip, he would address the assembly. Usually, Stipe made his tax pitch and his farmer pitch and his Bob Kerr pitch. He was against a lot of taxes and he was for farmers and he was for the good name of the late Robert S. Kerr, the proverbial Uncrowned King of the United States Senate. Kerr started out as a country lawyer and became awesomely rich in the oil business. In the mid-forties, he served a term as governor of Oklahoma, and in 1948 he was elected senator. For the next fourteen years—until he died, on New Year's Day of 1963—he shamelessly delivered patronage to his home state. "I'm going to be opposed to any combine that Oklahoma isn't in on," he liked to say. His death touched off a scramble for position that has never been resolved, because the vacuum could not be filled. Who since Kerr, for instance, has done anything as impressive as arranging federal money to make the Arkansas River navigable—a one-billion-two-hundred-million-dollar package that now enables barges to float from the Port of Catoosa, just east of Tulsa on the Verdigris River, to New Orleans? Kerr had an encyclopedic understanding of water-resource development: Today, Oklahoma has almost three thousand miles of reservoir shoreline that did not exist when Kerr entered public office. And Kerr didn't hesitate to drop huge contributions into the campaign tills of his brother senators. By appealing to the latent pro-Kerr sentiment, Stipe was making an effort to convert into an asset his own reputation as a dealmaker. On the stump, he would vow to represent Oklahoma in the tradition of the great Bob Kerr. Who could disagree with that? It must also have seemed like a smart idea to favor tax reform—even if you hate reformers, it's all right to support tax reform—but Stipe's specific proposals were disingenuous even by dumb-boy standards. The back of each hand card featured a diagram illustrating something called the Wage Earner's Bill of Rights. The idea was to limit to twenty-five per cent the total amount of a wage earner's income that the local, county, state, and federal governments could collectively tax. All Stipe really needed to do was remind the workingman that he was his advocate; he needn't have tried to get technical about it.



In Stipe's radio and television advertisements, he mentioned just the basics. For a live audience, however, he enjoyed rambling on about how,

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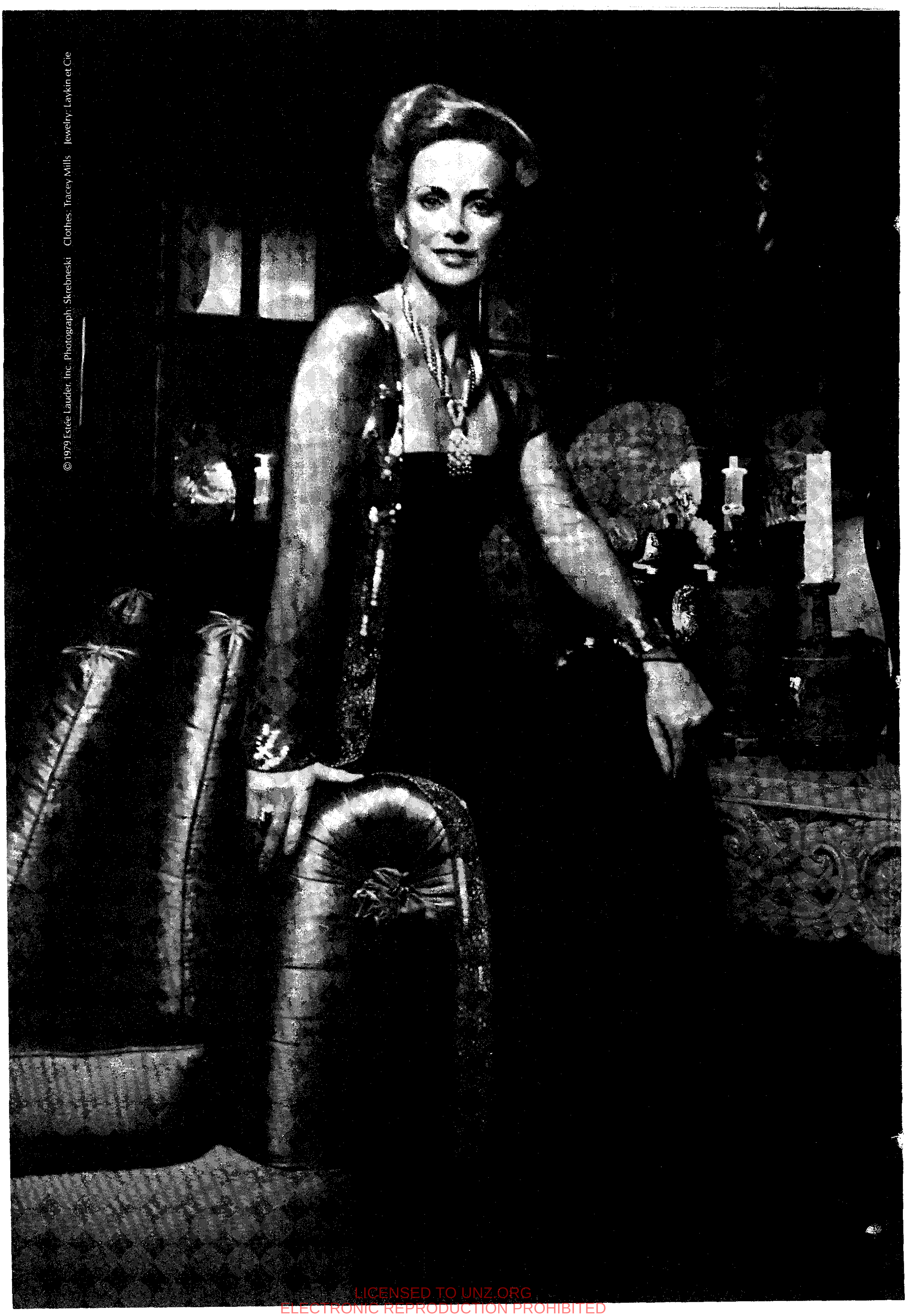

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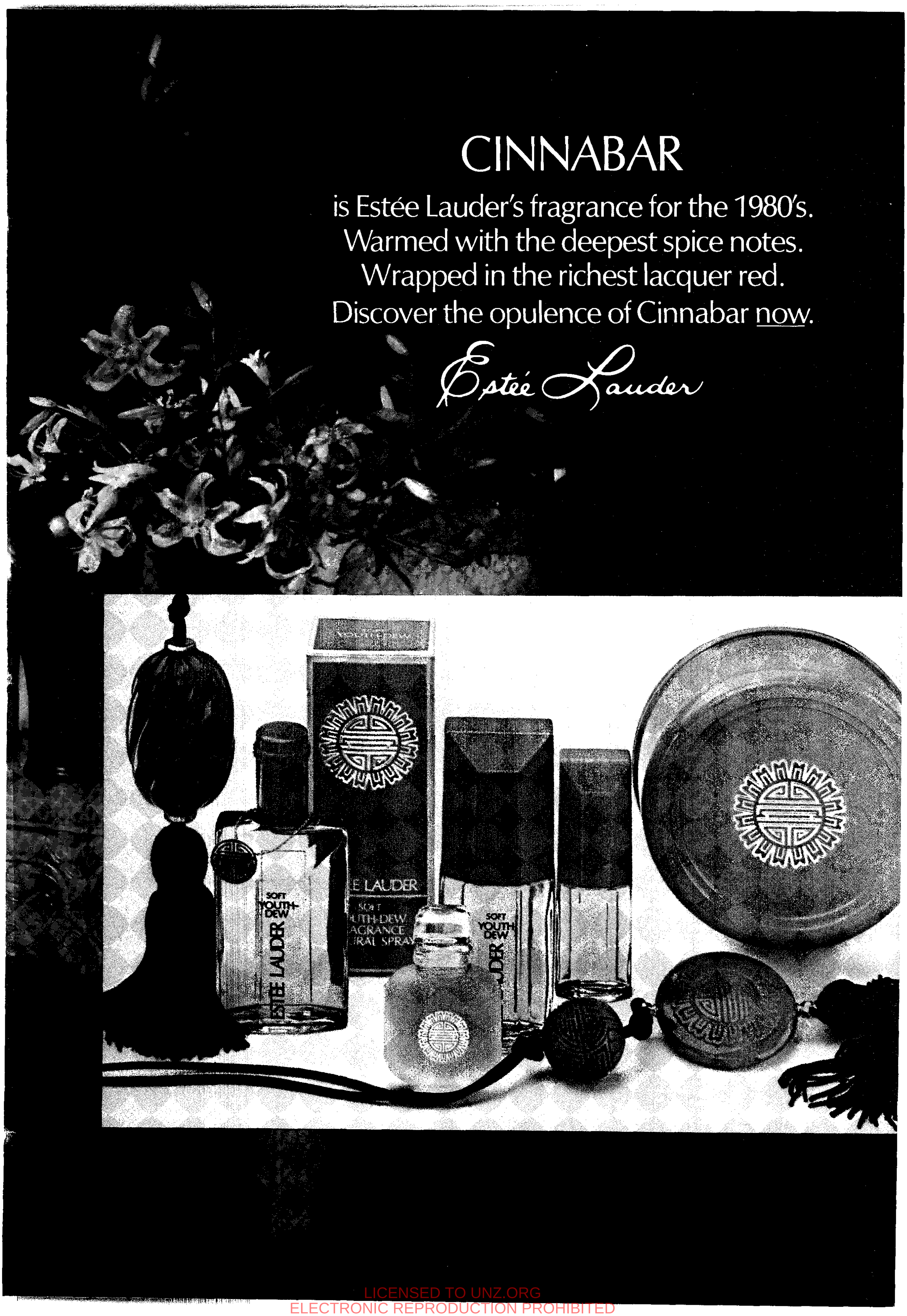

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at Runnymede way back in the thirteenth century, the English thought up this idea that the King shouldn't be able to tax people to death. The Anglophilia puzzled me, because Stipe also had in his repertoire a mildly jingoistic rigmarole in which he criticized Boren for being excessively book-smart. ("One of mah 'ponents had the privilege to go to college back East, at Yay-ell. And he did pretty well there, so he went on to finishing school at Oxford, over in England. Now, I've never been to England—for more schooling, or for *any other reason!* But I can assure you that if you elect me your United States senator you'll have a full-grown, fully dee-veloped, trained, and educated *Oh*-klahoman serving you in the halls of the U.S. Senate.") I declined to take the Wage Earner's Bill of Rights seriously, and *I doubt if Stipe did, either.* Boren, who definitely wanted to play Get Thee to the Left of Me, had said that he favored the Kemp-Roth tax-cut proposal and natural-gas-price deregulation. Stipe might have assumed that, having entered the race at the last minute, he needed a noisy idea. I once asked him who his economic advisers were, and he smiled and offered to put me in touch with a couple of C.P.A.s in Tulsa.

ONE afternoon, after Stipe had already hit three counties, he flew to Poteau, the seat of Le Flore County, which borders Arkansas. Le Flore County definitely belongs to Little Dixie. As the pilot brought the plane down, Stipe directed my attention to a large fieldstone house on a hill a few miles from the runway. "That's Bob Kerr's house," he said. "It's some sort of museum now." I recalled that Kerr had owned a ranch in Le Flore County for many years, and, seeing the way the house rested atop the hill, I couldn't help admiring his skill at site selection. On the other hand, some intelligence that I gathered later in the evening, while I was attending a Meet-the-Candidates bean supper sponsored by the Le Flore County chapter of the Oklahoma Federation of Democratic Women's Clubs, indicated that Kerr's home did not in fact occupy the most distinguished hill in Le Flore County. A local merchant named F. L. Holton, Jr., told me that, time permitting, I would be wise to take a close look at Cavanal Hill, just west of town. "It's the highest hill in the world," Holton assured me. "Lacks one foot being a mountain."

From the airport, Stipe headed for

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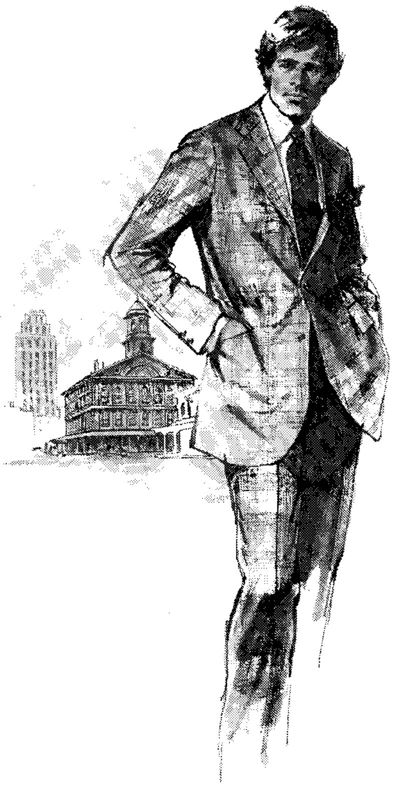
a meeting at the office of Slim Mobley, a lawyer, who had called together a dozen or so citizens who were, as they say in Little Dixie, "big for Gene." As soon as Stipe arrived, he shook hands around the room and then excused himself to make some phone calls. The faithful got busy drinking whiskey and prognosticating. Mobley, who wears monogrammed shirts and cuffed Glen-plaid slacks with his cowboy boots, had appointed himself moderator. "I was talking to an old boy here," he said. "I figured he's not for Gene—he's about half Republican, see—and I wasn't gonna even ask him, but he says who do I like in the Senate race. I say, 'Well, I was gonna be for Ed, but Gene's my old friend, so I'm gonna vote for him.' He says, 'So am I.' I say, 'That's a surprise. How come?' He says, 'Well, I'm getting tired of seeing all those same sorry suckers on television, and if we elect Gene senator that'll be him we see on television.' "

The logic of this made an impression on the crowd, which included a banker, a couple of lawyers, an undertaker, a railroad employee, some ranchers and cattlemen, an insurance broker, and a bail bondsman. Each man in the room, regardless of his primary occupation, also reserved a special spot in his heart for income-producing mineral rights. Diversified interests endeared them to Stipe, and vice versa.

When Stipe returned, Mobley told him, "Gene, we've been talking about oil and we've been talking about gas and we've been talking about coal and we've been talking about cattle."

Without hesitating to weigh the issues, the candidate replied, "I think I'm for all of 'em."

Then Stipe settled into a chair and said, "Let me tell you about how the campaign's going," and he launched into an optimistic appraisal, full of assurances that he would mop up in eastern Oklahoma in general and in Little Dixie in particular, and that he would carry western Oklahoma with fifty-one per cent of the vote. "I know I'm running good in Gage," he said, mentioning a town of five hundred inhabitants. "They took a poll in Charlie's Tavern there, and it was unanimous. Of course, I happened to be in the bar at the time. I explained that I wasn't drinking during the campaign, but I bought everyone a round on me. Then I took the poll." He paused, and added, "And the Panhandle's just as strong as it can be." Stipe neglected to remind everyone that the Panhandle, a vast stretch of arid high plains which covers almost



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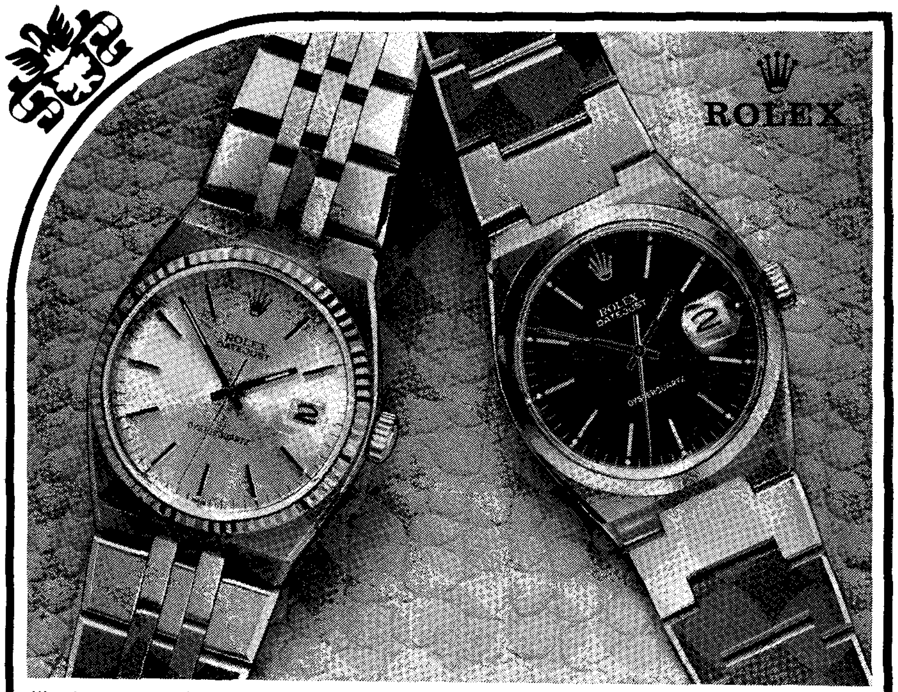

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six thousand square miles, has, in practice, far more in common with Texas than with Little Dixie. It also contains only nine thousand Democrats. One afternoon, I went with Stipe to the Panhandle—to Boise City (pronounced "boyce"), where he sat in the back room of the Townsman Restaurant and drank a couple of Cokes and talked to fifteen people who looked as if they had not yet recovered from the Dust Bowl.

At one point, a woman with a blond beehive hairdo asked whether Stipe favored the Equal Rights Amendment.

"What's *your* position?" he asked.

"I'm not running for public office," she said tartly.

"Oh, I thought you might be," he said. He sipped at his Coke through a straw. "I haven't thought much about it, because it really hasn't come up too much." Another sip. "But I guess until my people tell me they're for it I'll be against it."

That seemed to satisfy the woman.

Later, as we flew away from Boise City, I reminded Stipe that when the E.R.A. came up in the Oklahoma Senate he had voted to ratify. "You won't find too many people for it out this far west," he said. "I told her how I stood on it *today*."

Now, in the friendly town of Poteau, in Slim Mobley's law office, Stipe didn't need to dissemble, and he didn't need to pitch very long for votes or campaign donations.

Mobley conveniently asked, "Who do we send the money to?"

"You can send it to the candidate," Stipe said. "I promise to personally read every single check. It doesn't take that much of my time."

Both the question and the answer were perfunctory. A surge of loyal enthusiasm swept across the room at that moment, and a shower of fresh greenbacks, most of them hundreds, filled the candidate's lap. Within minutes, the meeting broke up.

The supper, which was held at the Poteau Community Center, a harshly lit cinder-block cave with a vaulted roof, promised to hold few surprises. The plat du jour was, as advertised, pinto beans, augmented by generous side helpings of black-eyed peas and kidney beans. Anyone who still felt hungry was entitled to a dessert of chocolate cake. Forty or so candidates for various local and statewide offices—including twelve contenders for a vacant seat on the Le Flore County Board of Commissioners—were permitted two minutes each to argue their cases. The county politicians outbragged one another in an innovative manner, each one claiming that he had been married longer, sired more children, and hunted deer more avidly than any of his opponents. Most of them also had harsh words for alcohol, gambling, big government, and giving away anything that rightfully belonged to Little Dixie.

Besides Stipe, the only Senate candidate who showed up was Ed Edmondson, a handsome but weary-looking redhead. Watching him, I had some difficulty grasping precisely what could make him want to eat beans on a Thursday night in Poteau. During a summer when every politician in the country was quoting Howard Jarvis, the champion of Proposition 13 in California, here was Edmondson, a man who as a congressman once earned a one-hundred-per-cent approval rating from the Americans for Democratic Action, running for the Senate in Oklahoma for the third time in six years.

"That hundred per cent was probably a no-no," one of Edmondson's men confided to me as, later in the campaign, his candidate joined in and played Get Thee to the Left of Me. "Nobody around here really knows what the hell an A.D.A. is, but they know that Ed's got a hundred." When it came to actually soliciting votes, Edmondson didn't seem eager to get close to the crowds. Rather, he planned to concentrate on his former congressional district—seventeen counties in northeastern Oklahoma—and hoped that the familiarity of the family name would nudge him into a runoff against Boren. Name recognition was a distinct Edmondson asset. In 1958, when Ed had served three terms in Congress, his younger brother, Howard, was elected governor. Howard won some progressive reforms. He fought for the reapportionment of the Legislature, and he instituted a merit system in state employment, removing more than thirty thousand employees from the patronage system. To ease the pain consequently suffered by the cousins, nephews, brothers-in-law, and hunting buddies of legislators throughout the state, Edmondson urged the repeal of Prohibition, and here he won a limited victory. The repeal law, which is still in effect, permits liquor to be sold in package stores but forbids bars to sell anything stronger than beer. The liquor-by-the-drink question remains open. Sinister forces who want the average adult Oklahoman to be al-

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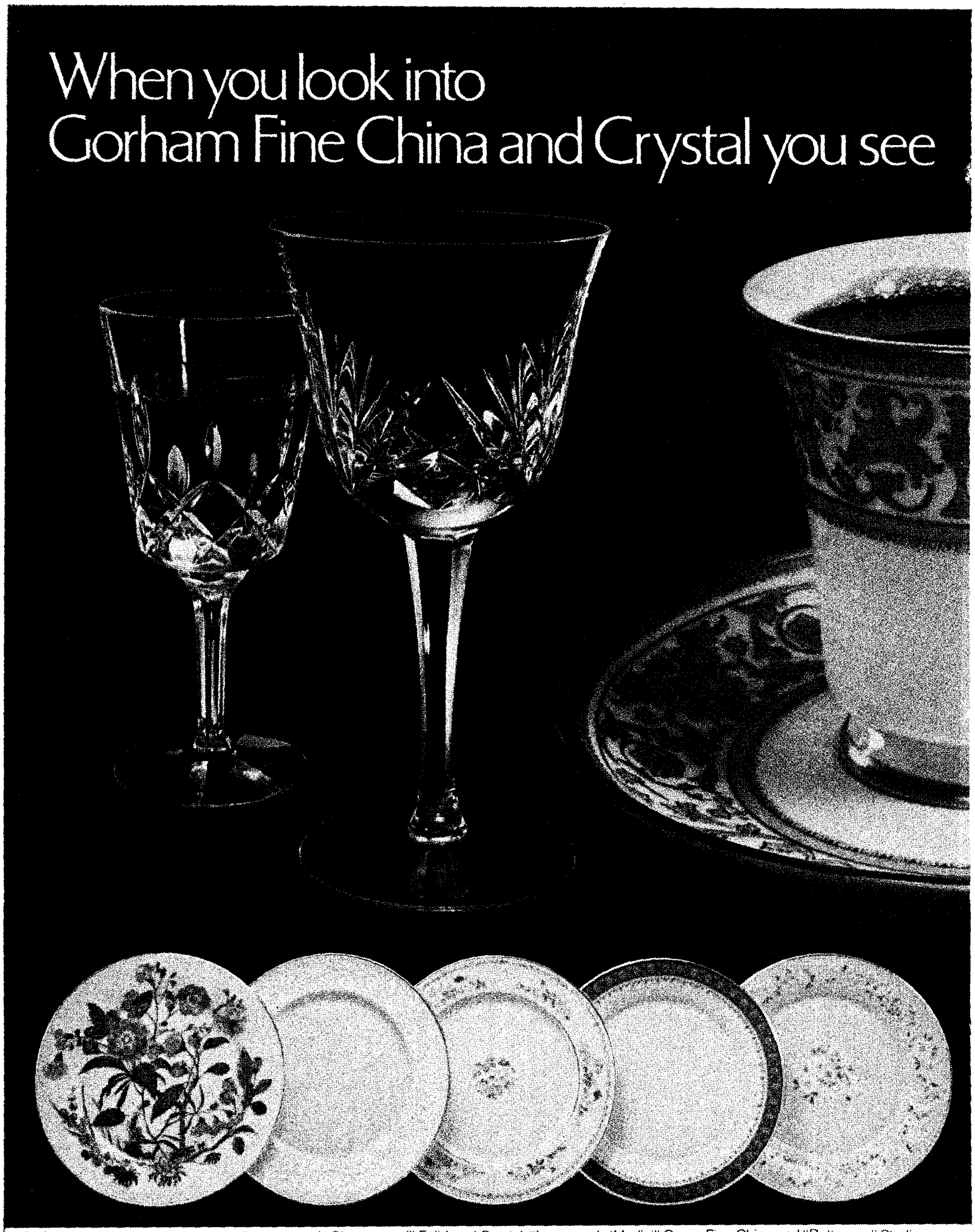
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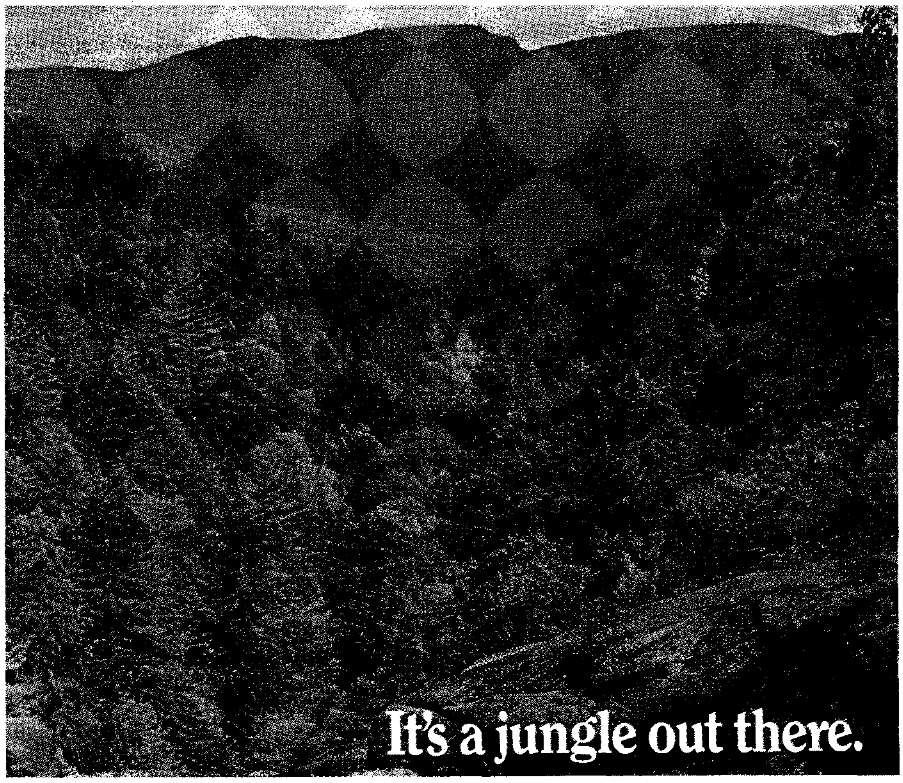

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lowed to walk into a tavern and order, say, a bourbon-and-ginger-ale must contend with a holy alliance of Baptists and beer distributors who detest the idea. One day, in the town of Jenks, a suburb of Tulsa, a reporter who had run out of questions asked Stipe, "How do you feel about liquor by the drink?" It is well known that Stipe enjoys a cocktail at five. For a few moments, as he shifted his weight slightly in his chair, it seemed that he might be ready to sprint for the door. Instead, he looked his interrogator in the eye and said, "That's the only way I've ever seen it consumed—by the drink."

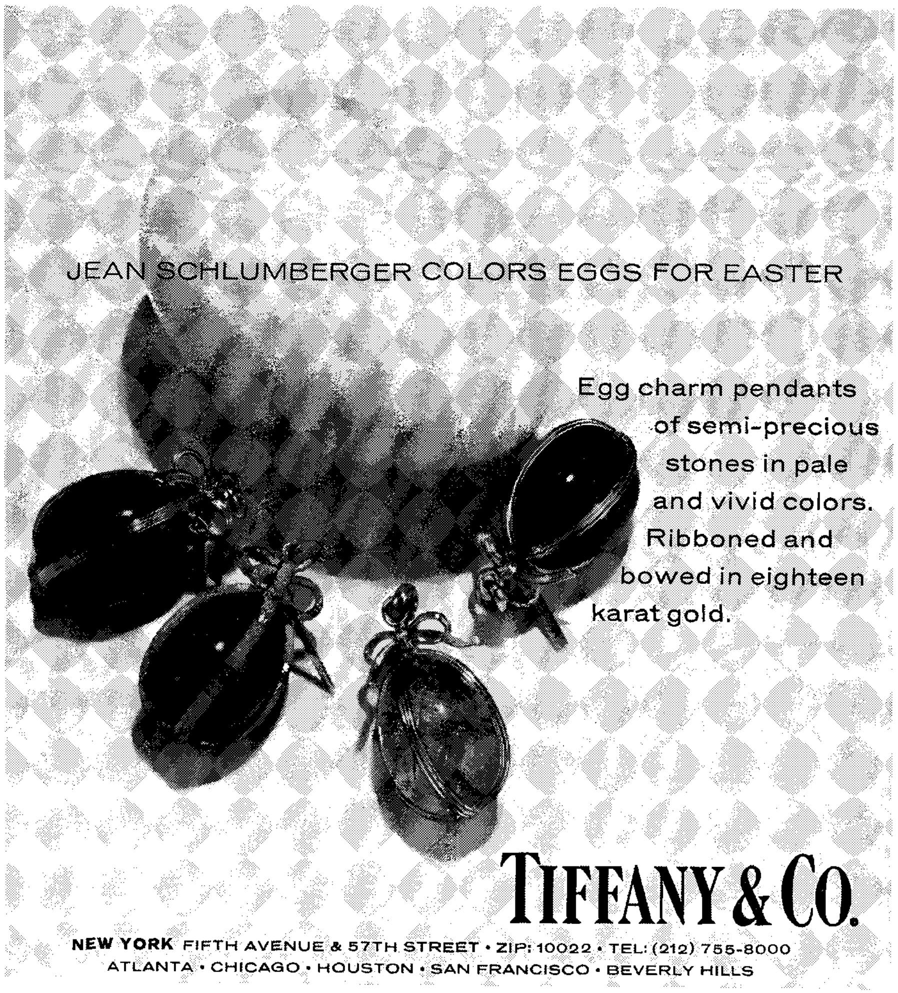
Boren never stooped to such irreverence. On the theory that liquor by the drink in Oklahoma might someday become a matter of importance to the United States Senate, he often embraced the chance to remind voters that he never touched the stuff. He insisted on this despite some voters' suspicions that during his student days at Yale and Oxford he had experimented with Johnnie Walker and Jim Beam. The question didn't come up in Poteau, however, and, even if it had, Boren couldn't have answered it. He wasn't there. He had sent a deputy, known as Dusty Martin, who carried a broom and emphasized, during his two-minute speech, the Governor's virtue. "David Boren's an honest man," Martin said. "He's kind of like that story about the fellow that wanted to find out about an old milk cow that a farmer was selling. The man asked the farmer, 'How much milk does she give?' The farmer admitted that he really didn't know. The fellow asked, 'Well, how much butterfat content does her milk have?' The farmer said he really didn't know. The fellow asked a couple of more questions and the farmer said, 'I don't know, but I'll promise you that she's a good honest cow, and she'll give you her best.' And that's what I want to tell you about David Boren: he's an honest man, and I'll match his integrity with anybody in the race."

The Governor's aide, it seemed, had come perilously close to calling his boss an honest cow. Which is not to say that the Governor would have fared better had he appeared in his own behalf. Stipe was hunkered down, on his home ground, hoping for an opening to land a love tap or two. But he didn't get it in Poteau. When Stipe's turn came, he had time to run through the Bob Kerr pitch and the tax pitch and the pro-farmer pitch, but then it was over. The evening concluded without a climax. Full of beans, Stipe left the Poteau Community Center and rode in the darkness to the Robert S. Kerr Airport, where a plane and a pilot were waiting to fly him to Shangri-La, a lake resort forty minutes north by air. The Oklahoma State Home Builders Association, in convention, were waiting there. Even before we were airborne, Stipe slipped off his shoes and stretched his legs. I looked down at his stocking feet and then at the shoes. They were scuffed, boatlike, ventilated black walkers, the sort you might want to wear if you were going to work a string of twenty-hour days on the road. When I looked up again, he had leaned back and closed his eyes. The pink glow had begun to fade from his face. He was, unmistakably, sleeping.

EVEN though I had been forewarned that Boren's favorite word was "golly," I went to Okmulgee, in the heart of the Creek Indian Nation, one day to watch him campaign. As the members of his entourage pulled into town and parked their cars in front of the M. & D. Star drugstore, all the lights on the block went out. This didn't deter the Governor a bit. He entered the drugstore and poked through the darkness, shaking hands and saying, "Hi! Governor Boren. Golly, somebody flipped a switch on us." With each greeting, he bobbed his head in a loose, springy way. I regarded the power failure as an omen—a second warning from God, who had already spared me from a tornado—and decided to cut my expedition short. I stuck around only long enough to watch the candidate sip a lemonade and be interviewed by a local radio reporter. Just before the reporter shut his tape recorder off, he said, "Thank you, Governor, on behalf of the common people."

The next day, Boren and a couple of dozen followers, bearing brooms aloft like a squadron of crucifers, marched through west Tulsa. The procession passed by one of the city sanitation buildings ("We might need a bigger broom in Washington to sweep *that* place out," the Governor told several sanitation men) and a classroom full of apprentice firemen ("This is our salvage and overhaul class for rookies," the Fire Department drillmaster told the Governor. "It makes those brooms of yours fit in real well"). A combination of heat and fatigue overwhelmed me at that point.

STIPE's campaign had been running smoothly for several weeks, but on August 4th, just two and a half weeks before the primary election, the *Okla-*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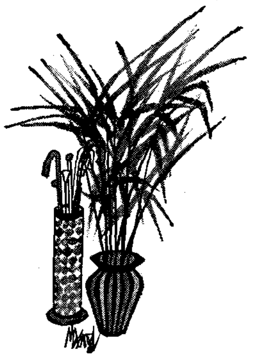
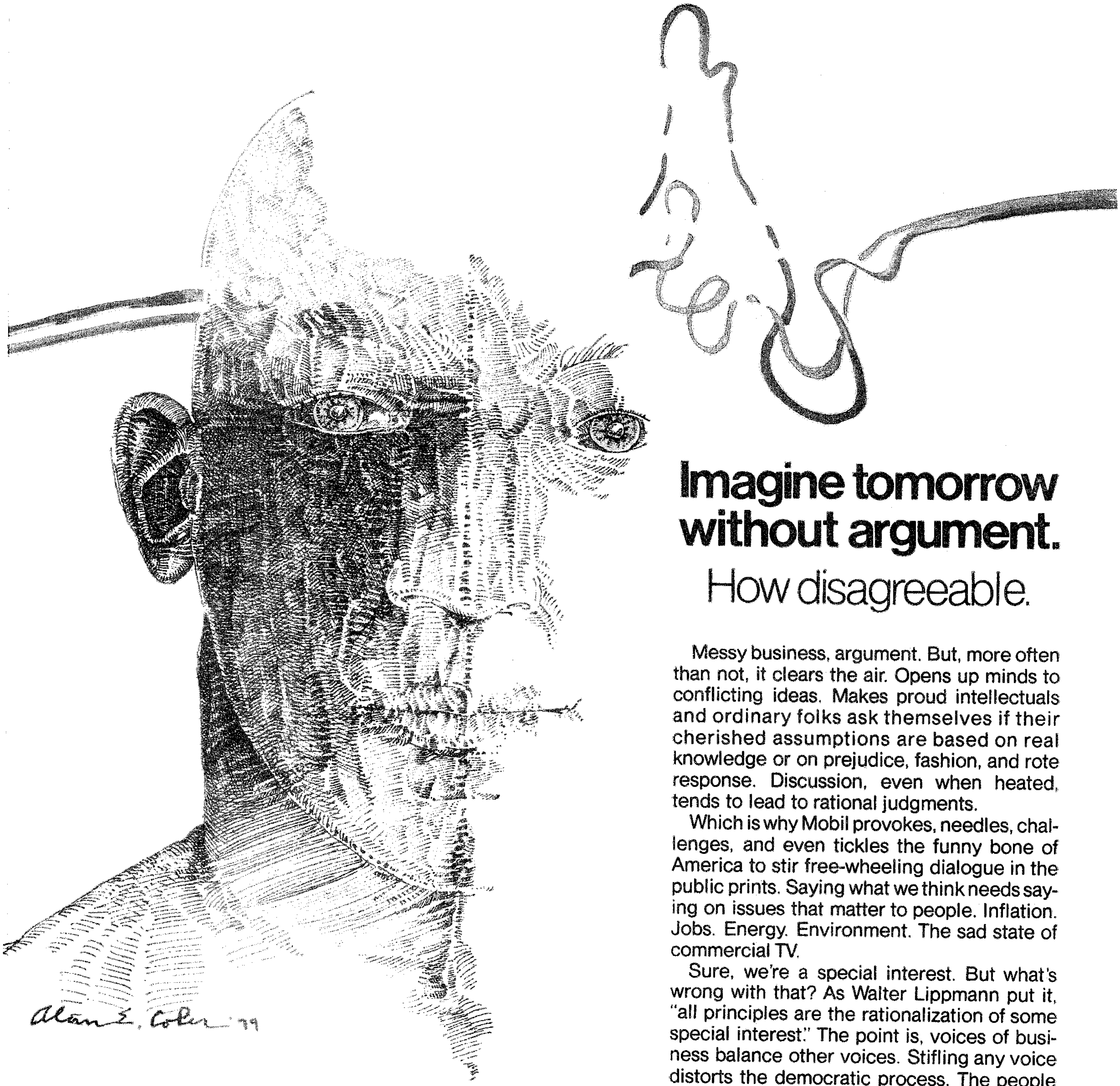
homa Journal, an Oklahoma City morning daily, bore a big block-letter headline on its front page: "STIPE KICKBACK ALLEGED." What was specifically alleged was that in 1974 Stipe had helped arrange a Small Business Administration loan guarantee for a company in McAlester and in return had accepted a kickback of thirty-five to forty thousand dollars. Two months earlier, the *Daily Oklahoman* had reported that the Federal Bureau of Investigation was interested in how the company, McAlester Frozen Foods, had conducted its affairs. According to the reporter, Jack Taylor, the F.B.I. had reason to question the manner in which the owners of McAlester Frozen Foods had prepared financial statements while trying to borrow money with a Small Business Administration guarantee. However, calling Stipe a bribee amounted to new business. The source of that allegation was the wife of a former employee of the company, which in 1975 had defaulted on the loan and entered bankruptcy. The employee and his wife had just testified before a federal grand jury in Oklahoma City. The episode seemed designed to stop the Stipe campaign in its tracks. The tune sounded familiar. In 1968, Stipe had been indicted and tried for income-tax evasion and had been acquitted. In the present circumstances, a grand jury was in session during a political campaign, and a garrulous witness had accused the Prince of Darkness of being mortally narrow between the eyes. During the next few days, Stipe publicly lambasted the *Oklahoma Journal* for poor journalism and called the grand-jury witness a liar; he took a polygraph test and convened a press conference to announce that the test had cleared him of wrongdoing in the matter of McAlester Frozen Foods; he accused Boren and the United States Attorney of ganging up on him ("I hope they haven't joined any combine against Gene Stipe or against the people of Oklahoma"). Then Stipe read in the newspapers that the local F.B.I. special agent, Oliver (Buck) Revell, had called his own press conference to announce that the polygraph-test results didn't impress the F.B.I. a bit. Stipe quietly flew to Washington to complain about the F.B.I.'s tactics; in Oklahoma, he unquietly went out of his way to be quoted impugning the F.B.I.



This series of developments was altogether disheartening to me. I phoned a friend, an attorney in Oklahoma City, who had invested moderately in Stipe's campaign. "You interrupted me while I was reading the Bill of Rights," he said. "Can't you just feel the Constitutional Fathers flopping around like a stringer of carp on dry land? The thing I love about the F.B.I. is the way they jackboot a guy in the head and then ask how he feels. All you have to do in a situation like this is take an oath and then accuse the fellow next door of making love to a pig in the back yard. Eventually, you'll get the whole neighborhood scratching their heads and saying, 'Hmm. I wonder if he really does feel friendly toward swine.' The son of a bitch hasn't been born yet that can nail Gene Stipe on a Mickey Mouse deal like this. But for now we've got just enough to poison the poor well. It's a carp-on-dry-land deal, the way I see it."

A few days later, Boren began to experience troubles of his own. They arose from circumstances that, even in the land of narrow noses and oxygen-starved carp, seemed uniquely deplorable. Boren, Stipe, and Edmondson were the major contenders for the Democratic nomination, but four other men had placed their names on the primary ballot: George Miskovsky, a wealthy trial attorney and former state senator from Oklahoma City; Dean Bridges, a junior-college administrator; a retired Air Force sergeant named Rosella Pete Saker; and Anthony Points, who listed his occupation as building contractor. Among these candidates, Miskovsky, who had run for governor in 1958 and 1962, had the most familiar name. Bridges had served three terms as mayor of the town of Tahlequah. Points and Saker were unknown to the voters. There were also a few independents on the general-election ballot, among them Riley Donica, who called himself "The Flying Minister," and Glenn Hager, who in mid-campaign found himself in jail, with no money for bail, because he had tried to skip out on a hotel bill for six hundred and sixteen dollars.

Boren's troubles in the campaign began one day when Miskovsky held a press conference in Oklahoma City and read the text of a letter to Boren in



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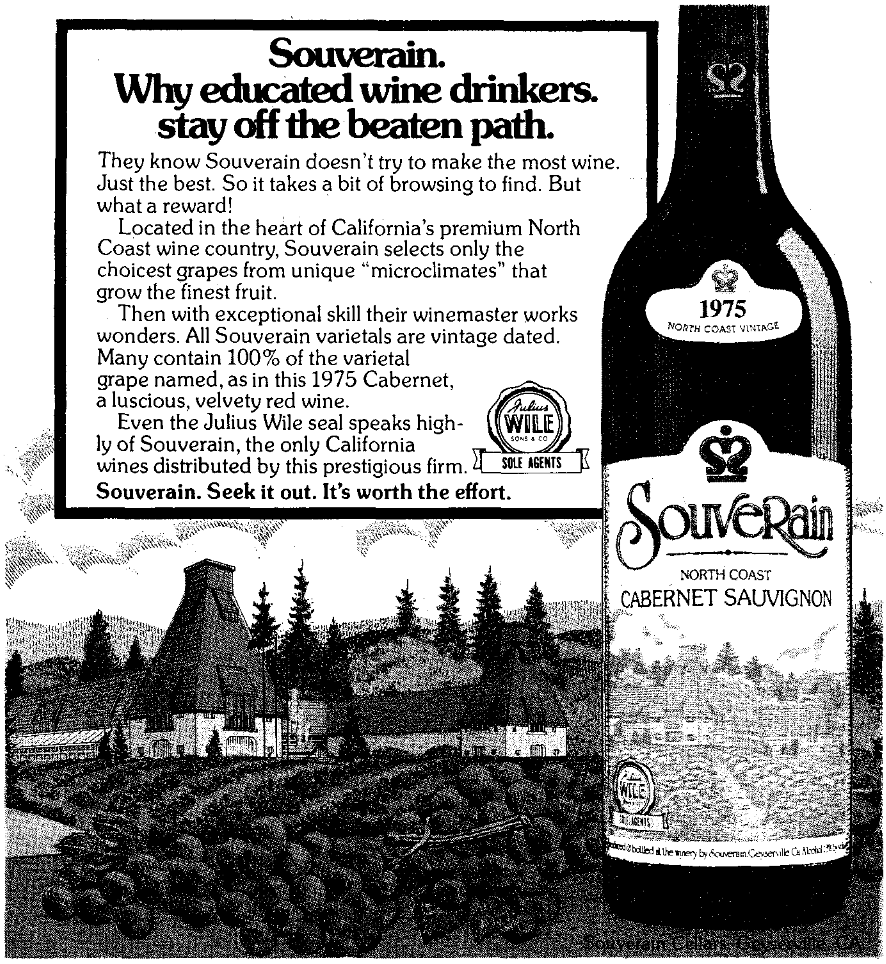
which he asked the Governor to answer, under oath, four questions: "Do you know what a homosexual or bisexual is? Are you a homosexual or bisexual? Have you ever been a homosexual or bisexual? Have you ever engaged in homosexual or bisexual activity?" Some voters might have paused, briefly and hopefully, to consider the odd possibility that Miskovsky was being obliquely ironical. Alas, he was not. Anthony Points had raised these questions in a campaign flyer, and Miskovsky had chosen to acknowledge them with a public airing. It is worth noting that Anita Bryant once represented Oklahoma in the Miss America Pageant. Miskovsky apparently gambled that in the great chain of being the average Oklahoman places homosexuals a link below Communists and a link above members of the University of Texas football team. He was overreaching.

The media reacted almost nobly. An editorial in the Tulsa *World* credited Miskovsky with orchestrating "the filthiest stunt that has ever been pulled by a serious candidate for major public office in this state." The *Daily Oklahoman* called it "despicable and stupid," and managed to observe, gratuitously, that "not even wily State Sen. Gene Stipe, the wheeler-dealer from Little Dixie, has stooped so low as Miskovsky has." A reporter from the Washington *Post* wandered into the state as all this took place, and filed a story that appeared with the headline "GUTTER SHOOTOUT IN OKLAHOMA." When Boren heard the news of Miskovsky's press conference, he interrupted a campaign trip and flew to an airport rally in Oklahoma City, where he was photographed kissing his wife, Molly—a former judge—whom he had married a few months earlier. He called the implications of Miskovsky's questions "utterly ridiculous and categorically untrue . . . a vicious lie." As Boren saw it, the situation called not for a human-rights manifesto but for a no-nonsense rebuttal. The smears against Boren had been stage-whispered during most of his term as governor. (He was divorced from his first wife in 1975.) It was not unusual to hear supporters of Boren's opponents say things like "I've been watching our governor *real close* when he comes on television. I just wanna see what one of them queers looks like."

The flap over the charges against Boren managed to relegate Stipe's travails with the F.B.I. to the back pages. But chiefly it was a distracting and irritating element in the Senate



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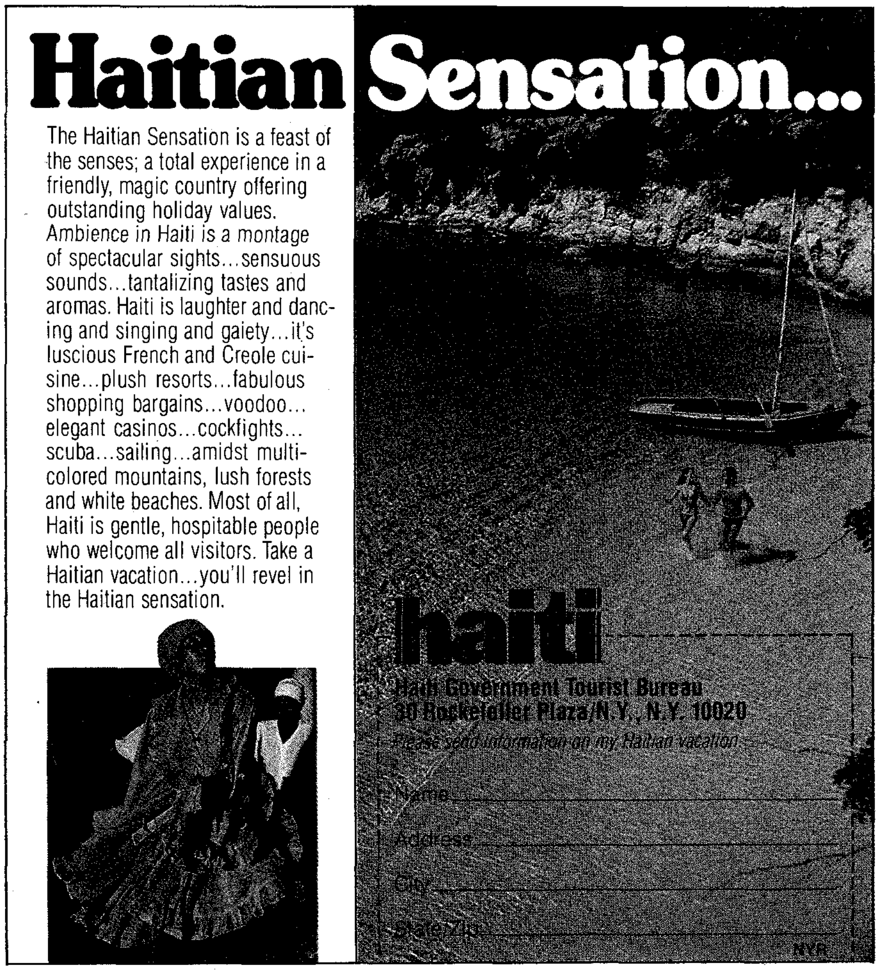

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race. Miskovsky decided to act out the parable of the adolescent who murders his mother and father and then asks the court for mercy because he is an orphan. When a radio station and a television station and several newspapers around the state began to editorialize against him, he complained that the editorials "maliciously attack my name, my personal character, and my reputation as a lawyer," and said, "My family, my friends, and I deeply resent the vicious attack which resulted from violent, unthinking, and emotional overreaction. . . . These attacks reached an all-time low in gutter and sewer journalism, if indeed it may be called journalism."

Miskovsky had that to say on a Sunday. Three days later, when less than a week remained before the primary, he announced a twenty-five-million-dollar libel action against the Oklahoma Publishing Company, which owns the *Daily Oklahoman* and the Oklahoma City *Times*. And, before the primary, he filed two additional twenty-five-million-dollar lawsuits, one against the Tulsa *World* and one against the Tulsa *Tribune*. I was reminded of the sage words of Bud Wilkinson, the legendarily successful football coach at the University of Oklahoma, who, for reasons that have never been clear to me, failed to get elected when he ran for the Senate in 1964. "The best defense is a good offense," Coach Wilkinson used to say—until he tried politics.

FIVE days before the primary, the statewide polls showed Boren leading comfortably, and, to my surprise, they showed Stipe trailing Edmondson by about five percentage points. It looked as if Edmondson's strategy of concentrating on his old congressional district might pay off. It also looked as if Stipe, who had campaigned in all seventy-seven counties, had spread himself too thin. Perhaps I had been myopically overgenerous in my early appraisal of his voter appeal. Or perhaps I was witnessing a practical illustration of the theory that in the realm of politics there really is such a thing as bad publicity. In quest of some trustworthy analysis and prevision, I made an appointment for a consultation with J. D. McCarty, an Oklahoma City insurance man. When he isn't busy selling insurance, J. D. spends his time at the Capitol, lobbying for chiropractors, dentists, and anyone else with whom he feels ideologically comfortable. McCarty knows his way around the Capitol, because he used to be the Speaker of the

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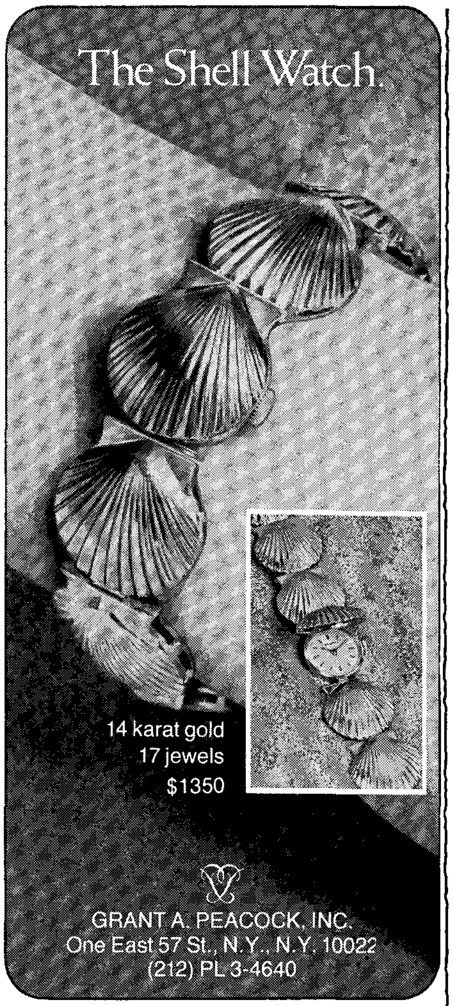

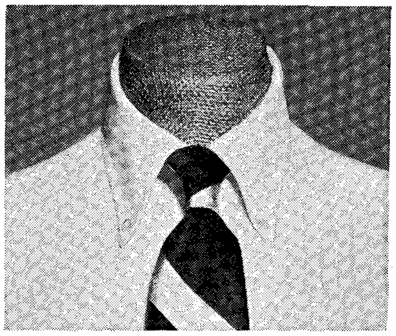

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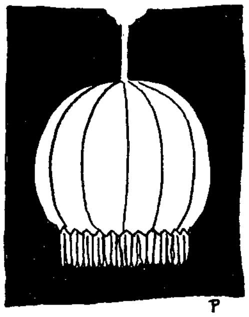
Oklahoma House of Representatives—a job that he had to relinquish when he got into a serious disagreement with the Internal Revenue Service and wound up in a federal penitentiary. McCarty matriculated at the Federal Correctional Institution in Texarkana, Texas, in November of 1969, weighing in at two hundred and eighty-six pounds. Six and a half months later, he emerged with loose-fitting trousers—he had lost forty pounds—and some fresh thoughts about penal reform. If the Irish vote had amounted to anything in Oklahoma, McCarty could have been governor at one time. He has blond-and-silver hair, blue eyes, a red face, varicose capillaries around the nose, a pointed double chin, and a truly gravelly voice. Except for being gap-toothed and slightly squat, he looks like a close relative of Hugh Carey, the governor of New York. The weight that McCarty lost in prison has stayed off and he has lost thirty-six pounds more, although he hasn't been dieting rigorously. After our conversation at his office, he was headed for a lunch date at Junior's, a suburban restaurant, with Glenn (T-Bone) McDonald, the Kerr-McGee Corporation's legislative expert. McCarty is a Roosevelt Democrat and has some harsh things to say about the way the oil industry behaves in Oklahoma. But he has been around long enough to grasp the fact that the Kerr-McGee envoy to the State Legislature holds a position roughly comparable to that of the Saudi Ambassador to the United States, and McCarty is nothing if not easy to get along with. He offered me a seat next to his desk, where I could see, beneath a pane of glass, a card signifying his honorary membership in the Oklahoma Sheriffs and Peace Officers Association.



McCarty got right down to business. He said that he expected Boren to pick up forty per cent of the vote on the first ballot, with Edmondson running a distant second and Stipe not far behind but nevertheless out of the money. "This is a peculiar election, because less than a week before the election there's a thirty-, maybe thirty-five-per-cent-undecided vote out there," he said. "Ordinarily, we politicians would say that the undecideds wouldn't go for Boren, because he's been running for two years. Also, there's a maybe twenty-five-, thirty-per-cent-'anti' vote in this state—people who just resent the government. I really think that in a lot of ways this is the most lacklustre campaign in a long time. The only spark in it is Stipe, and I know that he's got deep support, but I don't know how wide it is. And that whole business between Miskovsky and Boren—that was handled badly. I don't mind a little knifing, but a meat-axe routine—I don't care for that. I think Miskovsky helped Boren. I know for a fact it's gonna help the Governor with the mother vote. The legislators have been mad at Boren all along, because he lies to them. His promises are unkept. There's probably a hundred cases of appointments or promises that he's reneged on—you know, normal political deals where his word just hasn't been any good. If it hadn't been for Denny Garrison, Boren wouldn't have got a hot dog through that Legislature. The Democrats feel like Boren's more Republican than Democrat. But take my mother. She's seventy-eight years old and a yellow-dog Democrat, and she thought what Miskovsky did to Boren was just terrible. Mothers are partial to boys, you know. And you know how many mothers there are in this state?"

Before I could venture a reply, McCarty continued, "Boren's always been careful to stand apart from the crowd. Trying his best to avoid any confrontation. He knows that the other guys—Stipe and the rest—are capable of making his 'gee's and 'golly's look bad. And if I were running his campaign I'd tell him to do the same thing. Personally, I like David Boren. You could slap him with a sack of fertilizer, right in the face, and he wouldn't come unwound."

I looked around McCarty's office. The Sheriffs and Peace Officers Association honorary membership is only one of many keepsakes. He also has citations; trophies; framed editorial cartoons; photographs of Franklin D. Roosevelt, Robert S. Kerr, and a pet German shepherd; a copy of "10,000 Jokes, Toasts, and Stories;" and a plaque from the Oklahoma Aeronautics Commission.

"I saved the Aeronautics Commission in 1976," he said. "Boren wanted to put it under the Department of Transportation and take away its independence. The commissioners were so grateful to me they gave me that plaque and a case of whiskey. I think Boren tried a lot of Mickey Mouse deals like that. I'm one of those people who believe that Gene Stipe would make Oklahoma a fine senator. What

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some people resent is that he's done too well for McAlester. You ask the Oklahoma Chamber of Commerce and they'll probably tell you that Gene's a poor legislator. But you ask the trial lawyers, labor, the old-age-assistance people—they'll tell you he's the greatest. I was a true-blue Bob Kerr man. When it comes to morals, I don't think you can compare Kerr and Stipe. Though, of course, Gene always manages to do whatever he does just within the letter of the law. This stuff in the papers about the F.B.I. is the pits. Far as the newspapers are concerned, anything that Gene Stipe does becomes newsworthy, because the daily press thinks he's colorful. And if they can make him look like a colorful thief and a colorful bum, that's one more dead liberal duck they've shot. When Gene-o's gone, I don't think we'll be seeing any more like him. Remember how, twenty years ago, Howard Edmondson was the first television governor to get elected in Oklahoma? He was *so* good-looking. Now you get these young image guys on television, with the slicked-down hair and the Brooks suit and a nice tie and the cuffs sticking out just right and cufflinks on top of that. And, damn, you see how awful Stipe comes off in his television spots?"

I nodded. Next to reading quotations from Miskovsky, watching Stipe on television had been one of the most painful experiences of the campaign. The commercials showed him seated rigidly behind a desk, in a black Naugahyde chair, facing the camera with his eyes lowered. Stations in Oklahoma City broadcast the spots. Oklahoma City may have more furniture stores per capita than any other city in the country. Several of them advertise on television, guaranteeing timely and inexpensive delivery throughout the state. When Stipe's face flickered across the screen, he looked like just any other easy-monthly-payments man with a surplus inventory of hide-a-beds.

"This television thing gets me down," said McCarty. "Nowadays, an old fat boy like me can't ever get elected to anything. And I guess Stipe won't, either, although I thought he had something going after all the good publicity he picked up winning that Shatwell case. That Shatwell really killed me. He broke a cardinal rule of mine, which I established when I was a young man. I always said if my wife caught me she'd probably get mad but she wouldn't have to feel ashamed. But old Shatwell turned up in court with a woman that Gene Stipe could

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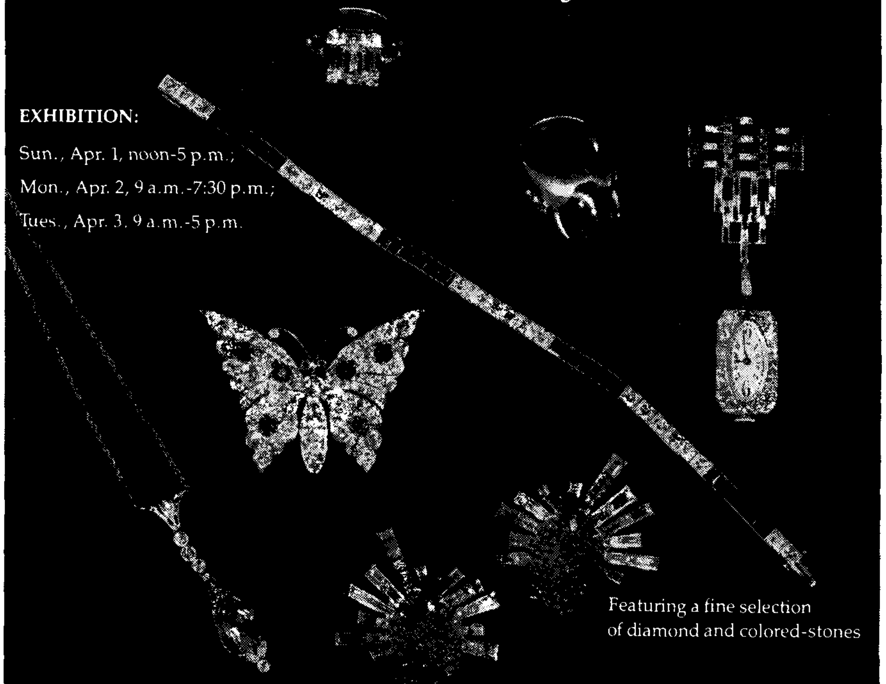

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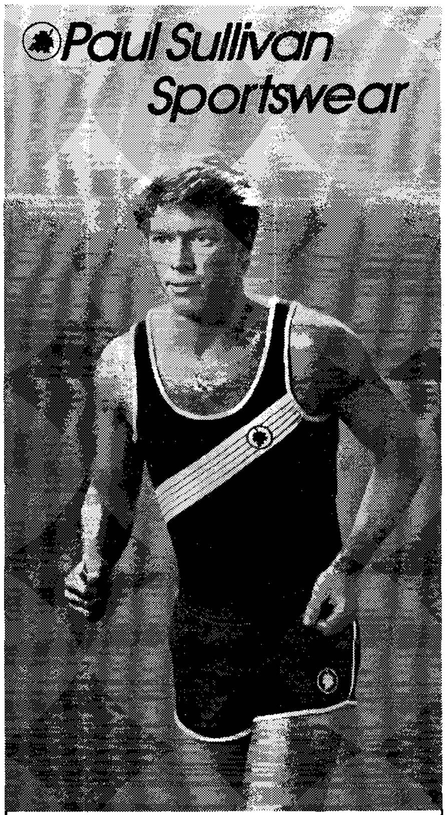

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call the least attractive woman he'd ever witnessed with his eyes." McCarty laughed. Then he said, "Of course, I tend to love politics. You notice that I *will* talk it a little."

Pittsburg County bears certain surface resemblances—mainly topographical—to southern New England. The differences are these: Pittsburg County has more pickup trucks equipped with loaded gun racks; more black people selling melons at the roadside; more "Eat More Possum" bumper stickers; fewer B.M.W.s and Volvo station wagons; and more "STIPE" signs hanging from trees, nailed to fence posts, and growing out of the ground. Barring rain on Primary Day, it was assumed that Stipe's followers in Pittsburg County and the rest of Little Dixie would follow the ruts in the road to the polls. The forecast called for hot and dry weather. Stipe put on a barbecue for a couple of thousand people in McAlester the night before the primary. The big feed took place in a large field that was evil with ragweed. There were hay bales to sit on and cars to lean against. Waiting for Stipe to arrive, I found a spot on the hood of somebody's vintage Pontiac and fell into a conversation with a seventy-year-old man who told me that his name was Wood and that he had driven forty-five miles—not for the free meal, really, but to see and hear Stipe. "I'm retired from being an electrician out at the prison—worked there for ten years," he said. "I helped electrocute a lot of those boys. I think they need me back."

A black man rode by on a Shetland pony that was having trouble seeing because a "STIPE" sticker had been pasted across its eyes. Children whose clothing was covered with orange-and-black "STIPE" stickers rolled in the ragweed. Several teen-agers marched around with brooms that had cardboard signs attached saying, "LET'S BURN THE BROOM AND SET THE PACE TO HELP GENE WIN THIS U.S. RACE." The public-address announcer, who was unhappy with the preëlection poll results, said, "I always thought the First Amendment guaranteed the press the right to say what it wants, but I didn't think it gave them the right to lie." A volunteer contingent from the brass section of the McAlester High School Marching Band, now stationary on the stage, played "Jesus Christ, Superstar" and "America the Beautiful." The musicians had played a few bars of another, unidentifiable number when the announcer broke in to say, "Gene's on his way. He's coming by helicopter and—hey, what do you know—I believe I see one coming in right now." The helicopter, half a mile away, drew nearer, eventually buzzing the crowd before landing. Stipe disembarked and made his way toward the platform, trailed by dozens of children and the president pro tem of the State Senate. "Ladies and gentlemen!" the announcer boomed. "The man is here. He's alive and well. Let's give him a big southeast-Oklahoma welcome!"

And they did. The evening certainly did not lack testimonials to Stipe's superhumanness. The invocation, a long-playing effort by the superintendent of the Kiamichi Area Vocational-Technical Schools, gave the Prince of Darkness equal billing with the Creator. A former assistant football coach at the University of Oklahoma gave Stipe credit for helping to recruit the Selmon brothers—Lucious, Lee Roy, and Dewey, three behemoths who grew up on a farm not far from Stipe's district, where they developed their All-America muscles by bench-pressing marketable calves. I moved to a folding chair in the front row, a few yards from one of two flatbed trucks that formed the stage. Leo Winters, the state treasurer—a basso profundo whose oratorical skill rivals Stipe's—was at the microphone.

"Gene Stipe," he said gravely. "Gene Stipe has the intellect of an Einstein, the stamina and strength of a musk-ox, and the heart of a lion. Nature robbed millions of men to put all the talent into the one man that Gene Stipe embodies. God put him in that crib up on Peaceable Mountain, and Gene Stipe can't take any credit for being the way he is." And so forth.

I was mildly disappointed in Winters' performance. Eddy Young, one of Stipe's campaign advisers, had assured me that Winters was an even-money bet to break down and cry at some point—an effect that makes him much sought after at county Democratic speak-ins—but Winters had remained dry-eyed.

Now he introduced Stipe. Immediately, a standing ovation was in progress, and Young was at my side, slapping my thigh and shouting, "Get on your feet!" The Tulsa Saturday Nighters, a country-and-Western band led by Benny Kubiak, who once fiddled for Bob Wills, played a song with the refrain "Oklahoma needs Gene Stipe./ He's a winner!" Fireworks exploded overhead. Stipe rose to speak. I noticed that Wood, the retired electrician, was leaning against the passenger

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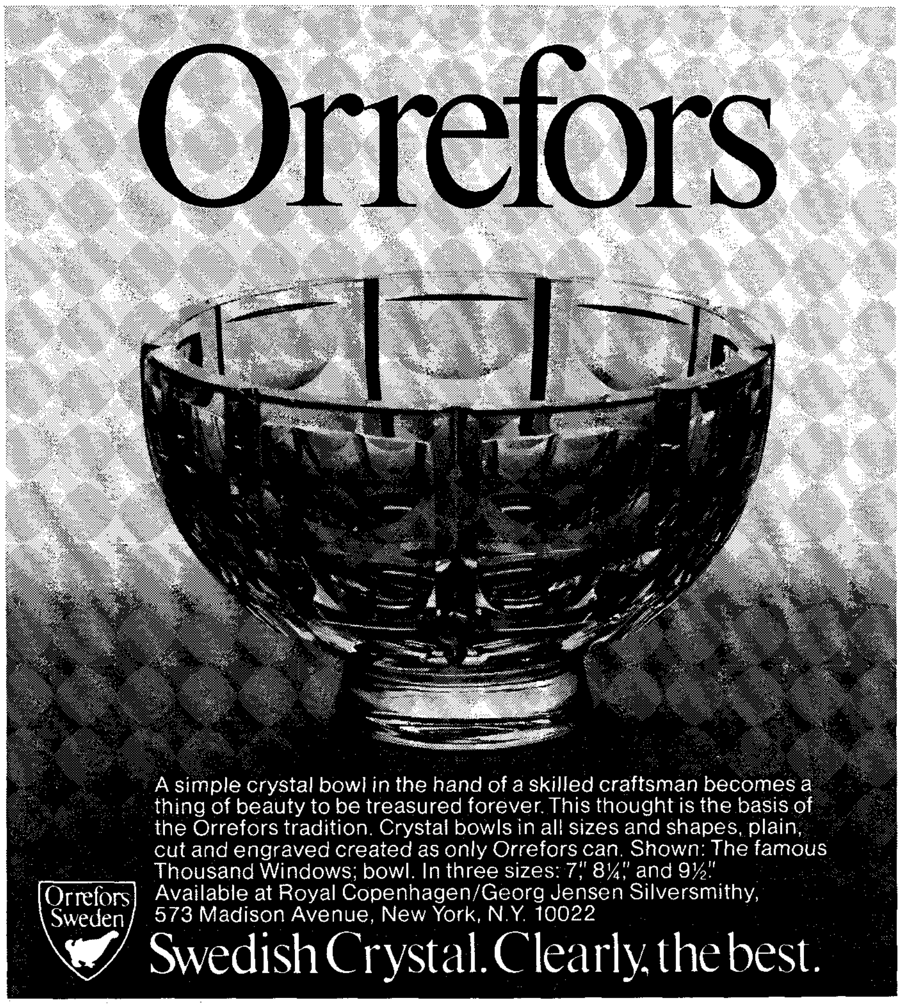
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side of the cab of one of the flatbeds. His mouth was open, his expression speechlessly reverent. In a relaxed mood, Stipe extemporized for ten minutes. His hands hung loosely at his sides. When he finished, there were more fireworks and, of course, another standing ovation. Eddy Young, who had disappeared for a few minutes, returned with a skinny two-year-old boy whose name was Rhett Butler Young, and who wore red-white-and-blue vinyl cowboy boots and a blue T-shirt with silver iron-on letters that spelled "Gene Stipe."

"Tell the man who we're voting for," his father said. "Tell him who's a winner."

"Gee Sti," said the boy.

The voters surged like pilgrims toward the platform. Stipe crouched at the edge, leaned over, and shook hands for fifteen minutes. Before long, the crickets began to sound as if they were saying "gee-sti, gee-sti." Idling cars and pickup trucks, a quarter-mile file of red tail-lights, stretched across the emptying field to the highway. Benny Kubiak's boys played on. They stood beneath a string of light bulbs. Occasionally, the drummer paused to swat moths.

Gene Stipe's campaign for the Senate started late and ended early, and therefore seemed less than entirely satisfying. For the obligatory Election Night watch party, the Stipe forces booked a suite at the Lincoln Plaza, a hotel-and-office-building complex a mile or so from the Capitol. Candidates in several other races had also taken suites there. The hallways were packed with politicians and hangers-on. This confluence guaranteed that, no matter whom you rooted for, happiness was literally just around the corner. Anyone who stumbled into Stipe's sanctum immediately realized that he had entered the losing team's locker room. Television sets sat on tables, and small clutches of people were gathered in front of them. At one end of the room were an empty stage and a battery of microphones; at the other end was a table that held onion dip, stale potato chips, and oversalted peanuts. A few feet from the table, a group of citizens sat with placards that read, "HEAR! DEAF PEOPLE HAVE DECIDED THAT GENE STIPE IS #1." They conversed in sign language. Just about the only person around making noise was a county campaign coördinator for Stipe, a young man wearing a three-piece seersucker suit, who spent the high points of his evening telling television reporters, on camera, that Stipe would take it all without a runoff. Some of the earliest returns came from Tulsa, where Stipe had not expected to fare well. There were no pleasant surprises: Stipe was getting only twenty per cent of the vote, while Boren hovered in the high forties. In spite of the gloominess of the situation, a few diehards continued to believe that their luck would change later on, when the rural vote began to arrive.

Eddy Young had lost none of his confidence. "North-central and southeast Oklahoma are gonna come in and we'll make the runoff," he said.

A white-haired man who wore a powder-blue sports coat and a name tag that identified him as an officer of an organization of retirees overheard this. "You're dreaming," he said.

Young stared at him with irritation and said, "If you want to go down and hang out with Boren, he's at the Skirvin Plaza Hotel. Go ahead. I'll stay here. I don't jump off bandwagons."

At this point, the pensioner got defensive and changed the subject. "Well, I'll just say that I'm embarrassed for Gene that people who want to get a stiff drink on Election Night have to go to someone else's party to find one." With that, he turned and left the room.

"Who the hell is he?" Young asked the county coördinator in the seersucker suit.

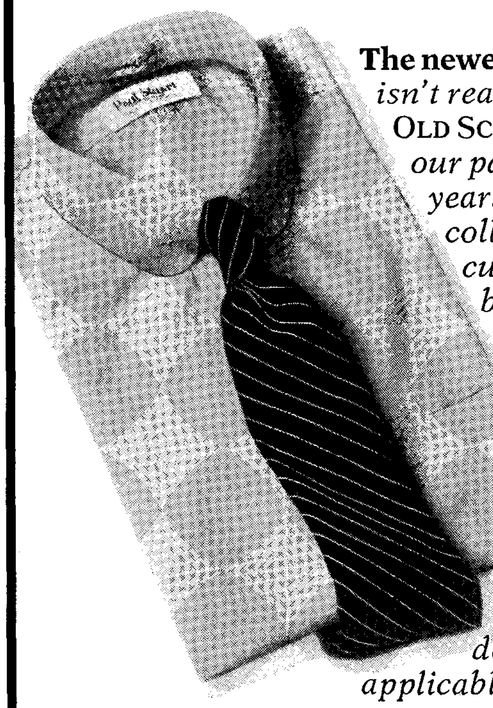
"Leave him alone. He voted."

"Well, if he's loaded, what's he need a drink for?" said Young.

"I didn't say he's loaded. I said he *voted.*"

Two colorful but inaccurate rumors swept through during the evening. One was that Stipe had overtaken Edmondson and was running second. The other, less wishful, was that someone had tried to assassinate Stipe. In this case, what really had happened was that a man in Tulsa pointed a .38-calibre pistol at a gubernatorial candidate called Larry Derryberry and shot him with blanks loaded with red paint.

When Stipe finally arrived at the Lincoln Plaza, he looked tired and, in a way, bruised—as if he needed a good personal-injury case and a new gas well to lift his spirits. As he stood on the stage, he held hands with his wife, Agnes—a thin, blond, quiet woman. The tone of his remarks was suitably humble, but he had neglected to bring a concession statement. Several times, he repeated the phrase "whatever the final outcome is." Because I had a good idea what the final outcome would be,



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I left and walked down the hall to the hotel's resident dinner-theatre ticket office. Autographed glossy photographs lined the walls—Mel Tormé, Pat Paulsen, Ed Ames, Jackie Vernon, Anna Maria Alberghetti, Bob Cummings. They were all smiling. When I returned, Stipe had finished his speech. The onion dip and potato chips reminded me that I was hungry. I left the hotel and drove a short distance to the Split-T drive-in restaurant, an Oklahoma City institution, where, over the years, I have eaten many highly satisfying hamburgers. I placed an order—a No. 3 (charcoal-broiled half-pounder with chili and grated cheese), French fries, and a Coke. I sat in my car in the August night and waited for my dinner to cook. The anticipation was delicious, but by the time the food finally arrived I had lost my appetite.

THE tally by the next morning showed Boren leading strongly but not yet nominated. He finished with 252,560 votes, to 155,626 for Edmondson and 114,423 for Stipe. Boren's final total amounted to 45.8 per cent of the vote, which placed him in a runoff against Edmondson, who carried eleven counties in eastern Oklahoma and got 28.2 per cent. Boren carried sixty counties, Stipe only six, including the three in his district, where—modest consolation—he led in every precinct. His percentage was 20.8. In the seven-man field, Dean Bridges finished fourth and Rosella Pete Saker finished sixth. George Miskovsky and Anthony Points finished fifth and last, respectively.

PERHAPS feeling a bit sorry for Miskovsky, who, after all, had not enjoyed the campaign very much and had emerged with less than two per cent of the vote and seventy-five-million dollars in libel claims, Boren decided to answer his four questions. The day after the election, he called a press conference and, pounding a helpless white Bible, read a statement, which he had thoughtfully had notarized: "I know what homosexuals and bisexuals are. I further swear that I am not a homosexual or bisexual. I further swear that I have never been a homosexual or bisexual. And I further swear that I have never engaged in any homosexual or bisexual activities nor do I approve of or condone them."

ANTHONY POINTS, it turned out, was not really Anthony Points—at least, not exclusively. At different times in his life, he had used the names Anthony Flores Reyes, Anthony Frank Reyes, Anthony Junior Reyes, Anthony Determan, John E. Determan, and Anthony Points, and at the time of the election he claimed, according to various documents, to be twenty-one or twenty-two or twenty-four or thirty-one years old. A week after the primary, when the newspapers began to make these revelations, Points-Reyes-Determan became an invisible man. A warrant was out for his arrest on a bogus-check count, and, having confused the public with so many aliases, he was charged with perjury. More than a few people wanted to know who had encouraged Points to become a candidate for the Senate. When the police finally arrested him, nine days after the election, he said two memorable things: He said that he had chosen the name Points because he liked it, and he said, "I was never trying to defraud anybody." He never did say why he entered the Senate race.

IN the runoff primary, September 19th, the result of which surprised no one, Boren defeated Edmondson, 281,587 to 184,175. This placed him on the general-election ballot against the Republican nominee, Robert B. (Bob) Kamm, who was a former president of Oklahoma State University and who was upset about the Panama Canal treaties and a few other things. Their campaign was, according to most accounts, more effective than Nembutal.

ON October 5th, the federal grand jury in Oklahoma City returned indictments against three former employees of McAlester Frozen Foods, charging them with mail fraud. In the matter of the Small Business Administration loan investigation, in connection with which there had been kickback allegations levelled against Stipe, no indictments were returned.

ON November 7th, Boren was elected to the Senate. He beat Kamm 493,953 to 247,857.

THERE is a story—perhaps it is apocryphal—that not long after Oklahoma became a state a group of McAlester citizens got together to decide whether the city should become the home of a state penitentiary or of a liberal-arts college. After brief deliberations, they opted for the prison, on the theory that it would be better for local business. Today, passers-through can stop by the McAlester Chamber of Commerce and pick up a few free postcards featuring scenes of

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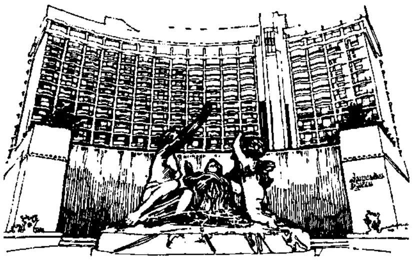

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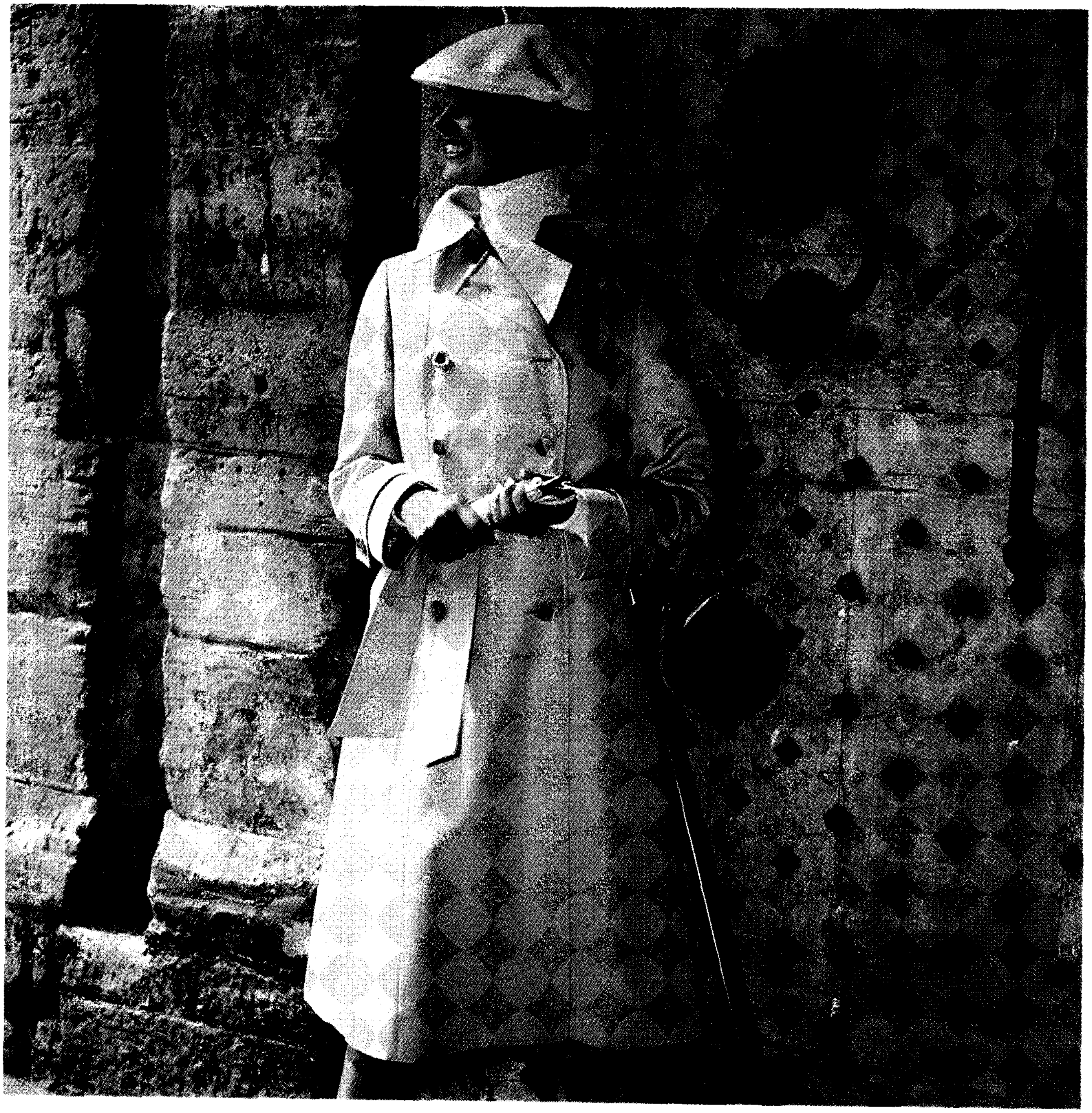

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the prison, "a tourist attraction in Kiamichi Country." The postcards make the place look no less inviting than the spa at Baden-Baden. And crime apparently *has* been good for local business. Every Saturday, large numbers of visitors come to the penitentiary, and McAlester's merchants do all right.

Business is brisk on Saturdays at Stipe's law firm, too—so brisk, in fact, that the waiting room is usually S.R.O. Unless Stipe happens to be running for office, he spends every Saturday morning at his desk, seated in a high-backed black chair. From this perch, he greets supplicants. Half a dozen partners share the premises, which are in a modern one-story building on the Carl Albert Parkway, not far from where Kirksey Nix showed off his shotgunned windshield. On the second Saturday in November, four days after the general election—which interested Stipe only moderately, since his name did not appear on the ballot—I found Stipe in his office. He wore a gray plaid suit, a white shirt with blue dots the size of pinheads, a blue necktie, and black-framed reading glasses whose left earpiece was held on by a paperclip. It was Veterans Day, and at noon Stipe was to address the McAlester chapter of the Veterans of Foreign Wars. When I walked in, he was on the phone.

"Hello, Reverend! How's the Ford business? . . . What about the Chevrolet business? How many cars you sold this morning? . . . What'd you do, get to work late? You shouldn't stay out all night raidin' saloons. . . . Mmm-hmm. Well, if you're planning to move, you better talk to me first. I own three hundred acres over there right in Hartshorne."

The office is decorated in white-collar rustic. Its furnishings include a shaggy wheat-colored rug, black vinyl armchairs, two well-cushioned tan vinyl sofas, an oak desk, two upright ashtrays, and dark wood walls. On the walls and around the room are photographs bearing best wishes from John F. Kennedy and Warren Spahn; unsigned photographs of Lyndon Johnson, Hubert Humphrey, and Carl Albert; a diploma from the University of Oklahoma Law School; certificates of recognition and appreciation from the United States Naval Ammunition Depot and the Independent Order of Odd Fellows; membership certificates for the Oklahoma Bar Association, the American Bar Association, and the Oklahoma Trial Lawyers Association; a trophy from the Lake Carlton Bass Masters; a meritorious-service award from the 4-H; a citation

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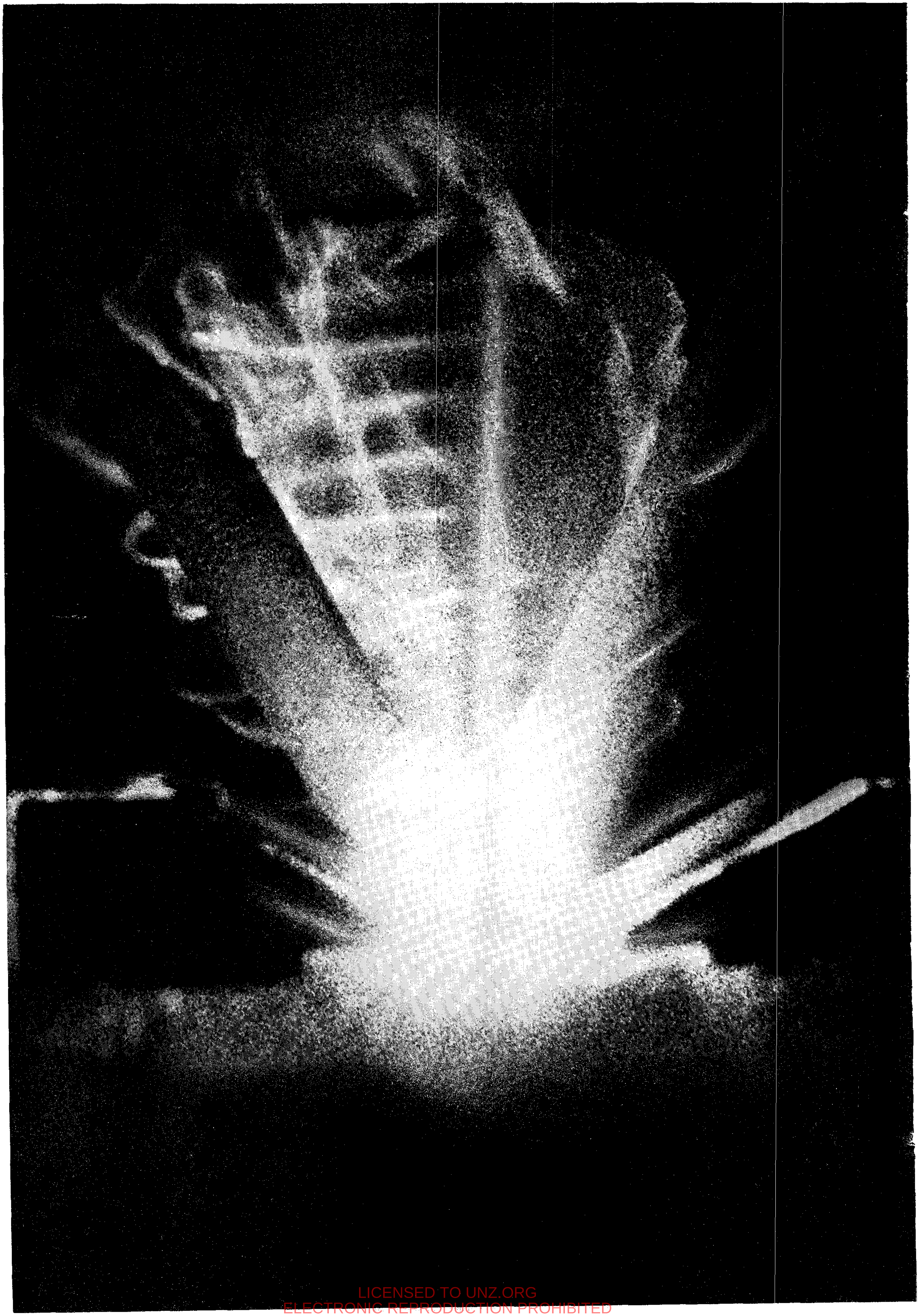

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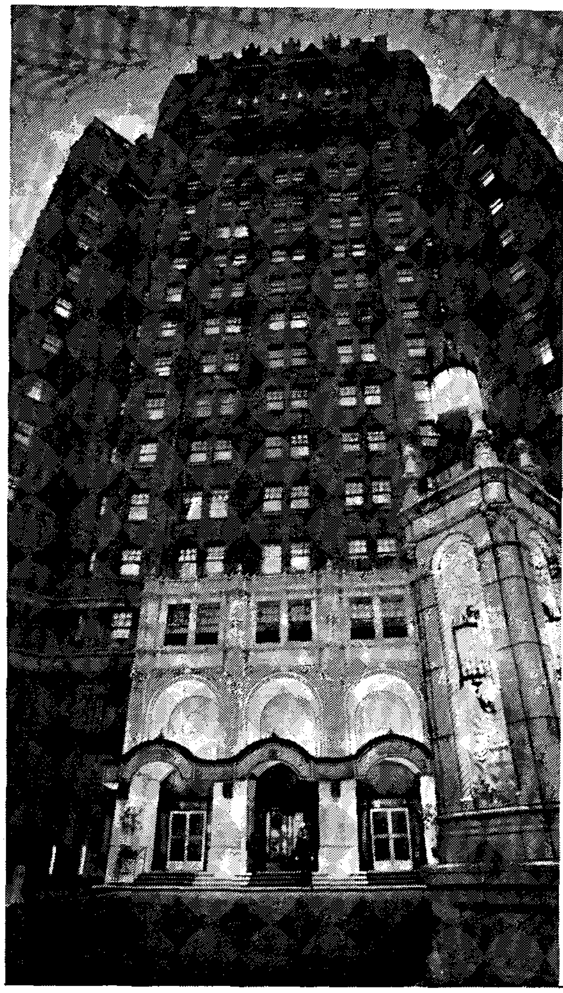
"Tell you what I'm calling you about this morning. Your two banks that you mentioned you might want to sell? I got a buyer for 'em. Are they still for sale? . . . Mmm-hmm. That's right. . . . Well, I'm not trying to rush you on it, but I've got a hot buyer. . . . Mmm-hmm. Now, I need for my people to make a six-per-cent commission on the deal, and, as I understand it, these buyers are hot to trot. What I need to know is what are we looking at here. So I can pass it along to my friends. . . . Mmm-hmm. Two and two, huh? Well, we need to get this buyer's money spent. So we're looking at four million. That'll get it spent pretty fast, at four million a pop. I'll get back to you."

Stipe's chair swivels and leans back, enabling him to prop his feet on a low bookcase behind his desk and pass much of his workday parallel to the floor. The bookcase and another in the room contain the Oklahoma Statutes, journals of the Oklahoma Legislature, a copy of Martindale-Hubbell's national directory of attorneys, a pocket-size New Testament (R.S.V.), books such as "The States and Rural Rail Preservation," "The Life of a Successful Bank," "The Government Men in the Veterans Administration," and Oral Roberts' "The Daily Guide to Miracles."

"Did your mama ever lease her land? She never has, has she? And you've got to do that for her. You need to get on that one. And I think I got a pigeon for you."

The word around McAlester these days is that so much natural-gas exploration is going on that the place is "turning into a little Midland." (That's in Texas.) Stipe has his own reasons for wanting to solve the energy crisis. In the past couple of years, he has leased several thousand acres of mineral rights in what may or may not be the gas field that will pay his pension. Lease bonuses—premiums paid at the signing of leases—cost at least fifty dollars an acre these days, and usually more. Drilling expenses, of course, run higher by several multiples. To play the game at all, you have to know



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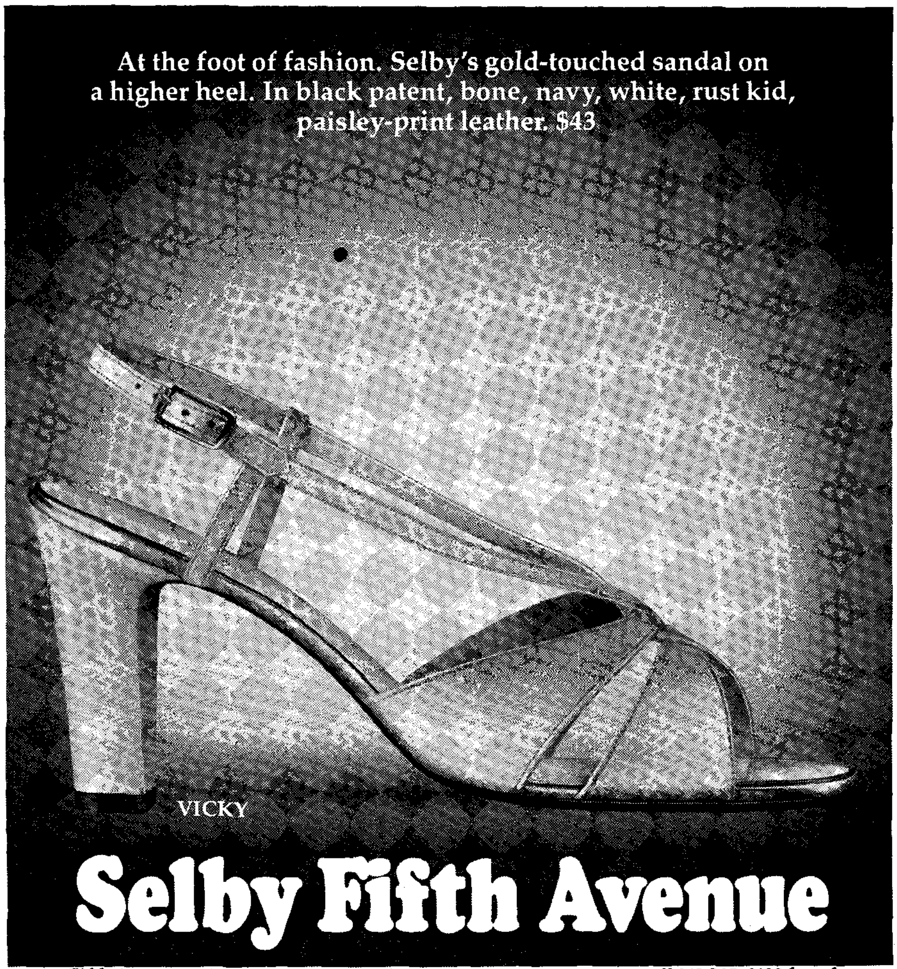

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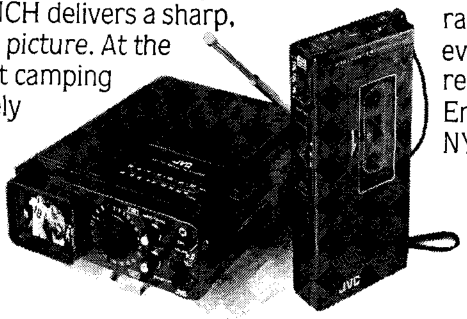

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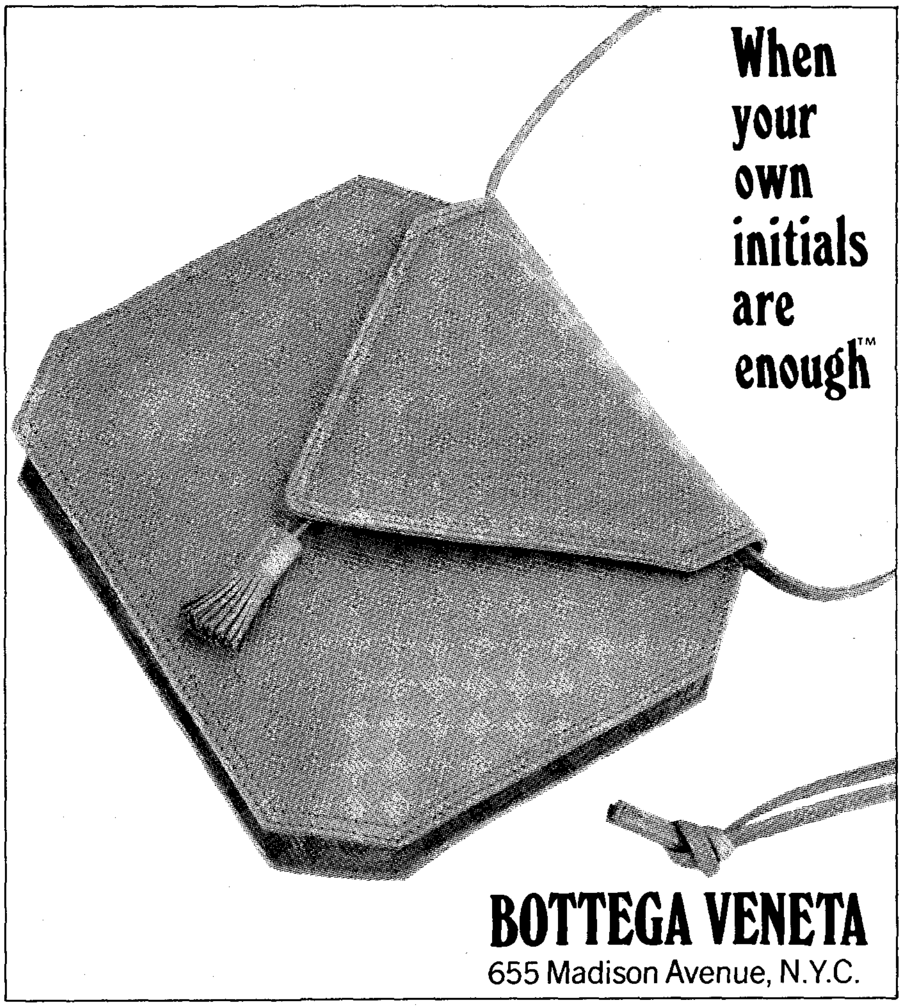

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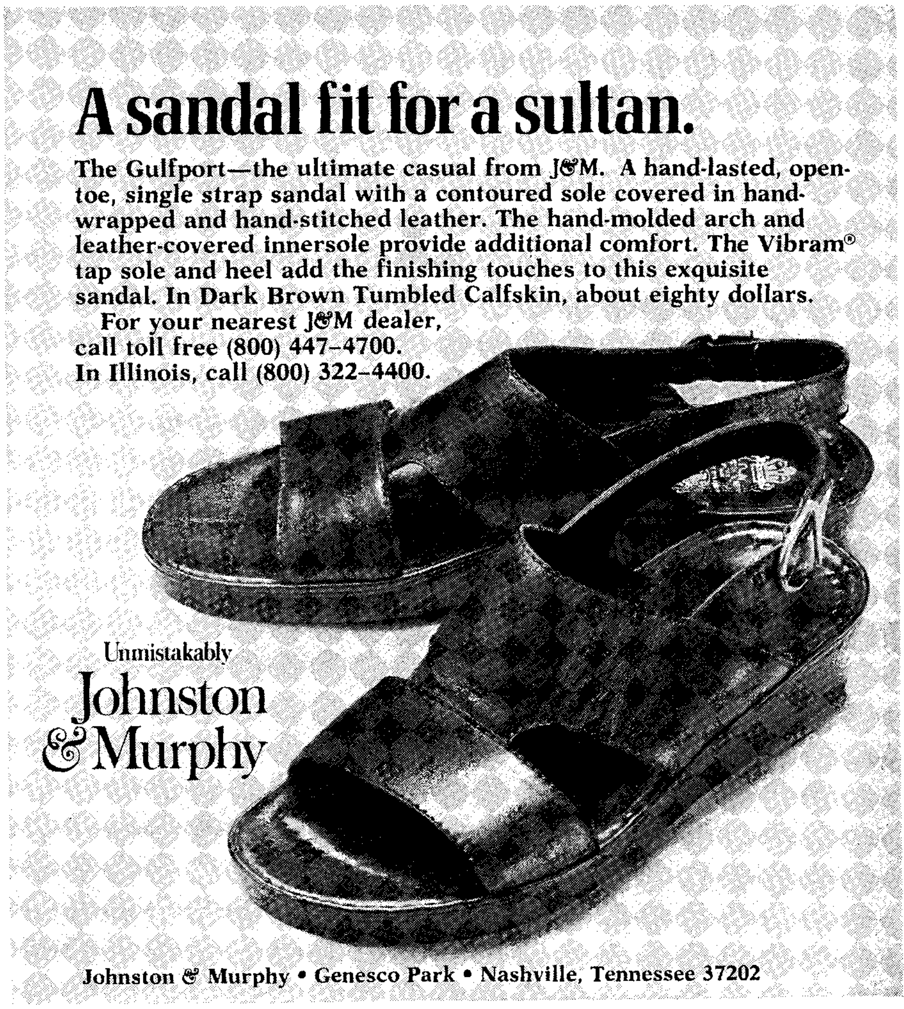

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Saturday office hours usually run from nine-thirty till four in the afternoon. On this Saturday, a dozen visitors came through the door, and Stipe talked to another dozen people on the telephone. Among the walk-ins were a constituent who needed Stipe's help to get a job as a parole officer; a constituent who needed help to get a job as a receptionist; a constituent who had a gripe against her landlord; a worker at the local Army ammunition plant whose stepdaughter had, within the past week, turned up mysteriously dead somewhere in Texas, and who wanted Stipe to find out why; a fifty-three-year-old disabled worker who wanted to get well and return to work but was concerned that his employer, a public-utility company, would try to force him into early retirement; a man who wanted to retain Stipe to sue his former employer but didn't have a case; a whiplash victim; a constituent who didn't want the fellow across the street opening an automobile-salvage yard in the neighborhood.

"Henry Duke! How are things going in Porum, America? You know, I tried to call you one day after you'd gone out, Henry, I tried to get in touch. You were out chasing women. . . . You stopped that? So did I. My wife made me. . . . No, no, Henry, you don't want to mess around with those mails on that auto-tag renewal. They lose your title and your money and everything. They oughta just quit mailing those renewal notices out. Now, don't you worry. We're gonna keep our tag agents. We're gonna keep our tag agent in Porum. You won't have to send that in by mail. That's something the big cities want to do. Tulsa tried to put that one over on us, Henry. That's what they call 're-form.' You want to watch out now whenever you hear that word. No, we'll keep that tag office. And you can buy your tag there next year same

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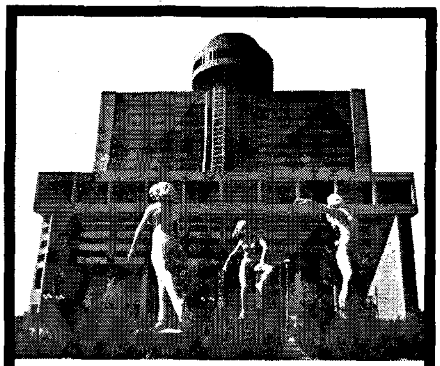

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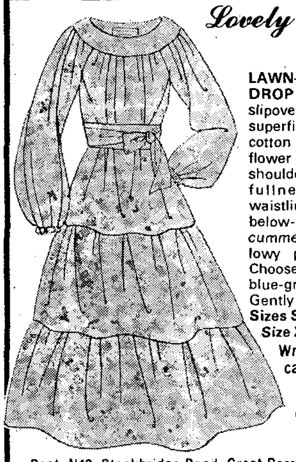

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way. O.K., my friend. *Henry*—come see us. Tell your brothers hello. Who's living over in Dukesville? . . . Is he runnin' the tavern? . . . The tavern burned down, huh? Roy livin' over there in Porum? . . . He's still in Dukesville. Well, you tell him I said hello, and you come see me. All right, Henry."

It was a quarter past eleven. In forty-five minutes, Stipe was scheduled to appear at the V.F.W. post, a former camp for German prisoners of war which has been renovated and equipped with a bar, a pool table, a dance hall, and, most recently, red and yellow crêpe-paper streamers. Also in forty-five minutes, up in Lincoln, Nebraska, Uwe von Schamann, a German-born placekicker for the University of Oklahoma football team, would boot one high and deep to a runback specialist from the University of Nebraska. This game would be seen on nationwide television. The newspapers had modestly billed it as the Game of the Century, the last Game of the Century between these two teams having been played in 1971. Nebraska won then, and would win today, thanks to an eleventh-hour Oklahoma fumble at the goal line. Lacking infallible prescience, Stipe found himself saying that he would hate like hell to miss watching this game just because it was Veterans Day and he was somebody's guest speaker. He looked at his wristwatch, removed his eyeglasses, adjusted the paper clip in the hinge, picked up the telephone receiver, punched the intercom button, and said to his secretary, "Get me Sergeant Green, over at the V.F.W."

Moments later, the phone rang. "Sergeant Green! Boy, I'm looking forward to speaking to your group over there today. But I sure can't compete with that O.U.-Nebraska football game. What time you plan to get started? . . . Twelve o'clock. Hmm. That's kickoff time. Have you got a long program planned? You think maybe I could move my speech up to ten minutes to twelve and that way we wouldn't get in the way of the game? . . . Right. Well, I'll just get there early, then, and what I'm going to do is make it short and patriotic. It'll be a good speech. I'll say we're all for motherhood and country and Sergeant Green. Does that sound O.K. to you? . . . Oh, I gotta have a beer first, huh? O.K. I'll have a beer and say we're all for motherhood and country and Sergeant Green. You betcha. And bring my own dice. And then I'll have another beer. And root for Oklahoma."

—MARK SINGER

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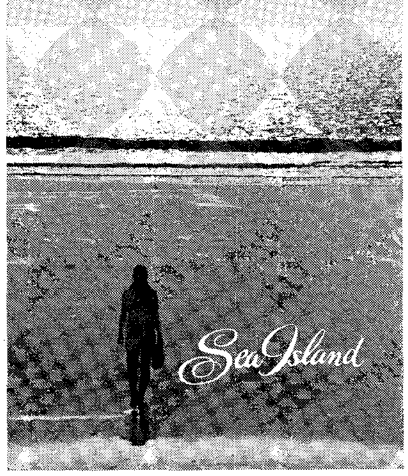

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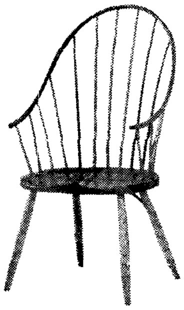

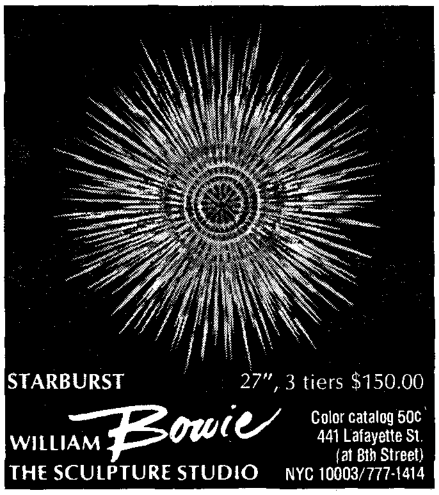

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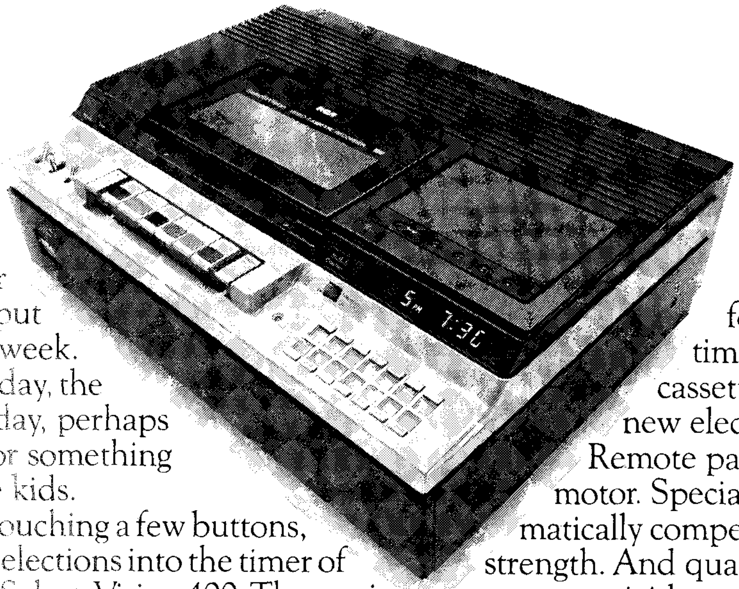

Think of the four shows you want to put on video tape this week. The game on Monday, the special on Wednesday, perhaps the Friday movie, or something educational for the kids.

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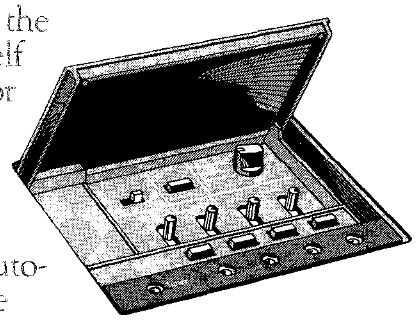

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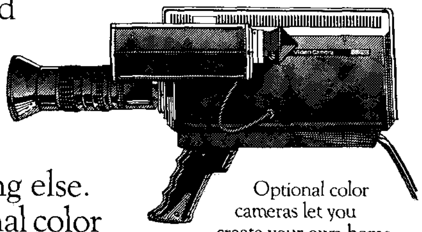

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THE THEATRE

Borrowings

IN the pompous program notes accompanying "Zoot Suit" (at the Winter Garden), we are instructed that the show is "loosely based on the Sleepy Lagoon Murder Mystery of 1942 and the Zoot Suit Riots of 1943 in Los Angeles [which] like other historical events that pass into folklore have become a kind of myth—a mixture of fact and fancy certain to elicit strong feelings when examined from any of a variety of perspectives." A footnote in fine print further instructs us that "while some of the events portrayed did indeed occur, others did not," and continues, "The characters are merely representatives or composites. 'Zoot Suit' is not a documentary, but a dramatization of the imagination." Now, nothing makes me more uneasy, in or out of a theatre, than phrases like "loosely based," "folklore," "myth," and "fact and fancy" (to say nothing of "dramatization of the imagination," which comes close to being gibberish). They all hint at the same ominous likelihood—that we are to be at the mercy of an author who makes words mean whatever he needs them to mean, and are therefore never to know whether our sympathies are being engaged by something that actually happened or are being manipulated by something that, for dramatic purposes, ought to have happened.

My feelings about the role of the writer as truthteller have led me to seem to take "Zoot Suit" and its fevered rhetoric much more seriously than it deserves. A big, noisy, brightly colored show, it is a West Coast descendant, broadened and cheapened, of "West Side Story," itself a show with a sufficiently long pedigree. In this version, Puerto Ricans have given way to Chicanos—those Mexican-Americans who make up a large portion of the population of Southern California. Within the barrios, they speak (or spoke in the forties) a lively patois of their own devising, but to judge by "Zoot Suit" their customs are (or were) markedly less original, resembling in thought, word, and deed those of every minority group that has ever sought to tell its story on an American stage. As a social document and a statement of protest, "Zoot Suit" is sorrily abreast of "Abie's Irish Rose."

In attempting to present a favorable view of the Chicano culture, Luis Valdez, the author and director of "Zoot Suit," appears not to have been aware of how unpleasant his view of that culture is bound to appear to most contemporary Americans. We are shown Chicanos being brutalized by white policemen, white prosecutors, and white judges, and we cannot fail to deplore their fate; at the same time, we are being shown Valdez's Chicano ideal, which consists of a family with the father as its absolute master. His sons must kiss his hand in parting, and the only advice he can give to a son who is on his way to prison is that he must act like "a man." Women must obey men without question or protest. Men, possessing women like chattels, may sleep with anyone they please, but women must remain chaste. One must be loyal, even to the point of murder, to one's family, one's gang, one's barrio. Well! A long evening of such grisly "macho" utterances is difficult to sit through, especially when we are expected to find virtue in them.

The large cast is headed by Daniel Valdez, brother of the author. He is a handsome and dynamic young man, if no actor, and he is assisted by, among others, Charles Aidman, Abel Franco, Paul Mace, Julie Carmen, and Edward James Olmos, who, acting as a sort of spokesman for the author, vulgarly fraternizes with the audience. The choreography is by Patricia Birch, the setting is by Thomas A. Walsh, the costumes are by Peter J. Hall, and the lighting is by Dawn Chiang. The grotesquely overamplified sound was "designed" by Abe Jacob, and I understand that there have been protests as far away as Woodlawn.

—BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

The Way Things Were

RALPH PAPE'S "Say Goodnight, Gracie," at the 78th Street, is a very funny play with an undertone of dismay and bewilderment. (It has nothing to do with Burns and Allen, by the way.) Three young men on the brink of thirty meet at the lower East Side apartment of one of them on the afternoon before their high-school reunion, and there, with the young women that two of them live with, they talk and smoke pot. Jerry, whose apartment it is, is an aspiring actor who has just been turned down, with unusual and brutal finality, at an audition, and he refuses to go to the reunion, because, he says, he cannot confront his past tonight. Confronting the past—to say nothing of the future—is one of the things the play is about, and the title sounds the proper valedictory note. Much of the action consists of the attempts of the others to cheer Jerry up and make him change his mind. The cheerers are ceaselessly prankish Steve, a so far unpublished poet, who plans to write a television series about "the first television generation whose lives are going nowhere;" Bobby, a musician, whose playing has

"Now that we're all good and mad, let's take another crack at Item Three."

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been confined to small clubs on the Jersey shore where the audiences consider Mick Jagger and the Rolling Stones obsolete; Jerry's girl, Ginny, a secretary; and Bobby's girl, Catherine, an airline stewardess with the creamy, unruffled blandness of her trade, who at one high point of the evening sets forth in a very funny speech some startling revelations about her career, past and present. The reminiscences of all of them are funny, in fact—about Woodstock and "2001" and the Cuban missile crisis and other glories of the highly charged sixties. As they talk—regretful and adrift in the lacklustre seventies—the pot smoke thickens, the feelings grow ever more surreal, and it becomes evident that this day is a crucial one for the three alumni; at the end, a story that has been obliquely told throughout comes to the surface.

"Say Goodnight, Gracie" is a play of character and conversation. The characters, who seem trying at the beginning but become more engaging as time goes by, are written with shrewdness and humor, and they are well performed, under the subtle, shrewd, and imaginative direction of Austin Pendleton. This is very much a director's show, and Mr. Pendleton—himself the leading man of "The Last Sweet Days of Isaac," another comedy about the sadness of youth—appears to have functioned as Mr. Pape's alter ego. The acting by Willard Morgan, Mark Blum, and Molly Regan is commendable, and that by Danton Stone (as the musician) and by Carolyn Groves (as the stewardess) is even better. Jack Chandler's setting of that run-down apartment, with a bathtub in the kitchen, looks exactly right. Lighting by Cheryl Thacker, costumes by Patricia A. Wiegleb. —EDITH OLIVER

●

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—*Philadelphia* (*Pa.*) *Germantown Courier*.

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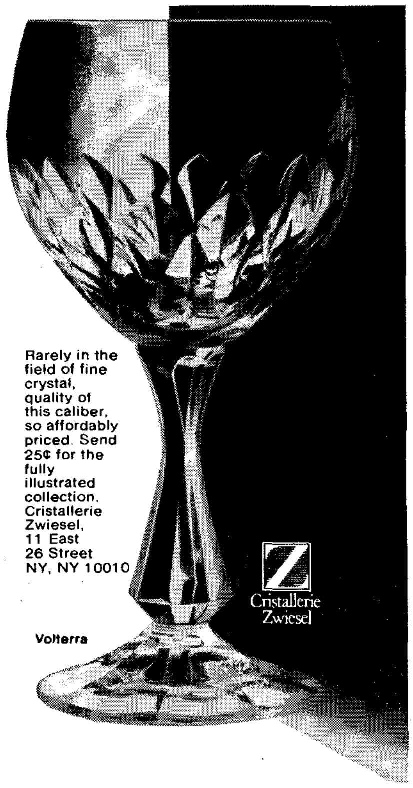

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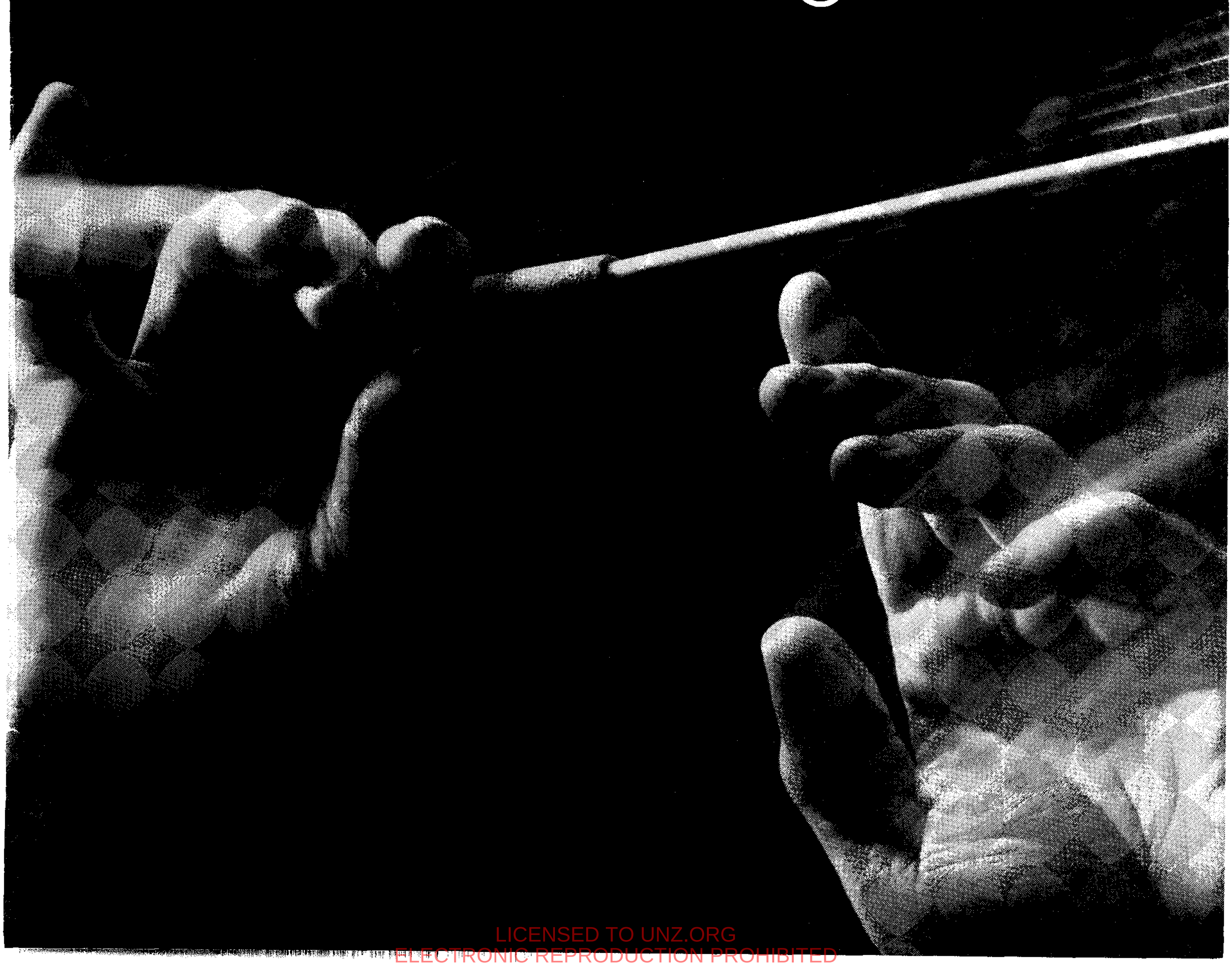

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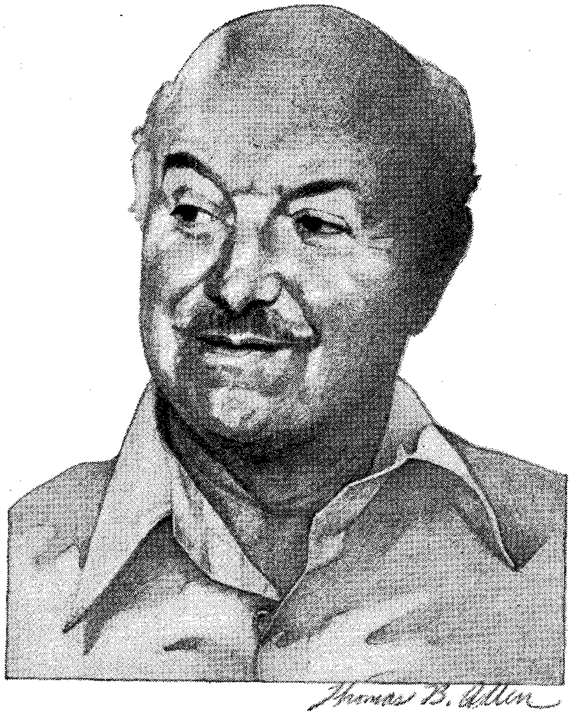
THE DIAMOND-STUDDED SAXOPHONE



Lawrence (Bud) Freeman, the noted jazz musician who started making a name for himself on the tenor saxophone in Chicago more than a half century ago, was wearing a Pierre Cardin blazer and slacks, a modish shirt and tie, azure-blue cashmere socks, and brown suède desert boots when I met him late one recent morning in his room at the Portman Hotel in London. He was to be the featured soloist in a jam session at the Portman that afternoon, and had been practicing when I arrived. Freeman, who will be seventy-three this month, has made his headquarters in Europe for the past four years, playing concerts, festivals, and clubs, and recording as well, in England and in Germany, Holland, Scandinavia, Switzerland, and other Continental countries. "Jazz has moved to Europe," he said, putting the saxophone into its case. "I did a twelve-day tour of Germany and played in a different town every night. Germany has hundreds of jazz clubs. Before that, five days in Holland. Next week, two days in Berne. In the summer, I play about ten days at the festival in Nice—that's really the Newport Jazz Festival moved to Nice—and I also play at festivals in this country all through the year. There must be a hundred pubs in the U.K. that have jazz. There's a tremendous amount of work all over Europe, and I've found that if an American musician is well known in America he is famous in Europe. On my last birthday, I was playing in Göttingen, Germany. When I walked in, they gave me (I don't mean this in any egomaniacal sense)—they gave me a standing ovation for a *minute*. That's a *hell* of a long time. Fantastic! Actually, I don't take all the work I can get. I've told my agent I want to work only six months of the year, and I vow I'll stick to it. Then something is offered, and the ego takes over, and I find myself accepting. It's not the work itself that I want to limit. I have never enjoyed playing more. It's the travel on a tour—getting up at 5 A.M. to catch a plane or a train or a bus. I've been doing that since I was eighteen, and it bores me no end. I don't want to do too much of it and run the risk of getting sick. My health has been marvellous, and I want to keep it that way. I certainly don't *feel* seventy-two, and some people have said that I don't *look* seventy-two."

In the expectant pause that followed, I said, truthfully, that I thought those people were right. Despite his virtual baldness, Freeman has the appearance and the bearing of a man perhaps ten years younger. He is slender, neat, and agile, with a rather sharp nose, a smooth, almost translucent complexion that seems permanently tanned, and—his most arresting feature—extremely graceful hands. They are unwrinkled, soft, and white, with exceptionally long, narrow fingers, and he often displays or gently kneads them while talking. With his narrow, white, precisely clipped mustache, he might be taken for a banker, were it not for his eyes, which are incapable of producing the steely fiduciary glint that accompanies refusal of a loan. Freeman's eyes are those of the man asking for the money. They are large, brown, soft, liquid, Bambi-like, and suppliant. Furthermore, it's a bit difficult to reconcile the traditional banker's image with Freeman's studiously casual manner and his smart clothes. I said I thought his blazer very handsome.

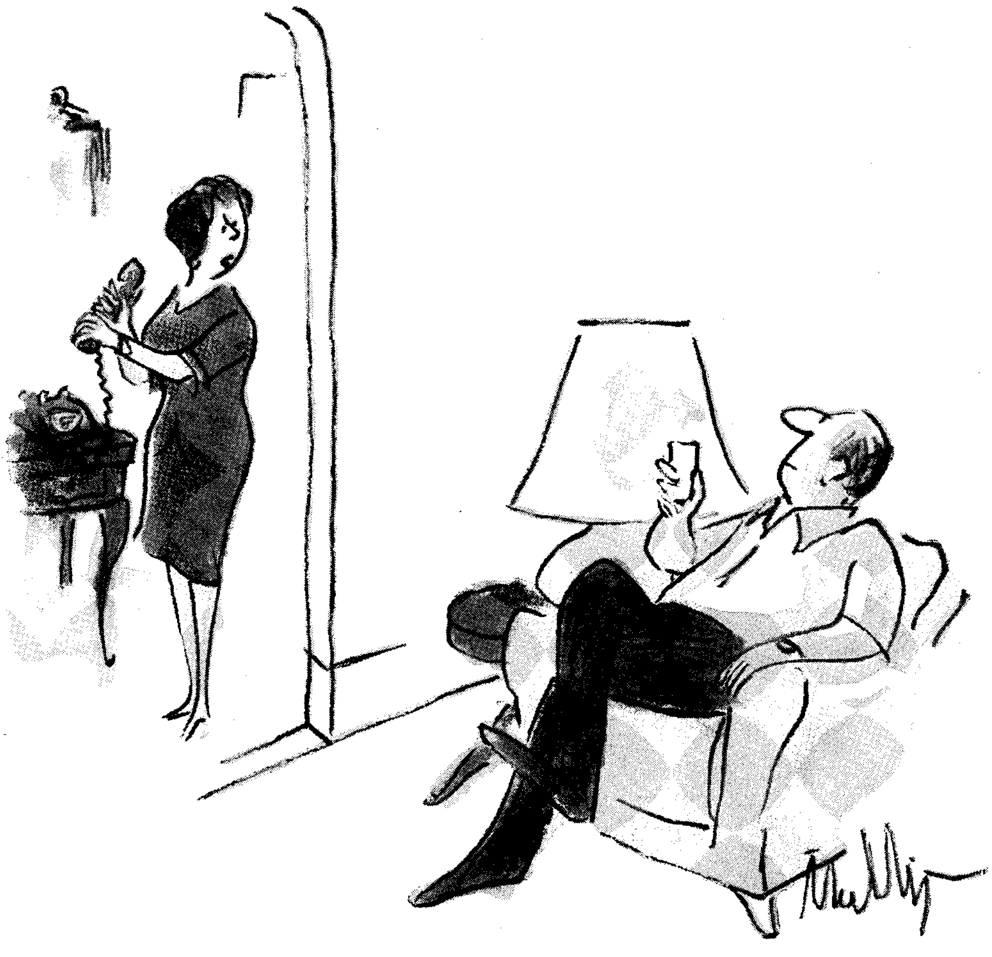
Freeman thanked me. "I belong to a small gambling club here in London called the Connoisseur," he said. "I play roulette. I have been having a tremendous streak. One night a while ago, I won four hundred pounds in twenty minutes, so the next day I went shopping at Pierre Cardin. I like the idea of dressing well. I think that since as far back as the age of twelve I've always loved clothes, being, I suppose, narcissistic in that sense. I remember that when I didn't have enough money to buy a meal I would have fifty-dollar shoes. At present, I'm staying in hotels while working here and on the Continent. But I expect to find a place to live in the West End before long. I've spent a good deal of time in London during the past four years, and now I've decided to become what I would call an habitual visitor. In other words, make London the place I return to. It's something I've dreamed of doing for almost as long as I can remember. I'm an Anglophile. In fact, some people call me an Anglomaniac. Would you like a drink, or a cup of tea?"

In the circumstances, tea seemed the proper choice. After Freeman had ordered it, he said that his Anglophilia germinated in the Chicago suburb of Austin, where he was born, the second of three children. "When we were growing up, my brother, Arny—he's an actor in Hollywood; my sister also lives in California—and I had one idol: the Prince of Wales, later Edward VIII. We were knocked out by the way he dressed. The Windsor knot. The peg-top trousers. The whole thing. So we started dressing that way. We copied his walk, his mannerisms, his accent. To help cultivate our English accent, we went to see 'Journey's End,' the British play about the First World War. There's one line in that play that absolutely killed us. In the dugout, the officers' cook serves a cup of tea to the young captain, who's a heavy drinker and very distraught, and asks"—Freeman here assumed his version of an English accent—"'Would you like a nice plate of sardines, sir?' The captain replies, very slowly, 'I should *loathe* it.' That became our favorite expression for anything we didn't like. When I was about fifteen, I went to see an English touring production of 'Macbeth.' I didn't have the faintest idea what Shakespeare was saying, but I loved the words. I have always loved words." Freeman speaks in a soft, modulated voice, and his language, if it lacks the color and raciness usually associated with the speech of jazz musicians, is probably more conspicuously grammatical than most. It is also noticeably free of ill-mannered words and phrases. The rudest thing I can recall in our conversation was his reference, in a rare departure from his habit of never publicly uttering a critical word about anyone, to a bandleader he once worked for as a "bahstad." Though he doesn't normally affect an English accent, he prefers many British pronunciations, such as "īther" and "tomahto," and his conversation is sprinkled with localisms, such as "I think they were having me on" and "No bloody sound came out of the horn." He is especially fond of the impersonal third person: "If one is a real artist, one can live in a little closet and one will be sought out." On occasion, he even slides in an ablative absolute: "The scene having been set, I made a casual entrance."

The tea having arrived, Freeman poured. "I think I first became aware of music when I was about eight," he said. "My mother played piano, and she had five sisters and two brothers, and they all used to come over to the house and bang away on our Kimball. My father was a cutter of ladies' garments, a lovely man. Very trim. Never weighed over a hundred and forty pounds. He had this habit of getting up every morning at seven and whistling. He didn't play any musical instrument, but he liked music. He had been in the Spanish-American War, and had brought back a pair of drumsticks. He wasn't a drummer, just a soldier, but for some reason he brought back these sticks. They were very big—really too big for my hands—but I seemed to take to them. I just drummed on chairs and stools, and when Mother or someone else was playing the piano I used to beat up a storm. They all said, 'My God, this little guy has a great natural beat. He ought to be a musician.' Later on, Father bought us a Victrola and a lot of classical records—Caruso and John McCormack—and also a lot of records of the well-known bands of the day. Paul Whiteman, Isham Jones—all those. That's when I became aware of dance music and of the different instruments. I used to drum along with the dance records, too. Oddly enough, I never had an ambition to be a drummer. The piano was my favorite instrument, and still is, but I never had an ambition to be a pianist, either. The only instrument I ever wanted to play was the saxophone. Every Sunday when I was about fourteen, I used to go with my brother and cousins to a moving-picture house in Chicago called the Senate Theatre. It was a rather elegant theatre. In those days, the better cinemas carried a pit orchestra that played a kind of overture made up of the current popular songs. The orchestra at the Senate Theatre was led by Paul Biese. He had a world-famous dance band. Like Paul Whiteman and Art Hickman, he made a fortune just playing at the better theatres and at the better hotels, for dancing. Paul Biese was a saxophone player—he played alto—and his saxophone was *diamond-studded.* I remember they used to put this lone spotlight on him, so everything was dark except Biese and his saxophone, shining and sparkling. The sound of the saxophone and the shininess of it—it's difficult to explain, but it just got me. I thought, I must have one of those one day."

He didn't have to wait long, Freeman said after pouring another cup of tea. When he was fifteen, his father bought him a C-melody saxophone. "Of course, I didn't know the horn at all. I didn't know the nomenclature, and I didn't know music. But I had this beat that I had a feeling for. At Austin High School, which I was attending, I became friends with the McPartland brothers—Jimmy, who played the trumpet, and Dick, who played the guitar. Dick taught me chords before I could read music. I did learn to read—I took lessons from a clarinettist who played with the Chicago Symphony—but that was later on. Before, I was just doing my own thing. At Austin High, we had a little group that was interested in music. Besides the McPartlands and me, we had Frank Teschemacher, who played clarinet; Jim Lanigan, bass; and Dave Tough, drums. This was the original group that was later called the Austin High Gang. And the Austin High Gang was the nucleus of the group that formed what was called the Chicago Style. At the time, we called ourselves the Blue Friars. We played at a few high-school socials, but mostly we just got together and played because we loved it.

"I think we were first influenced by the New Orleans Rhythm Kings, which was a white band. Now and then, they used a tenor saxophone, and we wanted to get a sound something like that, so I changed to the tenor. Then Dave Tough took us to a place on the South Side of Chicago called the Lincoln Gardens to hear what he said was the greatest band he had ever listened to. It was King Oliver's band—the Creole Jazz Band. We never went back to listening to the New Orleans Rhythm Kings. That great King Oliver band, with Louis Armstrong (he was a pretty young guy himself) playing all this marvellous second cornet to



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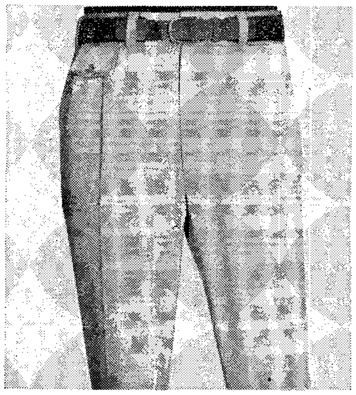

the great King Oliver—it just knocked us out. The band had such a marvellous beat, not because it was from New Orleans but because King Oliver and Louis Armstrong were just outstanding geniuses. We couldn't get enough. Later, Louis worked at a place called the Sunset Café, for a bandleader named Carroll Dickerson, and we were at the Sunset or at the Lincoln Gardens almost every weekend night.

"Of course, we also heard a lot of other wonderful music. One night, Bix Beiderbecke took Teschemacher and me—Tesch knew Bix—to hear Bessie Smith. She was working in a little place called the Paradise Garden, and she had Jimmie Noone as a background band. I never heard such singing in my life. Fantastic. It has been very difficult for me to enjoy a girl singer since I listened to Bessie Smith. She was like a symphony. We were so lucky to be within the environs of Bessie Smith and King Oliver and Louis and Bix and all the other great artists. When we weren't out on the South Side, we were listening to their records. Once or twice a week, a new record of Louis or Bix or Ethel Waters or James P. Johnson or Fats Waller would come out, and we'd have these parties and play the record all night long. So we were actually studying music. But we never analyzed it. We *felt* the music. And this is the way we learned. With all due respect to the many fine musicians who are teaching in colleges and universities and music schools throughout the world—they would argue very strongly with me on this point—I don't see how one can teach jazz music. One either feels the music or one doesn't. Can you teach anybody to *feel* something? All the great players I've ever known had a feeling and a love for this music, and they just went on and developed. As I see it, jazz is *all* feeling."

THE telephone rang, and Freeman walked across the room to answer it. The caller was his agent, Robert Masters, with an offer of a job. Freeman hesitated for a moment, and then accepted. "It's for a festival somewhere in the Midlands in August," he told me, putting down the phone. "Robert says there's a good golf course nearby, so I said yes. I love to play golf. I find I never tire. I can play twenty-seven holes and never notice it. I also love to read. I suppose I could call myself an omnivorous reader. I don't use critics. I think I can sense of my own volition whether a book is any good or not."

I asked Freeman when he had start-

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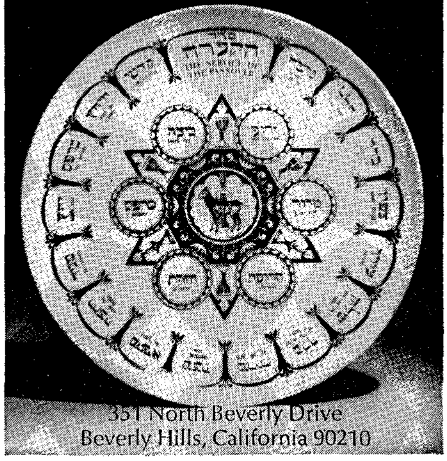

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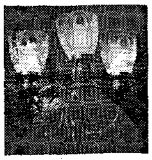

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ed to play the saxophone professionally.

"When I was a sophomore in high school. I don't know how I ever became a sophomore, because I just did not study. I didn't study in grammar school, either. I failed in all my subjects, and had to stay there an extra year. Then I directed a school play called 'The Jack of Hearts.' I cast it, directed it, played the leading part, and also did a dance routine. My teacher said, 'My God, he's an idiot as a scholar, and yet he cannot be an idiot and do this.' So she sent me on to high school. I didn't like that any better. I *wanted* an education, but I didn't want it the way it was offered. It was too childish. I was terribly impatient to get out and do something. I had the feeling that I would be *somebody*. Musician? Actor? Dancer? Writer? Poet? Sculptor? I just didn't know. One thing I always knew (I trust this doesn't sound smug)—I knew I didn't want to be *ordinary*.

"My friends—Dave Tough, Tesch, and the others—weren't good students, either, but we were aware, I like to think, of many profound things. I mean, I would ask Dave, 'If we met Einstein, do you think we could converse with him?' Dave said, 'Why the hell not? We wouldn't ask stupid questions. We would just listen, and he would think we were intelligent. In fact, he would like us.' Dave used to say to me, 'Bud, it isn't necessary to be brilliant. It's only necessary to be intelligent.' I was deeply influenced by Dave, then and later on. We came to feel (and I suppose this could sound smug again) that the average musician, to meet and to work with, was sort of a bore. He never read, didn't know about the theatre, didn't care about language, didn't care about words. I don't mean to imply that we thought we were better, but Dave and I really didn't associate with them. Now that I look back, I think that that was a bit foolish, but we were hungry for the intellectual environment. I suppose that is the reason we both rebelled against the slow system of standardized education and why we finally left school. I think our rebellion was wanting to think for ourselves, wanting to play the jazz music. I never had a desire to play classical music. I would never have become a musician if it hadn't been for jazz.

"To get back to the first time I played professionally, Wingy Manone came to town from New Orleans to play at the Merry Garden Ballroom, and Tesch and I got a job playing with him three nights a week—

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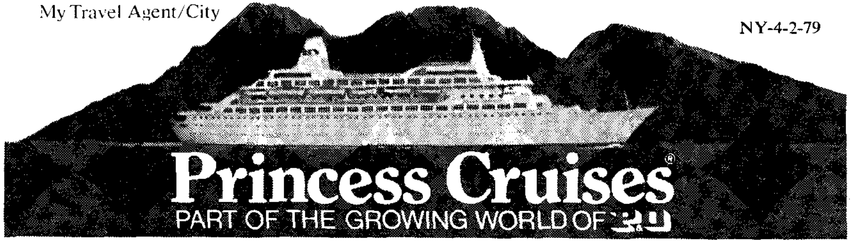

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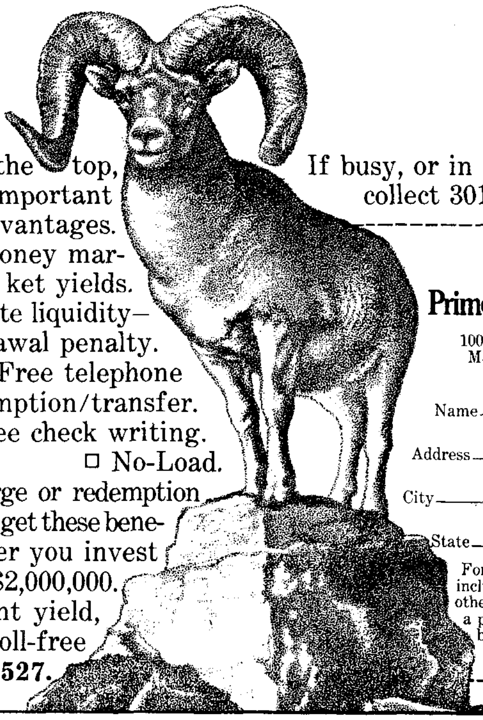

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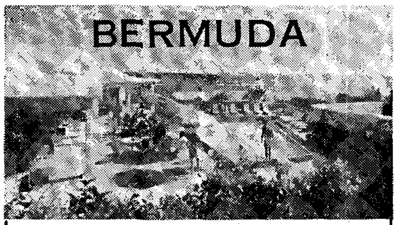

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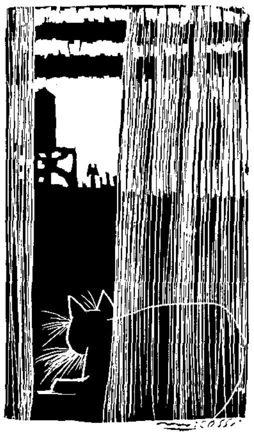
Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday. We were getting maybe eighty dollars a week. After that, Tesch and I and the others began getting jobs with small, unknown bands in various clubs, mostly on the South Side. In those days, if you wanted to play jazz you played in the dives or you went off to Europe. Many great black soloists—like Teddy Weatherford, the great pianist—left America, never to return. In America, there was no cognizance of jazz as a form.

"Our big break came after we made our first record. That was in 1927. Eddie Condon and Red McKenzie, a singer, knew somebody important at Okeh Records, and sold them on making a record called 'McKenzie and Condon's Chicagoans.' The players were Jimmy McPartland, cornet; myself, tenor saxophone; Frank Teschemacher, clarinet; Joe Sullivan, piano; Eddie Condon, banjo; Jim Lanigan, bass; Gene Krupa, drums. We played 'Nobody's Sweetheart,' 'China Boy,' 'Liza,' and 'Sugar.' I think our playing was unique, because it was our impression of what we heard when we listened to the black man playing jazz. In any event, everyone on that record went on to become individually famous as a soloist. On the strength of that record, I got an offer to go with the Ben Pollack band, which had people like Glenn Miller and Benny Goodman and, later on, Jack Teagarden. So, in 1928, I went to New York with Ben Pollack. It was a dance orchestra, but we were different, because we played jazz. We were booked into the Little Club, a very posh night club. White tie and tails."



His stint with the Pollack band, Freeman went on to say, was the beginning of a decade of shuttling between New York and Chicago and playing mostly with popular bands, including those of Art Kassel, Roger Wolfe Kahn, Red Nichols, Ray Noble, Tommy Dorsey, and Benny Goodman. "I went through playing with the big bands, but only because I was allowed to play my jazz solos. Just to sit in the saxophone section and play under the baton of some ruthless conductor who has no feeling for anybody but himself—I was never very good at that. My heart wasn't in it. I just wanted to speak my own piece. I had the chance to do that in the Dorsey band. I was featured on almost every tune we played. I'd stand out in front of the band and play for fifteen minutes. I became a name, a well-known soloist, on the strength of the many records I made with Tommy. He was a very tough man at work, but when he got off the bandstand he was a marvellous guy. Incidentally, one of the few bandleaders who made it big and remained a lovely fellow was Woody Herman—a fine guy in every way. I was with Tommy Dorsey for two years, and then left in 1938 to join Benny Goodman. I think that was a mistake. Benny is a marvellous musician, a genius. It was naïve of me to think that I would go into Benny's band and do all the playing. Of course, he did feature certain people, like Harry James, Lionel Hampton, and Jess Stacy. And Benny himself, naturally, was the powerful soloist. There really wasn't anything for me to do. I'd been spoiled by the Dorsey band. I wasn't interested. I couldn't play. After a year, I was fired, but I was going to leave anyway. Dave Tough had left the band a while before. I vowed that I would never work for a big band again, and since then I have worked mostly with small groups. However, in 1968, when the World's Greatest Jazz Band was being formed, I did join, as an original member, along with people like Yank Lawson and Bob Haggart and Ralph Sutton, but that was a band built around soloists, so we had the freedom to do what we wanted. I was with the World's Greatest Jazz Band—that name caused quite a stir at first—until 1974, or shortly before I came over here. The band is still going. In fact, that's the band I do ten days with in Nice during the summer."

Freeman glanced at his watch and said he would have to go downstairs and play in a few minutes. "It's a new watch," he added, displaying it for my inspection. "It's the first watch I've owned in ten years. I've never owned any jewelry of any kind except wedding rings. I've been married twice—my second wife and I have been legally separated for about five years—but I've never owned a home, never had any children. I've never owned an automobile. In fact, I don't own anything. Strange, I suppose, but I've just never *wanted* to own anything. I live out of a suitcase. But I'm not a lonely person by nature. I rather

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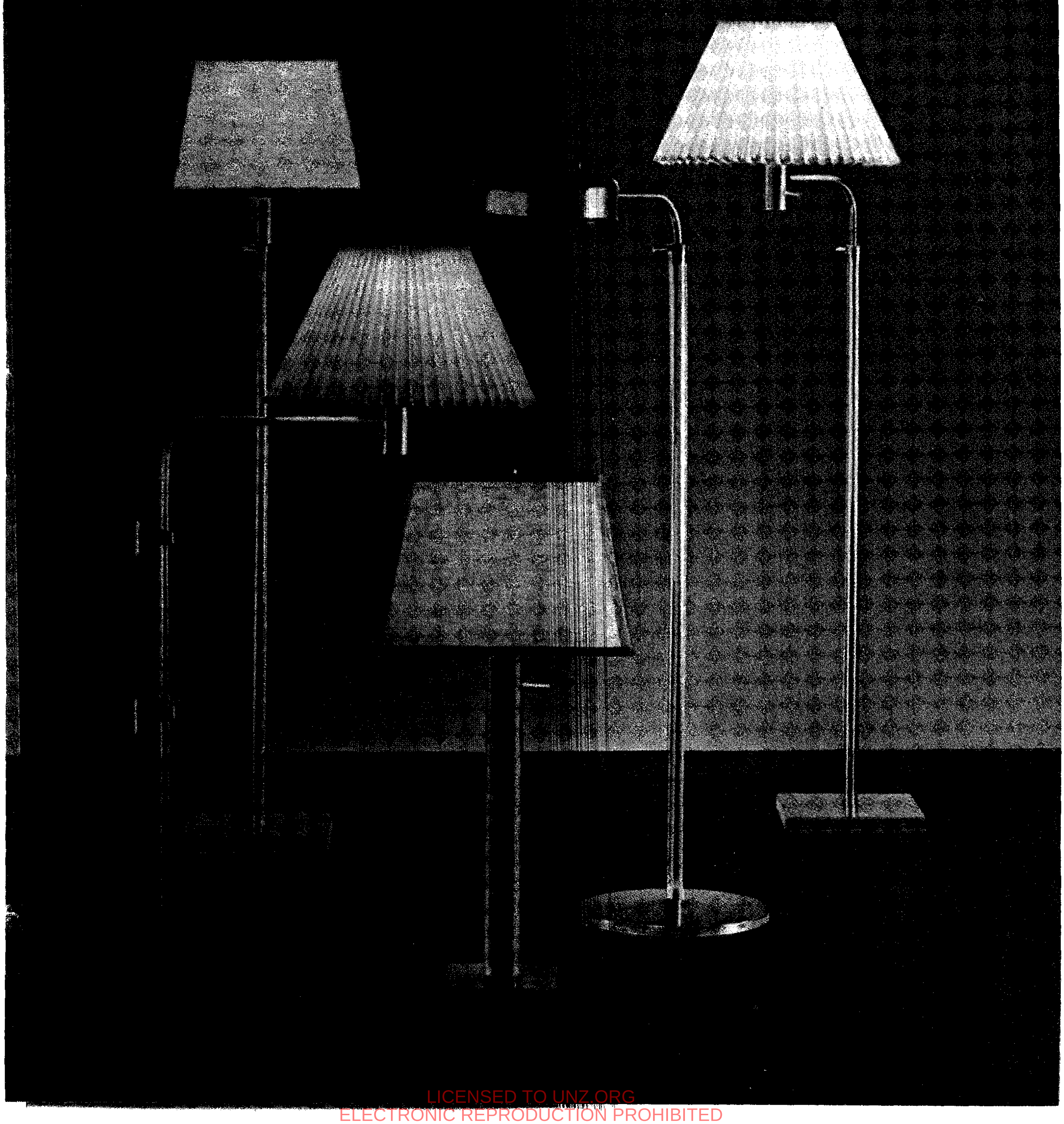

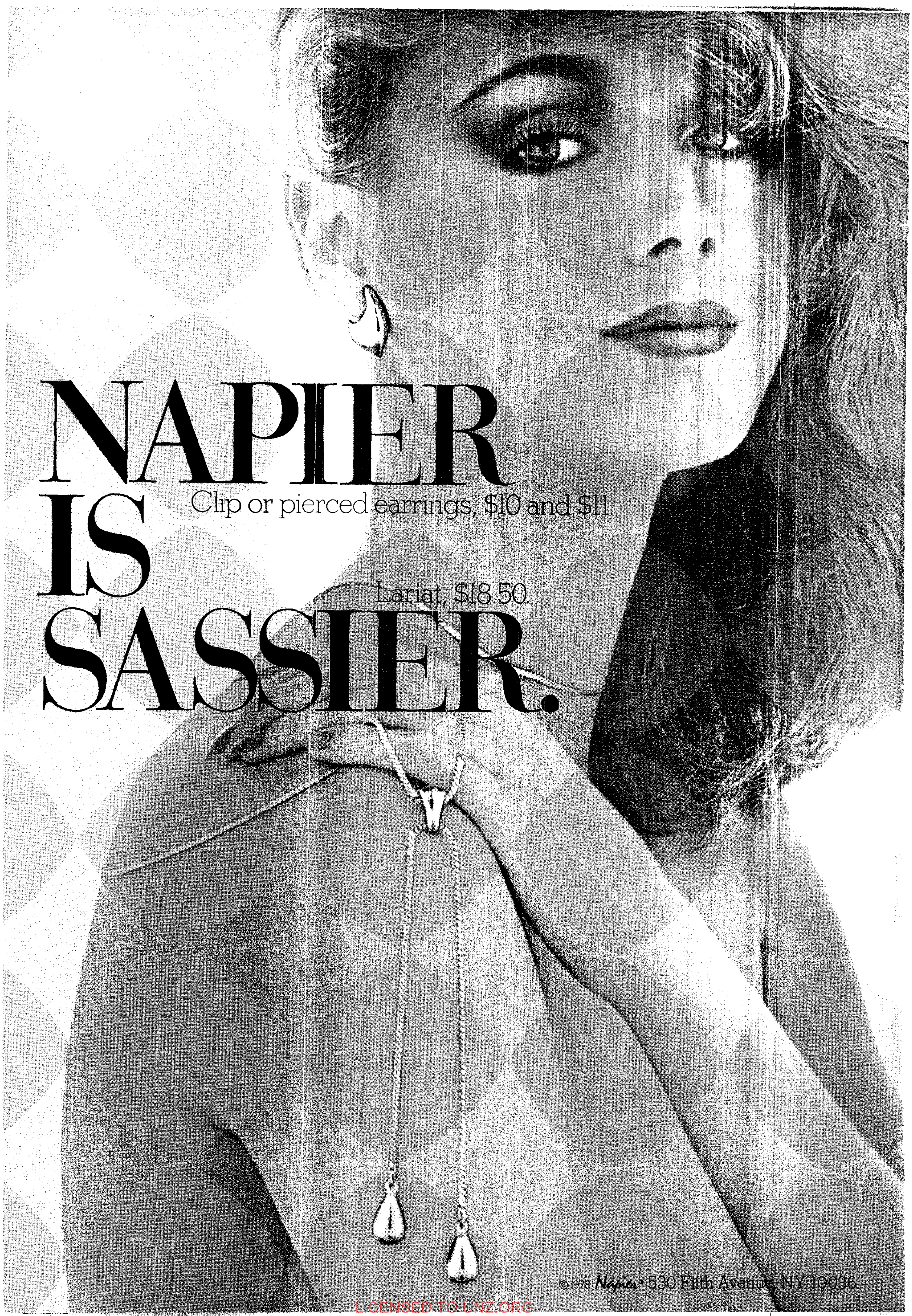
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like living in hotels. I can sit for hours on end in a hotel when I'm on tour and just read."

ON the way downstairs, Freeman said that the weekly jam sessions at the Portman, which he had helped to organize several months earlier, had been so successful that people were usually turned away. The sessions had previously been held on Sunday afternoons, but for some reason this one had been changed to Saturday, and he was worried that the shift would cut down attendance. It turned out that he had cause for concern, since the grillroom, where the session was held—a room of moderate dimensions, with a bar on one side—was only about two-thirds full. However, Freeman showed no outer disappointment. He was full of smiles and bounce as he was introduced, chatted a bit with the audience, and shook hands with the group he was to play with: the three members of the rhythm section—Brian Lemon (piano), Len Skeat (bass), and Johnny Richardson (drums)—whom he had not met before; and Roy Williams (trombone) and John Barnes (baritone saxophone), with whom he had played several times and for whom he has a very high regard. All these musicians were half as old as Freeman, or even younger, but the age differences seemed to evaporate once he got into action. In his resplendent attire, contrasting nicely with the shirtsleeves and sweaters of the others on the bandstand, he took charge rather in the manner of an amiable schoolteacher taking over a class. After a few more words to the audience about what the group was going to play ("I find you have to tell people what you're doing. You have to *sell* it to them," he had told me earlier), he led off with "Perdido," followed by "Ain't Misbehavin'" and "After You've Gone." Freeman seemed to enjoy every minute, whether he was playing his own solos, standing in the background while others did theirs, applauding them or patting them on the back, exchanging a few words with Barnes or Williams, or, especially, basking in the enthusiastic applause of the audience.

I was sitting at a table with Max Jones, the jazz critic of the British music journal *Melody Maker*. After Freeman, Williams, and Barnes had retired for a break, Jones, an affable man who wears a beret indoors as well as outdoors, said he had first met Freeman in 1962, during his first trip to England. "He had been invited, together with Buck Clayton and Dizzy Gillespie, to play at a jazz festival put

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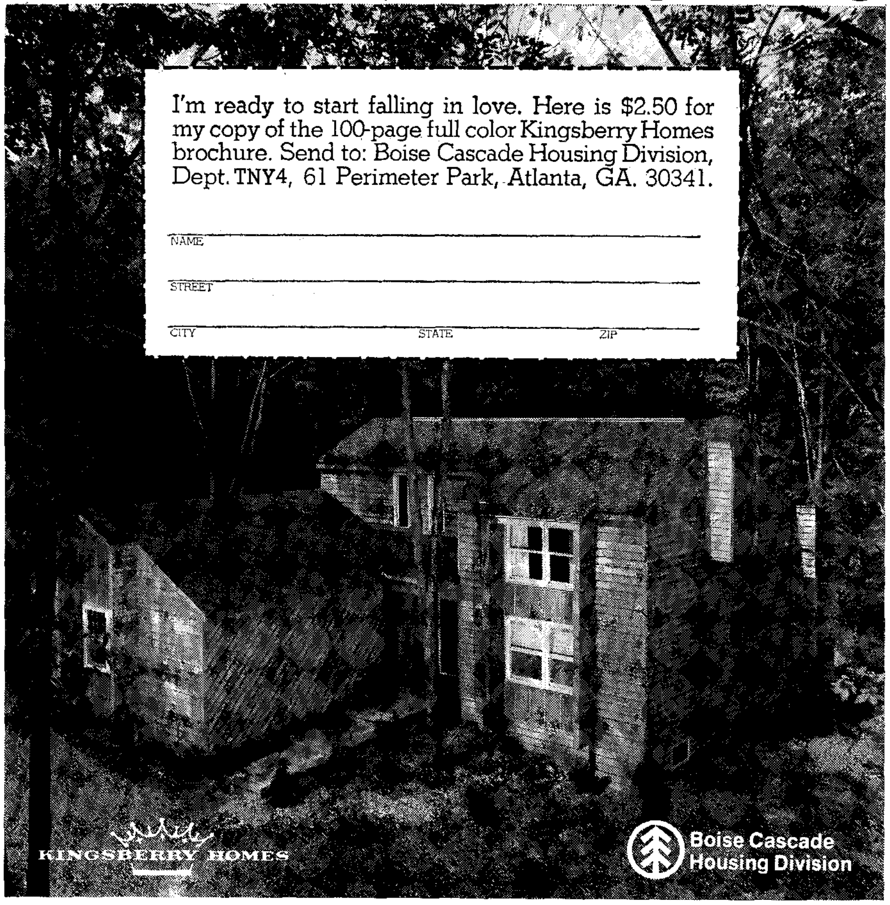

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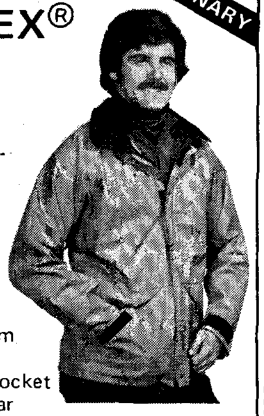

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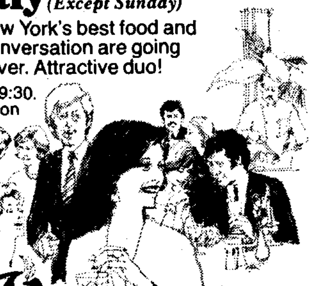

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on by, among others, Lord Montagu of Beaulieu and the Honorable Gerald Lascelles, the Queen's cousin. They asked me to meet Bud at the airport, and provided a chauffeur-driven Rolls. We glided past Eton College and Windsor Castle, through some of the most expensive and carefully cultivated countryside in England, and then up a long, tree-lined drive to Fort Belvedere, Lascelles' residence, which is like a small castle. It happened to be a beautiful, sunny day, and drinks were served on the terrace, which looks over a lovely garden and sweeping lawns. Bud was enraptured. 'You know, Max,' he said, 'I always knew that England would be exactly like this.' In those days, I think Bud had passed through his Prince of Wales period. He was then in his Ronald Colman period. I remember he was very keen about those English military-style overcoats with leather buttons. They're called British warms. Before returning to New York, Bud went to Aquascutum and bought one with epaulets, and then he went to Simpson's and bought one without epaulets. I don't think he has ever stopped cultivating that ultra-English image."

Jones ordered a half pint of lager, and we talked for a while about the session so far. "One thing about Bud that I think is quite remarkable for a man in his position as a star," Jones said, "is that when he's booked for a gig he doesn't always decree, as many Americans do, that he appear simply as a soloist with a rhythm section. Bud does that, too, but often he calls up really good musicians, like Roy Williams and Johnny Barnes, so that he has that extra talent. He is quite competent—and he knows he is competent—to take care of himself when they're doing chases, swapping phrases. He can handle our best saxophonists playing in that style. You don't have to make allowances for the fact that he is seventy-two. Eddie Condon used to talk about some of the elderly ones. 'You have to give them credit,' he'd say. 'They can still stand up.' Technically, Bud's playing is excellent. His tone is always good and personal. His pitching is pretty near perfect. And he always gives a fully thought-out and professional performance. Bud is sometimes put down a little for playing the same thing—a particular kind of looping, serpentine phrase. We know those phrases, but he puts them together in different ways. I think it would be true to say that the creative side of it is obviously not what it was when he first played 'The Eel,' the jazz classic that he wrote in the early thirties. If that

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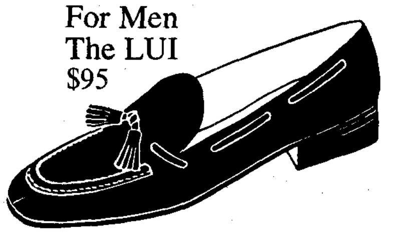

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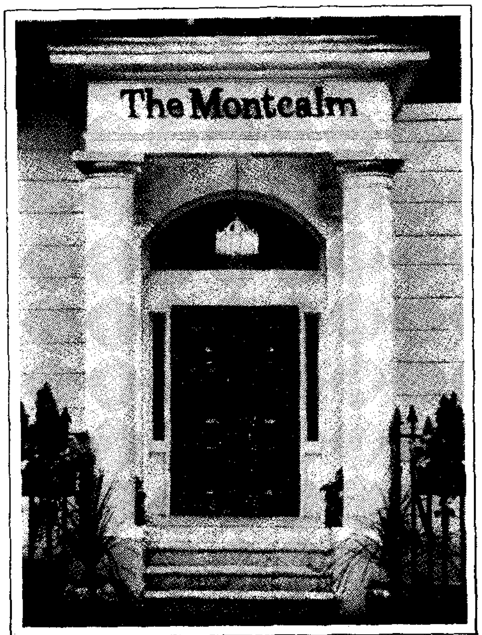
very hot breath has solidified a bit through the years, the same thing could be said of almost all great soloists. And, as Bud has remarked, he does feel that once he has worked out a paraphrase of a theme, or a variation or whatever you might call it, he doesn't care to alter it so much that he's got to start working out a new one. Even so, the solo is never exactly the same."

Jones paused and had a sip or two of beer. "There is a kind of elegance to Bud's music," he went on. "That may be a slight handicap. Perhaps too much elegance—a kind of correctness, and not enough chancing around. On the other hand, as you noticed, he played some phrases in 'After You've Gone' where he was really honking and booting it out. No question, Bud knows how to play hot jazz. That curious crumbling at the edge can be very hot indeed, but he can also be remarkably cool in his playing as well as in his demeanor. Although he pays a certain homage to various musicians who may have been influences, his style really seems to have been utterly original. He is an original voice. Eddie Condon once said, 'There are two kinds of saxophone. There is Bud Freeman, and there are all the rest.' Whenever I see Bud, I realize that I am looking at a piece of living history. There are very few left, and almost none can play with the precision and good pitching that Bud has."

As Freeman and the other musicians returned and started to play, Jones said, "He's a wily old pro. He doesn't play too much, and he doesn't play too little. What he gives the public is just about right." What he gave the public on this occasion was another set of three numbers, lasting about twenty minutes. Then he thanked the audience, shook hands with the other musicians, and joined me at the bar (Max Jones had left to catch a plane), where he had a Schweppes tonic and ice; he doesn't drink or smoke, and never has. He showed no sign of tiredness or of having done any work at all. He said he was going to take his saxophone to his room and then go to Simpson's to buy some ties. Since I was headed in that direction, I asked him to ride in a taxi with me.

As the taxi moved off, Freeman said that he thought the session had gone very well. He was especially pleased with the way he had played "After You've Gone." "I like to feel— Of course, it's easy for me to favor myself, but I like to feel that I'm playing better now than I ever have. May I say that most people, even critics, seem to think so, too. Through



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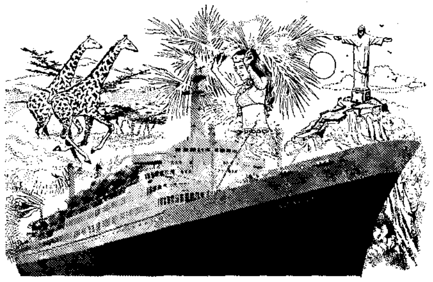

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the years, I have learned to get rid of a lot of rubbish that I played, and I'm tending more toward melodic line. I like to play ballads more than I did. I play pretty much the same style, but I'm interested in playing it better—with a better sound, a better beat, a better knowledge of harmonic and melodic line. I think I have more polish, more technique, and more understanding of this kind of music. And I still find it all very exciting."

Freeman was silent for a few moments and looked out the window. The taxi was slowly making its way through the thick traffic at Hyde Park Corner. "What a lovely city!" Freeman said. "When I first laid eyes on it, I took one look and said, 'This is where I want to be.' At last, I have made it. I think I've been pretty lucky. I get fits of despondency now and then, but I don't turn to liquor, or anything. I have learned to say to myself, 'Well, it will pass,' and it does. I have never had a negativistic view of life. I don't identify with age. I don't feel old. I have many interests besides golf and reading. I love the theatre. I love the cinema. I love playing roulette. I love going to the races. I adore women, and I'm always looking for that great love affair—which keeps me going. I love playing the horn, and I love jazz. That's the greatest therapy of all. Playing it or listening to it—it's sure to make you happy."

We had now arrived at Simpson's. There we said goodbye, and Freeman got out onto the traffic island in front of the store. I glanced through the rear window after the taxi had drawn away. The piece of living history was still standing on the traffic island, casting his eyes up Piccadilly and down, drinking it all in. —John Bainbridge

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to it, into it, as
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At dusk, when I walked in
with my armload of green alder,
I could see the memory of light
shining water through your wings. You
were gray with it. The window
had aged you with promises.
I thought the boats, the gulls
should have stilled you
by now. When I cupped

my hands in their shadows, warm
over the heartwings, I saw the skin
of light between my fingers
haloed and glowing. Three steps I
took with you, for
you—three light-years travelling
to your sky, beak
and claw of you, the soft burr of flight
at my fingerbones.

If I take a lover for every tree, I
will not have again such an opening as
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of me, the long hair
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—Tess Gallagher

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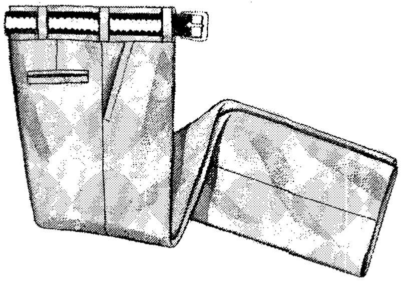

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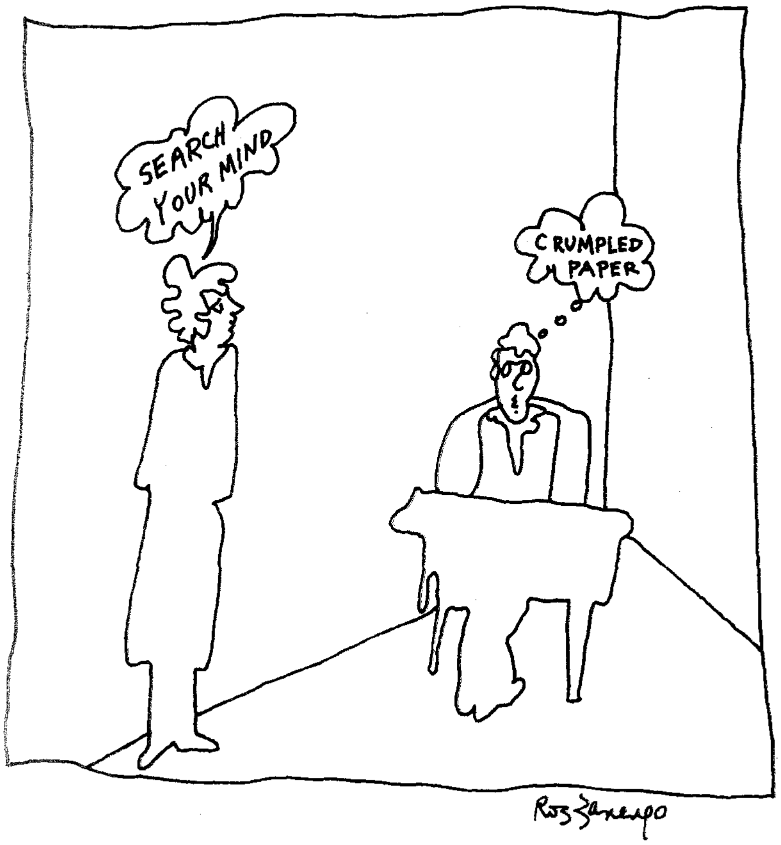
Eventually, she gets her chance to cease sinking into talk that applies to matters like singing telegrams, for she becomes involved with a story about a dangerous accident at a nuclear power plant called Ventana. The man who breaks the news to the public is Jack Lemmon, as Jack Godell, whom Kimberly gets to in the innards of the power plant. The head of the plant, called Evan McCormack (Richard Herd), observes furiously from a gallery while Jack Godell, locked into the control room with Kimberly, and worried by the possible radiation danger to a huge area of Southern California, threatens to shut down the whole plant unless certain flaws in its construction are corrected. Godell is convinced that a serious radiation leak could occur. McCormack is a true bull-necked capitalist, only counting the billions of dollars that would go down the drain if his plant were idle. Danger be damned, he thinks. Kimberly gets her interview—just a few minutes—with a Godell made distraught by his attempt to boil down crucial technicalities so as to explain the peril to an audience that would be more interested in some interview of Kimberly's about whales. He is visibly unused to the simplicities of TV, and says of what is causing the danger, "It's so complex." TV is not made for the complex. This harrowing scene of Lemmon's is one of the best moments in the film. It shows Kimberly standing by patiently, trying to help the worried man, who is later accused by irritable and less responsible spokesmen for the plant of being mentally disturbed or drunk.

The script was written by Mike Gray, T. S. Cook, and James Bridges. It is extremely sage about the problems with which this ethically hard-tried land has to deal. "The China Syndrome" is a fine film concerned with the harm being done to America by money-grubbing interests that fail to look very far. The accident in the nuclear plant is attributed by the bosses, nervelessly, to "human error." So the world goes. The gravity of the Jack Lemmon character shows him to be on guard against such euphemistic nonsense. This picture has the lucidity, humor, and brains we need. Jane Fonda, in real life a persistent investigator as well as a great beauty and an actress of clarity, has been on the track of news stories about "human errors" in "the peaceful uses of atomic energy" by powerful vested interests for a good four years. As a star with power that she uses conscientiously, she has brought her political thoughts to fruition with aplomb. This is a far-sighted and helpful picture, stocked with true comedy in the face of the near-fatal.

Larry Peerce's "The Bell Jar," set in 1953—strapless evening dresses, and women's colleges where women's lib was foreshadowed—was adapted by Marjorie Kellogg from the Sylvia Plath novel that all the young women in this country seem to have passed from hand to hand. It indulges dreams of suicide that could be made to seem invitingly voluptuous only to a character living a most romantic and privileged life, or to Larry Peerce, who is very fond of grassiness, slow fades, and out-of-focus shots that suggest a troubled intellect when no intellect is there. The heroine, called Esther Greenwood, is played by Marilyn Hassett. She is a girl with long, fair hair that looks as if it were washed every day. She is interested in becoming a poet—not so much in actually practicing poetry—but even more interested in the juvenile glamour of going elegiacally crackers and eventually committing suicide, as Sylvia Plath did in England, when she was married to the English poet Ted Hughes and had two children. Miss Plath's



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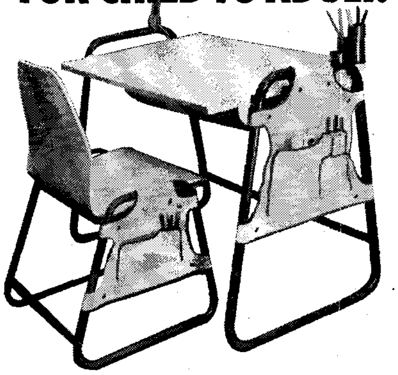

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most famous poems are collected in "Ariel," a book of neuroticism at its apex, though some of the poetry is first-rate.

As to the film: well, it begins with a girl whirling in black space. Esther Greenwood, alias Sylvia Plath. Why whirling? Larry Peerce seems to have a giddy mind. And Esther's life is lived in a self-contented muddle. Her mother, played by Julie Harris in a pillbox hat, is much the more composed of the two, and the more concerned with others. Esther is angry about being a scholarship girl. We can see how discerning she is from a remark she makes about thinking that E. M. Forster and James Joyce are "very talented." She is infuriated with her obviously thoughtful mother for not having taken her to the funeral of her father ten years ago. She is so cross and so befuddled that one can picture her reading the gifted playwright Shakespeare upside down. There are references to the Rosenbergs, but Esther is too egocentric to have much sense of the society she inhabits. She appropriates every public event to herself. Esther wins as a prize a chance to work on a New York fashion magazine. She gradually—and, it seems, because of her prize, of which it also seems she makes nothing—goes mad. She enters a mental home. Most of the patients appear to be undergraduates: it is as if their parents were paying for them to go bonkers as part of the life of academe.

Larry Peerce is not, to put it mildly, a director with weight of thought. Esther's ill-chosen best friend is a batty girl called Joan, played by Donna Mitchell. Joan is well off but feels she is misunderstood. She hangs herself. Never have I seen a more meadowy hanging. The picture also deals out electric-shock treatment (for Esther), pill-swallowing (by Esther), wrist-slashing (by Esther), and an awful lot of lyricism and apparent vaseline on the lens (by the director). The most robust character is a psychiatrist, played by Anne Jackson. It tells us something about the frail nature of the film that the chief signs of madness in Esther are that she stops doing her hair and stays in the same clothes for two weeks. After all, a great deal of the population of the world hasn't got much time to attend to hair and can't often afford a change of clothes. What definition of madness is this? A lot that is serious and troubled about insanity has been written in world literature, painted, and also dealt with on film. This picture is merely hysterical. All glory to audiences—the one I saw

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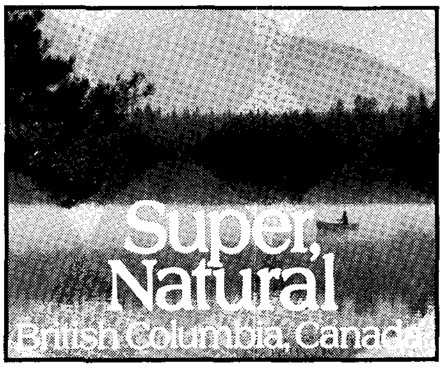

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it with hissed and laughed—that fail to put any store by its foolish shots of upset rich girls running in soft focus. On the subject of lunacy, Goya, Delacroix, Baudelaire, Dostoevski expressed themselves urgently, in sharp air.

"OLD BOYFRIENDS" is directed by Joan Tewkesbury—who wrote Altman's splendid "Nashville"—and was written by Paul and Leonard Schrader. The subject is mini and, again, rather distraught. A woman, played by Talia Shire, goes down what the film calls Memory Lane to meet old boyfriends of the Elvis Presley era. This is another of those blurry films that make our worried nation look both pastoral and mindless. Nervous breakdowns abound. There is a ridiculous scene in which the heroine is shown from the back splashing in a blue bath and acting like a toddler who can't find one of her toy ducks. Miss Shire plays a psychologist who is rightly taken to task by John Houseman, as a sort of elder-statesman psychiatrist full of superior sense, for behaving irresponsibly with one of his patients while she is on a trip down Memory Lane.

The most succinct and enjoyable part of the film is provided by Buck Henry as a California private eye with a secretary called Sue-Ann, whom he calls on to pour coffee that is right at his elbow. He smokes a cigarette incessantly, dead in the middle of his mouth, and asks for telephone numbers on a white telephone as though he were ordering something in a restaurant. The performance is comically distanced, stern, and Brechtian. There is also an admirable appearance by Bethel Leslie as the sort of aging American woman who is so often seen in books of photographs about this country: small-boned, humorous, thin, with a character that has withstood much weather and adversity.

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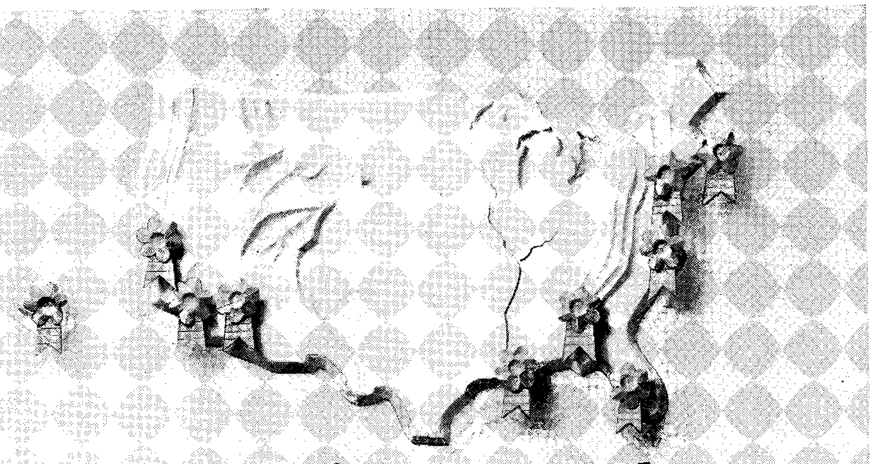
More than 500 veterinarians were lectured in Camden this weekend on emergency cardiology for dogs, routine animal ear cleaning and how to improve one's handwriting.—*Newark (N.J.) Star-Ledger.*

The old mixed green salad.



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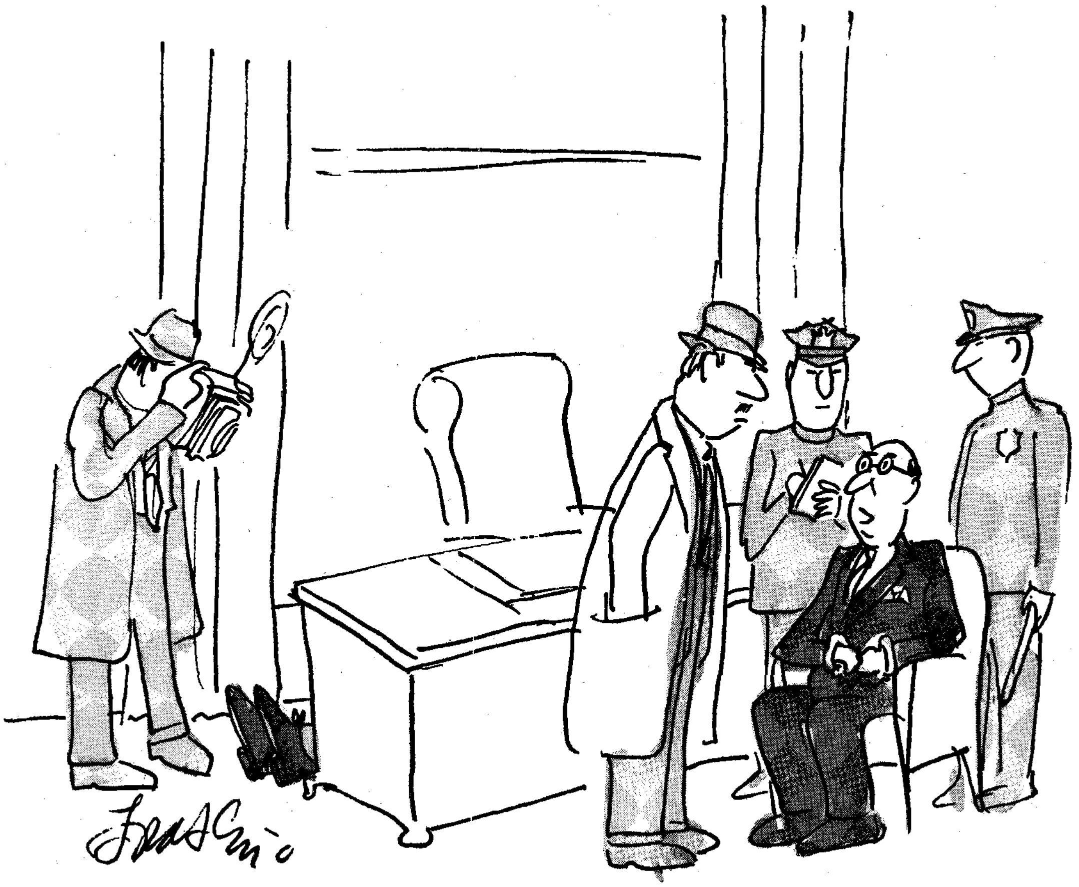
MUSICAL EVENTS

Champions

THE Manhattan School production of Hindemith's early comedy "Neues vom Tage," last month—its New York première—and then the all-Hindemith concert given in Carnegie Hall by the Philharmonia Orchestra of Yale were important occasions. Since his death, in 1963, Hindemith has lacked champions among those who plan concert programs and opera seasons, and as a result some of the most noble, substantial, and nourishing music of our time has been going unheard. "News of the Day" showed what high-spirited, heady delights we have been missing, while the concert revealed the "permanence, grandeur, deliberation, lucidity, and calm" that mark Hindemith's serious music. Those "paramount virtues" of art, ascribed to Braque by Patrick Heron, are attributed equally to Hindemith by Ian Kemp at the close of his valuable little monograph on the composer. The Yale concert began with the "Symphonia Serena," composed for the Dallas Symphony Orchestra in 1946, and unheard in New York for fifteen years. From the very start of the symphony, with the broad horn theme flung out across the busy patterns of the upper strings, the music displays the beauty of ideas—melodic, instrumental, and formal—for which Hindemith is to be valued. There is variety in it, and wit, and tenderness. Much has been said about Hindemith's excellent craftsmanship; often his music is described as manufactured, dry, even mechanical. Mr. Kemp wonders whether if the composer had not written that primer called "The Craft of Musical Composition" his reputation would now be higher. Yet beside that exposition of technical "craft" there should be set the eloquent pages about inspiration in his book "A Composer's World." I hear Hindemith's music, and especially the scores of his American years, as inspired, warm, joyful, even passionate. John Mauceri, who conducted the Yale concert, also seems to hear it that way. Without any loss of rhythmic verve, he stressed the lyricism, singing quality, and expressiveness of the "Symphonia Serena." His phrasing was flexible, not metronomic. There was mirth in the second movement, romance in the third, and joy in the finale.

Then Phyllis Curtin sang the six songs from the "Marienleben" cycle which Hindemith provided with orchestral accompaniment—four in 1939 and two in 1959. When "Das Marienleben," for voice and piano, first appeared, in 1923, it was hailed as, in the words of Hindemith's pupil Franz Reizenstein, "a shining example of *Neue Sachlichkeit*"—that plain, "prose," matter-of-fact manner of putting things which was opposed to the excesses of Expressionism and hyper-Romanticism. From 1936 onward, Hindemith revised the cycle, purified and refined it. He made the vocal lines plainer still. Yet with passing years the poetic quality of "Das Marienleben" and its emotional intensity became ever more apparent. The cycle is intimate. It should be heard whole, and a listener must have in front of him the Rilke poems, with, if needed, a translation. These "concert versions" of just six of the fifteen songs, sung in the gloomy half-light that the Carnegie management continues to favor, did not make a great impression, and Miss Curtin's voice sounded worn. But after the intermission there was the great "Harmonie der Welt" symphony, and, except in the literal sense, all was light again.

The opera "Die Harmonie der Welt," which was first performed in Munich, in 1957, is an undervalued composition; "unvalued" might be a more accurate word, since opportunities to form any estimate of it have been rare. It has seldom been staged in Europe and never in America; and even the related symphony had not been heard here for twenty-six years. Hindemith's opera "Mathis der Maler" probably has a more urgent claim to be part of the international repertory; it is more patently dramatic. But "Die Harmonie der Welt" is his most affecting testament to the power of music. The final passacaglia, during which the characters of the piece, transformed into planets, move through a *musica mundana*, is a vision that even in the imperfect Munich staging proved overwhelming. The symphony, which appeared before the opera, in 1951, has the same finale, and it works out the same themes. Its three movements present music as an emblem of events, conflicts, strife, outward drama; then as a mirror of love and understanding between human souls;



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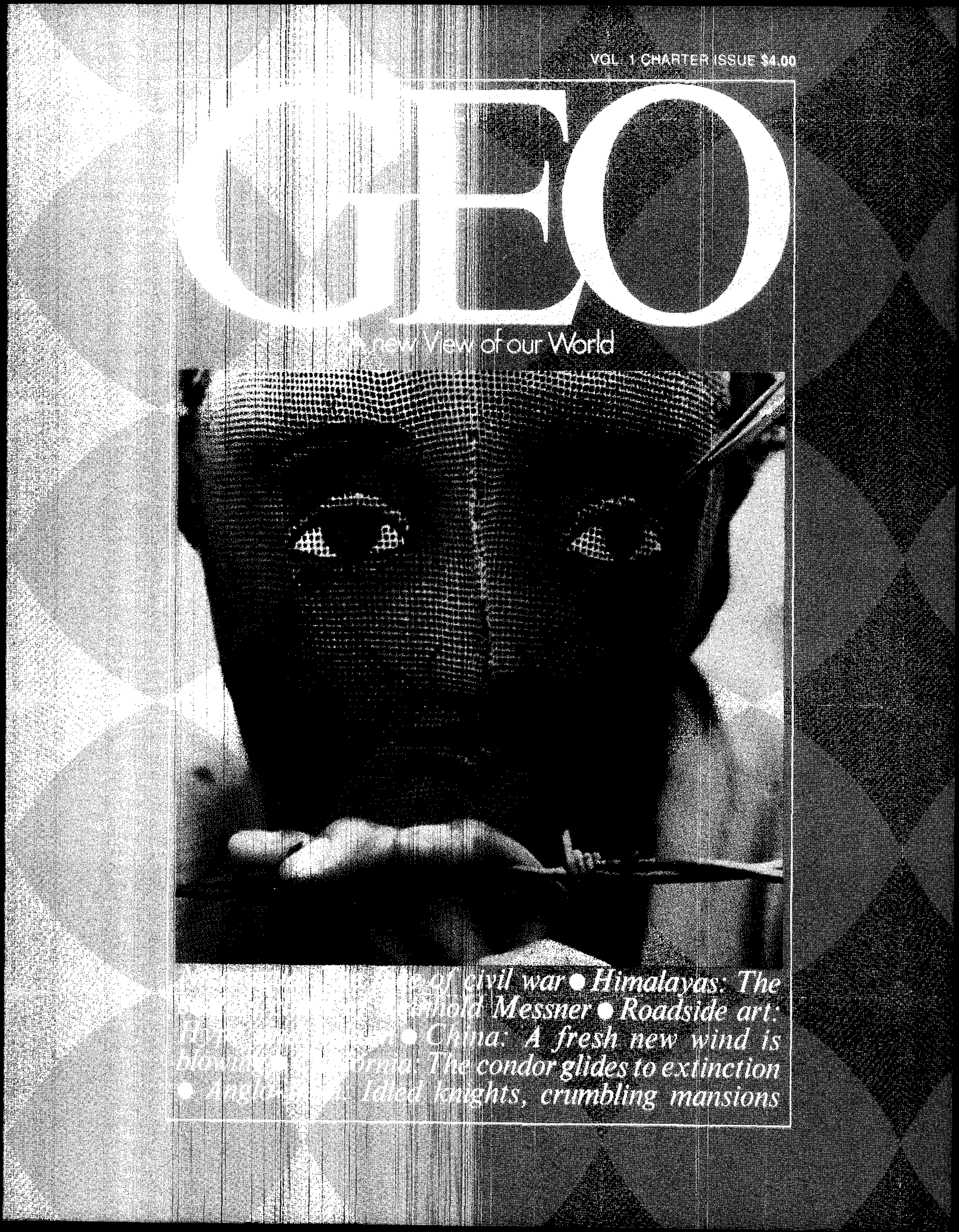
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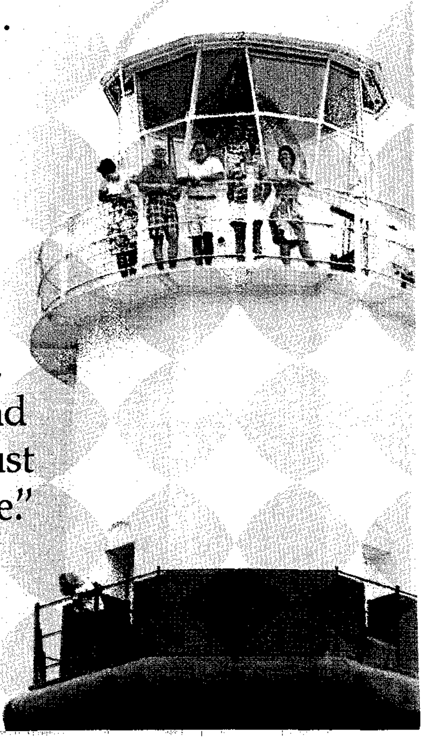

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and, finally, mysteriously, as a symbol of a harmonious order that sometimes can be glimpsed beneath the disproportioned, harsh din of our life. At Yale, where Hindemith taught from 1940 to 1953, Willie Ruff, who studied with him, and a colleague have created a "harmony of the spheres" based on the notations and calculations of Johannes Kepler, the seventeenth-century astronomer who is the protagonist of Hindemith's opera. With the help of a computer, the data corresponding to a century of planetary motions have been compressed and synthesized into a thirty-minute "celestial song." In Hindemith's score, there is no such direct attempt to turn Kepler's calculations into sound. Here the *musica mundana* is symbolically suggested. The E-major chord at the end of the passacaglia is hard-won, and it has been well said that "the real Harmony" begins only after that major triad.

The Philharmonia Orchestra of Yale is the symphonic descendant of the Yale Collegium Musicum, which Hindemith himself founded. Mr. Mauceri, a Yale graduate, is a former conductor of the Yale Symphony. Their performance of "Die Harmonie der Welt" was large, grand, and very well shaped. Beyond that, it was stirring, exalting. As in the "Symphonia Serena," Mr. Mauceri made the counterpoint sound lyrical and poetic, not dry.

LAST season, the Metropolitan Opera put on a bold, imaginative production of "Tannhäuser," directed by Otto Schenk—one in which all the resources of modern stagecraft were brought to the service of Wagner's vision. This season's "Flying Dutchman," directed by Jean-Pierre Ponnelle, is a sorry step backward; it is one of those modish personal perversions of a Wagner opera which have become common elsewhere but are not yet endemic in New York. For both ill and good, the Met under James Levine and John Dexter has hitherto gone its own way, and, except in the matter of star soloists, avoided the international operatic mainstream. The new artistic directors have not obtained Claudio Abbado, Bernard Haitink, Georg Solti, Carlos Kleiber, or Riccardo Muti to conduct. They have not employed those fashionable stage directors Götz Friedrich, Joachim Herz, Luca Ronconi, Jorge Lavelli, or Patrice Chéreau; until now they have even managed to do without Mr. Ponnelle, whose work is so hard to escape elsewhere. (This year, three of Salzburg's six operas are directed by him.) Mr. Ponnelle was last at the Met in

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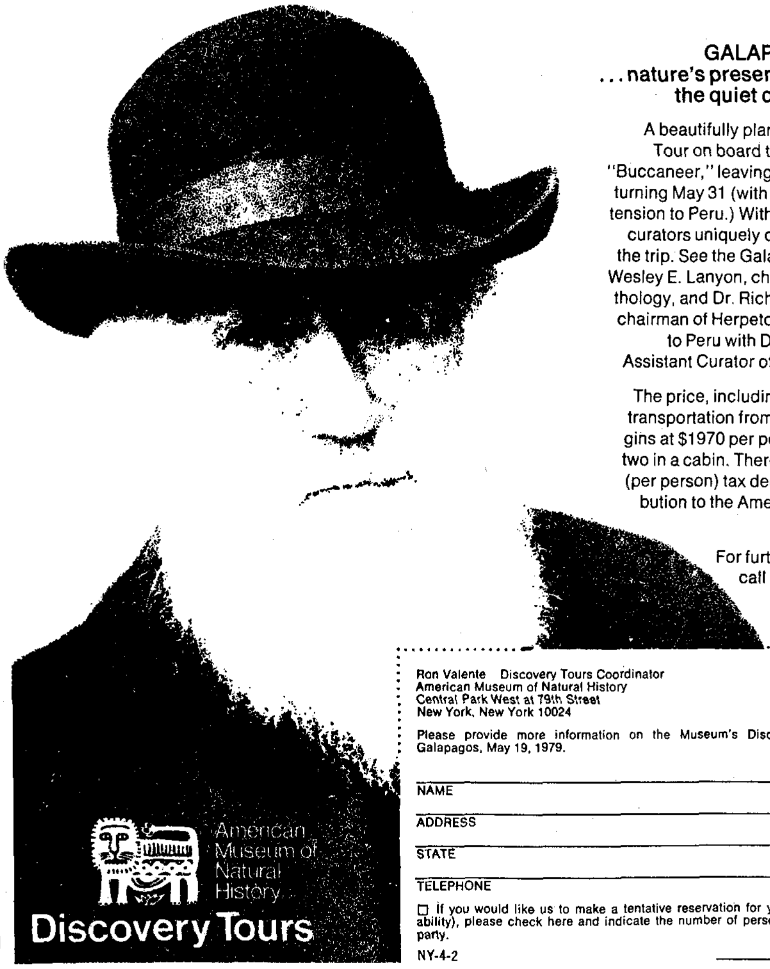
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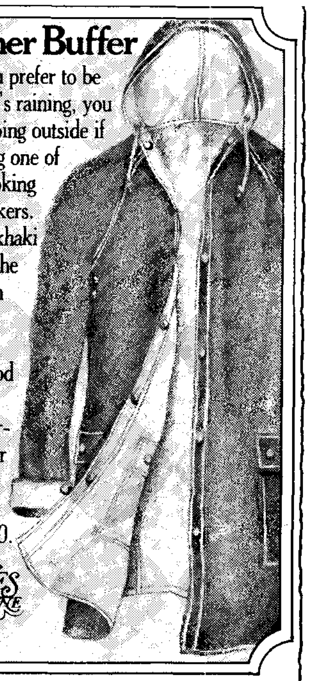
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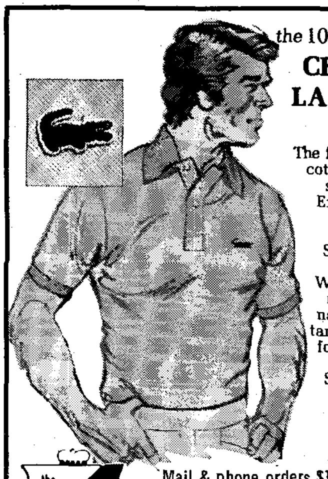
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1973, for an "Italiana in Algeri." For a while, a "Don Carlos" by him was threatened, but the danger was averted and it went off to Hamburg. As a result of this sturdy independence, New York has lost something on the musical side on nights when Levine himself has not been conducting but on the staging side has probably been spared a good deal of expense, elaboration, and irritation. Mr. Dexter's own record as house director may be deplorable (two and a half twentieth-century successes—"Lulu," "Budd," and "Carmelites"—to set against a string of nineteenth-century messes), but even his weakest work has not moved a Met audience to so violently vocal a repudiation as that which exploded when the curtain fell on the first night of Mr. Ponnelle's "Flying Dutchman." Angry booing is an ugly sound, yet it must be welcomed if managements accept it as a sign that the public wants no more of such jejune rubbish as was here served it. The program book for the "Dutchman" includes a note by the director, which begins:

> I wanted to tell the story on a different level than the primitive legend, so I decided to turn the entire opera into a dream of the Steersman. In that way, it can reflect all of his frustrations and complexes as well as become more theatrically believable. I think it's quite believable that a little sailor should project himself, in this dream, into a profession that is completely contrary to his own. In this production the Steersman and Erik the huntsman are the same person, the latter being the former's fantasy of himself.
>
> Like the modern soldier or astronaut, the Steersman and all the men on Daland's ship have been compelled to leave home without women. This dream, therefore, reflects the young sailor's loneliness and jealousies.

The trouble with that idea—one trouble—is that Wagner didn't write an opera about a hysterical, sex-starved little sailor in love with the boss's daughter. It would make as much sense to present "Salome" as Narraboth's dream, "Tosca" as the Sacristan's dream, and "La Traviata" as Dr. Grenvil's dream. Narraboth could be doubled with Herod, the Sacristan with Scarpia, and Dr. Grenvil with Giorgio Germont, so that by these fantasy projections into characters with completely different professions all their frustrations and complexes could be reflected. At the end of the respective operas, Narraboth, Sacristan, and Doctor would wake up to discover that nothing had really happened—they had imagined it all.

Wagner, as he explained in "A

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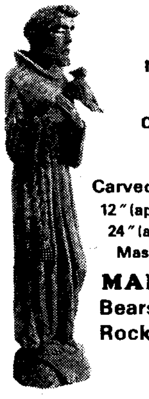
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Communication to My Friends," wrote an opera whose plot embodied, in a new, composite legend of his own devising, three potent, related myths: of Ulysses, yearning through long wanderings for home, hearth, and wife; of the Wandering Jew, longing for death to end his sufferings; and of the Flying Dutchman, that myth in which "a primal trait of human nature speaks out with heart-enthralling force . . . the longing for rest amid the storms of life." (Monteverdi's "Il Ritorno d'Ulisse" and Britten's "Peter Grimes" are two related dramas.) Wagner's own stormy sea adventures in the Norwegian fjords lent picturesqueness to his score: the musical images for wave, wind, and storm are vivid; the sailors' cries rebounding from the granite cliffs echo from actual shipboard memories. Wagner's unhappiness when he wrote the opera, in Paris, and his revulsion from the artistic tastes of a bourgeois-capitalist capital lent emotional keenness to his drama. And his own complicated yearning not just for repose and security but for some as yet unformulated future achievement inspired the search for a heroine who would be, in his words, "no longer the home-tending Penelope of Ulysses, as courted in the days of old, but the quintessence of womankind, the still unmanifest, the longed-for, the dreamed-of, the infinitely womanly woman . . . in a phrase, *the woman of the future*."

Mr. Ponnelle has mislaid the myth that gives Wagner's opera its power. In the director's words, "The sexual relationship between Erik, Senta, and the Dutchman is infinitely more significant in this version than the Dutchman's arduous quest for a pure woman." All the action is made to take place aboard Daland's ship, which seems to be a tramp steamer. Its helm also serves as a giant spinning wheel. The Dutchman's vessel is represented by some spectral shrouds, in which bodies are tangled, and a suggestion of red sails in the backdrop. The Steersman is present throughout, writhing in his heated dream, sometimes mopping and mowing and dancing about. (The role is shared by the tenor who sings the Steersman's and Erik's music—William Lewis on the first night—and a smaller-size, mute double. During one episode, the pair dance a mirror pas de deux.) This staging is not merely silly, willful, and pointless. Besides destroying the large drama of the opera, it renders ineffective theatrical passages that one thought were surefire: the first appearance of the Dutchman's ship;

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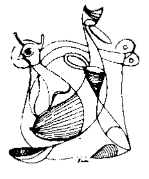

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the moment when the Dutchman sets foot on solid land (in this version he doesn't); above all, his entry, in the second scene, as a living incarnation of the picture Senta has been contemplating. There is no picture at the Met; during Senta's ballad the Dutchman himself is revealed, standing in a kind of closet at the back, until Mary closes the doors on him. When they open again, the surprise effect of his appearance has been dispelled by the anticipation. Dramatically, the evening makes the effect of being a prelude to—or, at best, a curious commentary on—Wagner's opera. When it is over, one wants the opera itself to begin.

The music is not unscathed by the scenic travesty. It could hardly escape being spoiled: in his "Remarks on Performing the Opera 'The Flying Dutchman,'" Wagner makes it clear—sometimes with a detailed, bar-by-bar commentary—that his music and the stage action as he conceived it should be treated as inseparable. Mr. Levine conducted, and the performance did not move as convincingly as his "Tannhäuser;" it must have been hard for him to decide which drama, Wagner's or Mr. Ponnelle's, he should express. In what has here become the principal role, Mr. Lewis was very efficient. In what should be the principal role, José van Dam sang with beauty of tone, poignantly, and powerfully. His is not a big, commanding bass-baritone of heroic amplitude; it was lyrical, pure, unforced, and always excellently audible. One would like to hear Mr. van Dam in a proper performance of the opera. As Senta, Carol Neblett made her Met début. On the first night, she tended to be unsteady and uneven in the lower ranges and strident above, and her words were not clear. In the second part of the duet with the Dutchman, however, around "Wohl kenn' ich Weibes heil'ge Pflichten," the voice began to flow more easily and fully. Paul Plishka was a capable Daland. But no one stood much of a chance against Mr. Ponnelle's staging. At Daland's "Wie? Hört' ich recht? Meine Tochter sein Weib," Mr. Plishka was made to don the Dutchman's mantle, displaying its thick lining of golden trinkets, and do some waltz-strutting in it. At the Dutchman's talk of treasure, a little earlier, golden spangles had poured down from the flies. The spinning chorus looked ridiculous, for the girls were apparently all harnessed together, with old Mary holding the reins. This production is shared by the Met and San Francisco. It had its première in

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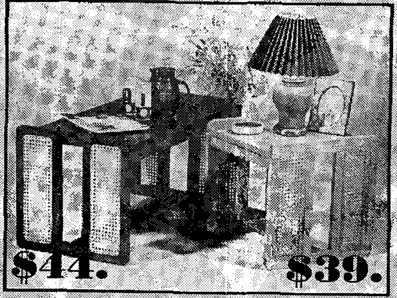

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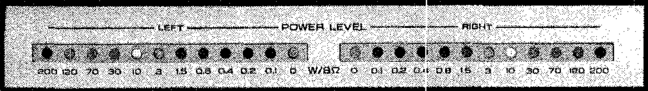
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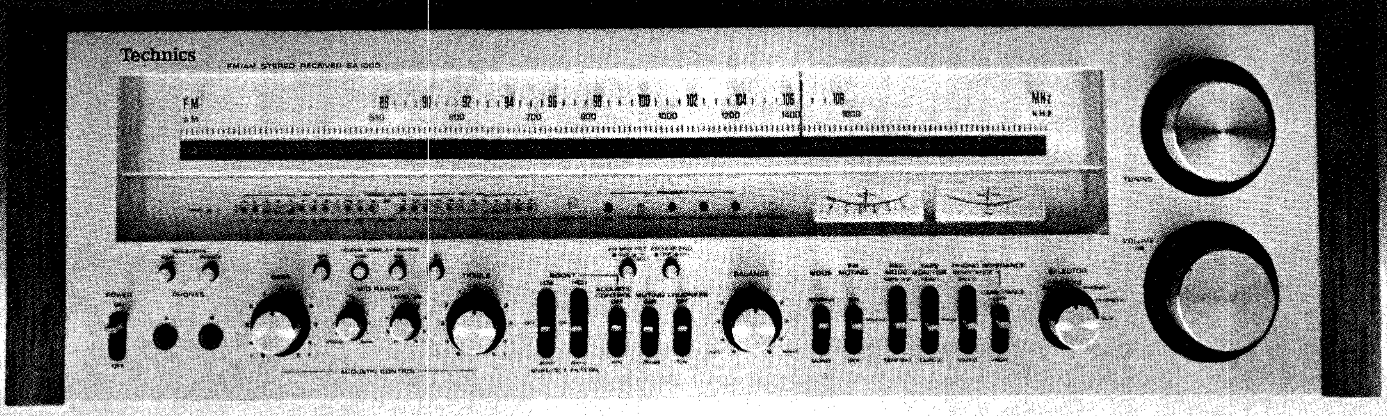

San Francisco in 1975. What a pity it was ever brought to New York!

Last month, in the Bruno Walter Auditorium, Michael Ingham and Carolyn Horn, baritone and piano, performed two song cycles by Ernst Krenek, "Gesänge des Späten Jahres" and "Spätlese." At a reception afterward, I learned how the composer earlier this season had gone over to Darmstadt to attend a production of his opera "Karl V.," had been to two rehearsals, and had then set out for the airport and returned to America, refusing to witness or by his presence to imply approval of, even acquiescence in, a staging that contradicted both the spirit and the details of his opera. Living composers are in a position to protest against directorial pretension and destructiveness. In Paris, the critics had to do so on Berg's behalf after Mr. Chéreau's maltreatment of "Lulu." At the Met, the audience itself was moved to take up Wagner's cause.

—ANDREW PORTER

•

DARK DAYS ON THE SPIRITUAL FRONT

[*From the Los Angeles Times*]

Allan Browne, an attorney representing Rader and the church, offered a similar explanation.

"For the past 10 years, in accordance with church policy, Mr. Armstrong and Mr. Rader have spent an average of 255 days each year establishing religious and charitable programs all over the world with their staff proclaiming the word of Jesus," Browne said.

"Enormous sums of money are spent," he added. "Sometimes in meeting with prime ministers and other world leaders, you bring him (the dignitary) something and it may be that it's from Gucci's.

"Many important people have stayed at Stan Rader's home and you don't take them out to McDonald's, you take them to Perino's.

"This is a $70 million-a-year church," Browne said, adding that the amount spent on travel and public relations makes up only a small percentage of that total. "Most publicly held corporations spend considerably more," he said.

Browne argued that expenditures by a church should be of no concern to the attorney general's office.

"If the members are told about a program and approve it, what business is that of the state?" Browne asked. "Can the state say that instead of shopping at Gucci's, the church should shop at Bullock's? It is a dark day for religion if that can happen."

•

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BOOKS

Maigret le Flâneur

Georges Simenon has probably done as much for the common cold as the aspirin and more for travel than the overnight suitcase. Limp, semi-recumbent people all over the world wanly open his latest tale set in a bracingly seamy café or a stifling provincial salon alive with intrigue and somehow, no matter what the outcome, close it with a feeling of inexplicable pleasure. His works have appeared with awesome regularity for more than five decades, but a few years ago he let it be known that he was renouncing fiction in order to record "the happenings of the day and . . . reflections on people and events, past and present." (Has he ever done anything else?) Happily, his readers in English can look forward for a while to an undiminished flow of previously untranslated works. No one seems able to say with certainty how many books Simenon has written; his American publishers—Harcourt Brace Jovanovich—place the figure at more than two hundred and fifty. No wonder one takes him so much for granted, unique though his writing is.

Recently, while reading the particularly salutary "Maigret in Exile" (translated from the French by Eileen Ellenbogen; $7.95), a nineteen-forties book about a mysterious corpse that turns up in the attic of a distinguished judge, I was struck by Simenon's extraordinary gift for making one yearn to be in whatever place he is writing about—in this case, a murky coastal town in western France. No one observes the tics and mores of modern France with greater meticulousness or can more adroitly transform even the palest landscape into a place of lyrical beauty. Clouds, wet pavements, and oppressive temperatures, both hot and cold, are practically characters in their own right in his stories. But the relish with which he describes the atmosphere of the little worlds he writes about distinguishes him most from his European contemporaries, and will make him remembered, I think, long after writers of far greater ambition have been forgotten. It is always a bit of a shock when one recalls that this indefatigable chronicler of twentieth-century France is not French at all but Belgian. As far as I know, he has written about his native country only once, in the bitter, autobiographical "Pedigree"—a novel that grew out of notebooks he kept in 1940, when a doctor told him that he had only a few years to live, and one that was notable mainly for the many lawsuits it inspired.

Most writers of mysteries assume that they must elicit at least a passing interest in the deceased for form's sake. Not Simenon. The passions and plots of the living are his subject. One rarely is permitted to see or sympathize with his victims before they attain literary immortality; they are erased before the story begins. In "Maigret in Exile," the murder even brings about a kind of holiday spirit. The strongest emotion Maigret feels when he hears about the case is gratitude, since it provides a bit of excitement in the dull provincial life to which he has been banished for somehow offending the higher-ups at the Quai des Orfèvres. Here is the scene that greets the former Chief Superintendent of the Paris Police Judiciaire in the little hotel of the town where the murder took place: "Men in blue, fishermen or mussel-gatherers; varnished deal tables scattered around, with carafes of white and rosé wine. Then a kitchen. Then a ballroom, used only on Sundays. A smell of fresh paint and varnish. White walls. A stripped pine roof. A rickety little staircase more suited to a doll's house. A bedroom, also white, a painted iron bedstead, chintz curtains." From the homely pleasures of the hotel, Maigret proceeds to the more *raffiné* ones of the scene of the crime: an elegant country house, where the chief murder suspect, the judge, pours him Armagnac from a cut-glass decanter on a silver tray. The judge, we perceive at once, is *not* the murderer. Simenon's world is unequivocally divided between decent folk (hard workers, passionate lovers, loyal friends, tidy homebodies, salt-of-the-earthers, devoted elderly couples, dutiful children, eccentric but tame loners) and bad ones (the newly rich, narcissistic promiscuous women, petty snobs, sleazy businessmen, in-

PIZZA
SMALL . . –
LARGE . . . –
WOODMAN

"Be with you in a minute. We're breaking in a new man."

veterate crooks, greedy relatives, lazy louts). The judge exudes blue-ribbon decency. No matter that he has indeed murdered a man, a long time ago. He had his reasons (a narcissistic promiscuous woman).

Maigret enjoys making a great show of his deductive powers when he wraps matters up, but at heart he is really a *flâneur*. While ostensibly ferreting out clues, he pauses at every pleasure, like a dog on an early-morning walk. There is rarely any sense of urgency about finding the murderer in these stories. Eventually, we will see the dagger glinting in the sun beneath the currant bushes. Eventually, someone will blab and give himself or someone else away. Meanwhile, diversions are everywhere; in the present volume there is the sea air to enjoy, the lives of half a dozen diversely odd suspects to poke into, the fishermen's brightly painted shacks to admire, the sun-dappled town-council chambers overlooking a lime tree to conduct the more official phases of the investigation in, and the locals' gruff accents and tureens of mussel stew to savor at the hotel café.

It may sound like heresy, but I have rarely liked Simenon's so-called psychological novels (the French apparently crave categories for everything, but in twentieth-century English the term sounds almost like a tautology) as much as the Maigrets. A few of the psychological novels, such as "The Blue Room" and "The Snow Is Black," are, of course, small masterpieces of pathological fantasy. But the run-of-the-mill ones, such as the newly translated "The Family Lie" (translated by Isabel Quigly; $7.95), suffer from descriptive overkill and an almost total lack of narrative drive. The intensity and inwardness of the characters' neuroses seem to suck all the air and light out of their surroundings. In "The Family Lie"—which is about a man whose long-suppressed memories of his dreary youth on a backwoods farm are stirred by a bedside vigil with his seriously ailing son—so little happens that even the hint of a hushed-up murder is exciting news. Typically, the point is not pursued. Simenon is more interested in—one is tempted to say obsessed with—the cramped, stultifying upbringing of the man and the way his mismatched parents warped his personality. It's as if a gifted clinician were showing off. The canny observations about psychological motives which lend strength and wit to the Maigrets are accompanied by such Wagnerian chords in the novels that they easily become tiresome. The novels are also invariably angrier in tone—perhaps be-

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cause most of the awful people in them, as in life, aren't punished.

Lurking behind even Simenon's most worldly characters, there is a strong moralist, and when the easygoing Chief Superintendent is not around, the moralizing tends to get ferocious. Even Maigret is not as blasé as he pretends to be. "Particularly when he was feeling in a good humor he enjoyed appearing unnaturally stupid." He loves to trap people by playing dumb or "assuming what he called his 'plain man's' expression." But let the widow in her weeds betray the least glimmer of hypocrisy, or the nephew of a murdered old woman seem too willing to gossip about another suspect, as in "The Old Lady of Bayeux"—one of a collection of stories recently published under the title "Maigret's Pipe" (translated by Jean Stewart; $8.95)—and Maigret is as alert as a fox. Interestingly, Maigret's favorite cases are those that involve the sort of people that (on the evidence of "Pedigree") Simenon grew up with: "A respectable façade, solemn prudish people. All the outward signs of virtue carried to the point where it exudes boredom."

In these seventeen lively stories, Maigret is characteristically irritable with the wrongdoers (their misdeeds are forever detaching him from a good glass of beer or a sandwich at the local brasserie) and rapturously appreciative of the everyday. In even the most insubstantial stories, there are small, painterly scenes that linger in the mind long after crime and criminal have been forgotten—a cavernous small-town dance hall, a family of pampered bourgeois country girls sitting around an extravagantly appointed dining-room table, the Tartarean gloom of an anchorage where bargemen keep their boats overnight on the Seine, or this scene from a story about a series of bloody crimes, which are almost entirely blotted out by the joyous background:

> The sunshine poured down from a bright sky on to the little barrows loaded with fruit and vegetables and the stalls which took up almost the whole width of the pavement. It was the time when housewives were shopping most busily, weighing artichokes in their hands and tasting cherries . . . Shop assistants in white aprons, butchers in checked linen aprons, smells of cheese in front of a dairyman's and, further on, the odor of roasting coffee . . . the heavy rumble of passing buses.

Many, if not most, of the places that Simenon loves to describe, especially in these books from the forties, will be gone in the not too distant future. The passage just quoted, which would once have struck most readers as a description of an ordinary French street, has now taken on a distinctly quaint, almost operetta-ish aura. No cultural anthropologist could have better preserved such scenes for posterity.

—LIS HARRIS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SUCH SAD TIDINGS, by Elisabeth Plessen, translated from the German by Ruth Hein (Viking; $9.95). A young German woman named Augusta, of aristocratic birth but of left-wing convictions, learns in a telephone call from her mother that her father has died, and she sets out on the eight-hundred-mile drive to the funeral, at the family estate. This vast establishment, which in its heyday, before the Second World War, was almost a small town in itself, has always made Augusta uneasy; ever since her college days, she has condemned her father for maintaining such a relic of an élitist class system. She herself has been condemned by a sister, who took over the mother's telephone call to accuse Augusta of killing their father with years of bitter arguments; now, full of dread as she drives, Augusta searches her memories for evidence that the disputes were born of love, not hate, and that her father both argued and died understanding this. The drive is punctuated by two stops—with a favorite aunt and with a radical friend—but Augusta's thoughts, and therefore her story, are in the past, and the journey remains a thin and transparent frame for her memories. Still, from these memories Elisabeth Plessen has developed fine portraits of two generations of Germans and of someone who has been bequeathed more guilt than anyone should have to shoulder alone.

THE MASTER MARINER: RUNNING PROUD, by Nicholas Monsarrat (Morrow; $12.95). Mr. Monsarrat ("The Cruel Sea," 1951) is back, with an immense sea yarn based on historical research that he has been gathering for twenty-five years. In the first episode, Sir Francis Drake commands a sailor named Matthew Lawe to pilot a burning hulk into the Spanish Armada, but Matthew decides at the last minute to save his own life, and in the process he botches the plan. Soon afterward, as a prisoner on a ship of the scattered Armada off the coast of Scotland, Matthew learns from a witch that for his mutiny he

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is cursed with a life that will last for unnumbered centuries (while he is frozen at the age of twenty-two) and that will be spent on the seas. By means of this device, Mr. Monsarrat is able to tour two hundred years of English naval history. (A sequel, presumably taking Matthew up to the twentieth century, is promised for two years hence.) Matthew sees a pattern in the way that great commanders—Henry Hudson and Lord Nelson, among others—are transformed by fame from dauntless patriots to vainglorious despots, and he continues to disobey reckless commands at crucial moments. Each of seven episodes is devoted to one famous figure under whose command he serves, but through them all runs the question of whether heroism and madness are different in kind or in degree, and the entire tale is infused with a spirit that marks Mr. Monsarrat as a master of the genre.

GENERAL

Turgenev: His Life and Times, by Leonard Schapiro (Random House; $15.95). A thoroughly satisfactory biography of a tentative man and an assured artist. The author, a British specialist in Russian culture, has used new sources and old, and unobtrusively documents such matters as Turgenev's gormlessness: his inherited estates should have yielded as much as twenty-seven thousand rubles a year, but he never extracted more than fifty-five hundred. Mr. Schapiro shows Turgenev responding to the convulsions and alterations of the nineteenth century (Turgenev's dates are 1818-83), to the everydayness of the Russian countryside, and to works of art all over Europe. His personal life—the famous soprano Pauline Viardot kept him on a short romantic leash for forty years—suggests that he unconsciously avoided marriage, but to the Russian reading public his refusal to define himself politically was a more telling proof of weakness. Luckily, his art converted his critics, and he lived to enjoy wide admiration. This biography suggests that, after all, Turgenev's negations in love and politics (no family, no party) gave him the psychic room he required to write his spacious, dateless fiction.

The Secret Six: John Brown and the Abolitionist Movement, by Otto J. Scott (Times Books; $15). The author's thesis is that John Brown and the cabal of eminent Massachusetts clergymen, literati,

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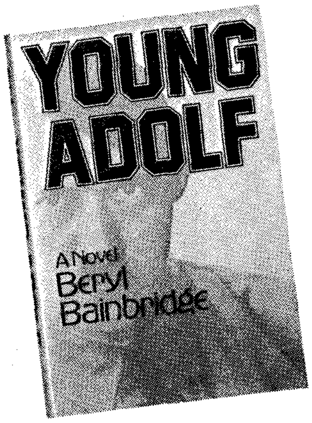

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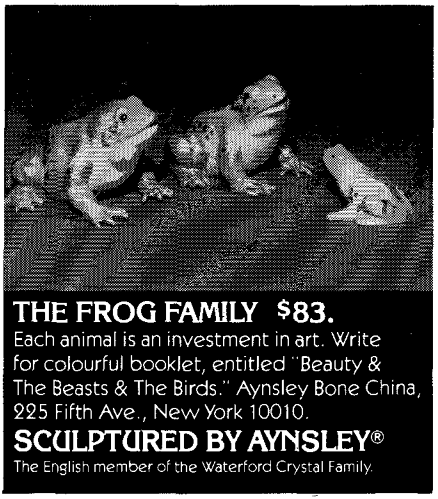

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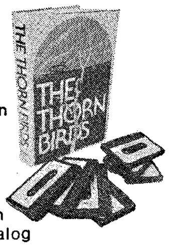

and wealthy businessmen—the Secret Six—who encouraged and financed him were pioneers in a use of terror that in our day has come to plague the world: the idea that killing even innocent people is moral if it serves a greater good. John Brown, whatever else he may have been, was undoubtedly a murderer (five randomly chosen men were pulled from their beds in Kansas by his band and killed in cold blood), and a looter and thief as well. That his death after his raid on Harper's Ferry (where twenty-two more men were killed) could have been mourned by the tolling of bells throughout the North, that he could have been compared to Jesus Christ and apostrophized by the lifelong pacifist Henry David Thoreau as "an angel of light," remains a puzzle. Mr. Scott is contemptuous of the New Englanders who backed Brown; he feels that, for all their intellectual cultivation and refinement, they were not wise. But then revolutions have never been made by wise men.

ART AND POLITICS IN THE WEIMAR PERIOD: THE NEW SOBRIETY, 1917-33, by John Willett (Pantheon; $17.95). This excellent exploration of modernism combines history, aesthetics, and philosophy in readable prose. The author recalls that before the First World War the artistic avant-gardes of the Hohenzollern, Hapsburg, and Romanov empires did not particularly concern themselves with politics; it was the disillusion, bitterness, and rebelliousness created by the war that produced, first, Dada mockery and subsequently—in the wake of the Russian Revolution—the association of the modern movement with political radicalism. Germany was the postwar artistic magnet (although there was an immense Russian influence until Stalin, like Hitler, closed down modernism), and Mr. Willett points to many original and lasting ideas that date from this time—for example, serious criticism of the popular media, such as film and radio. He also explains why Weimar styles had a limited diffusion in their own period, and he concludes, "This culture was the product of a society which from the start rejected all idea of compromise, and by so doing made it ultimately impossible for National Socialism to be defeated except by war."

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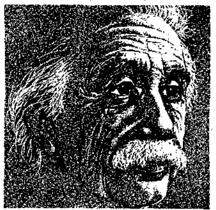

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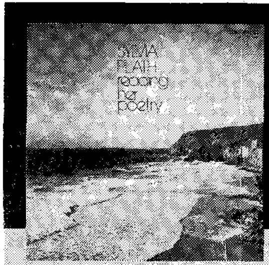

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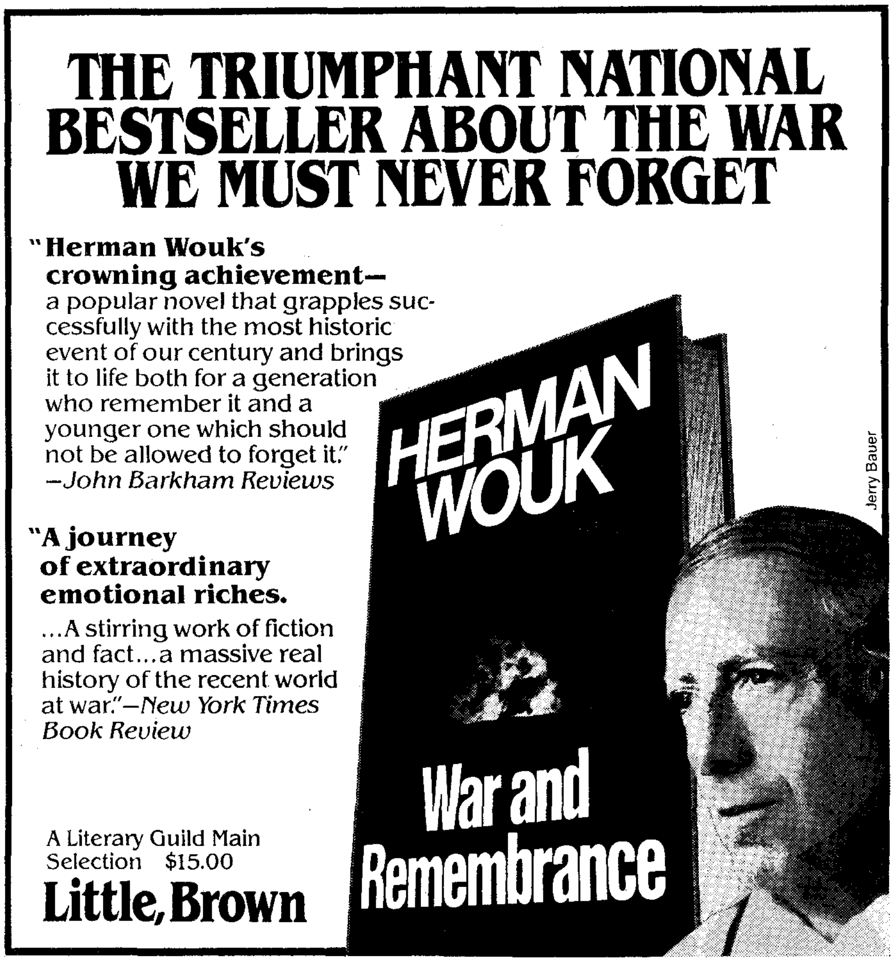
GREATEST SECRET BASED ON OFFICIAL DOCUMENTS, by Ronald Lewin (McGraw-Hill; $12.95). An engrossing factual narrative. The author tells us that he was one of the first writers to benefit from the British government's decision, in October, 1977, to open up a considerable number of secret details concerning the Allies' code-breaking system Ultra. Some facts are still being withheld, but Mr. Lewin got enough information to dismiss certain myths. One is that a Polish workman stole a German Enigma code machine and smuggled it to the English. The truth is that during the nineteen-thirties a trio of brilliant Polish mathematicians, working as cryptanalysts, not only figured out the possibilities of the German machine but understood the essential requirement for destroying its effectiveness: they constructed a prototype of the machine that, in time, deciphered the German signals. When Poland fell, they turned their work over to the Allies, but the English were not quite ready for it, and (here goes another myth) there is no truth to the story that the British permitted the Germans to bomb Coventry rather than reveal their possession of Ultra; the fact is that in 1940 the British did not yet know how to use this new intelligence weapon. The unparalleled insight into the enemy's plans and actions that Ultra afforded did not always produce victory: the proper use of intelligence is as important as its collection. British failures, Mr. Lewin points out, were almost always due to a commander's personality, whereas the United States' intelligence failure at Pearl Harbor, when we were already reading the Japanese codes, was due to the fact that we had not yet organized our use of that information, and nobody in the United States government could assemble a coherent picture of Japanese military and diplomatic schemes. Mr. Lewin is very good at explaining technical matters to readers with no technical background.

◆

The Star-News incorrectly reported in Tuesday morning's editions that the Other Ball restaurant, 825 E. Valley Blvd. in San Gabriel, serves grits on Sunday mornings. In fact, the Other Ball, which features nude dancing, is closed on Sunday. It does not serve grits at all.—*Pasadena (Calif.) Star-News.*

Grape Nuts, maybe?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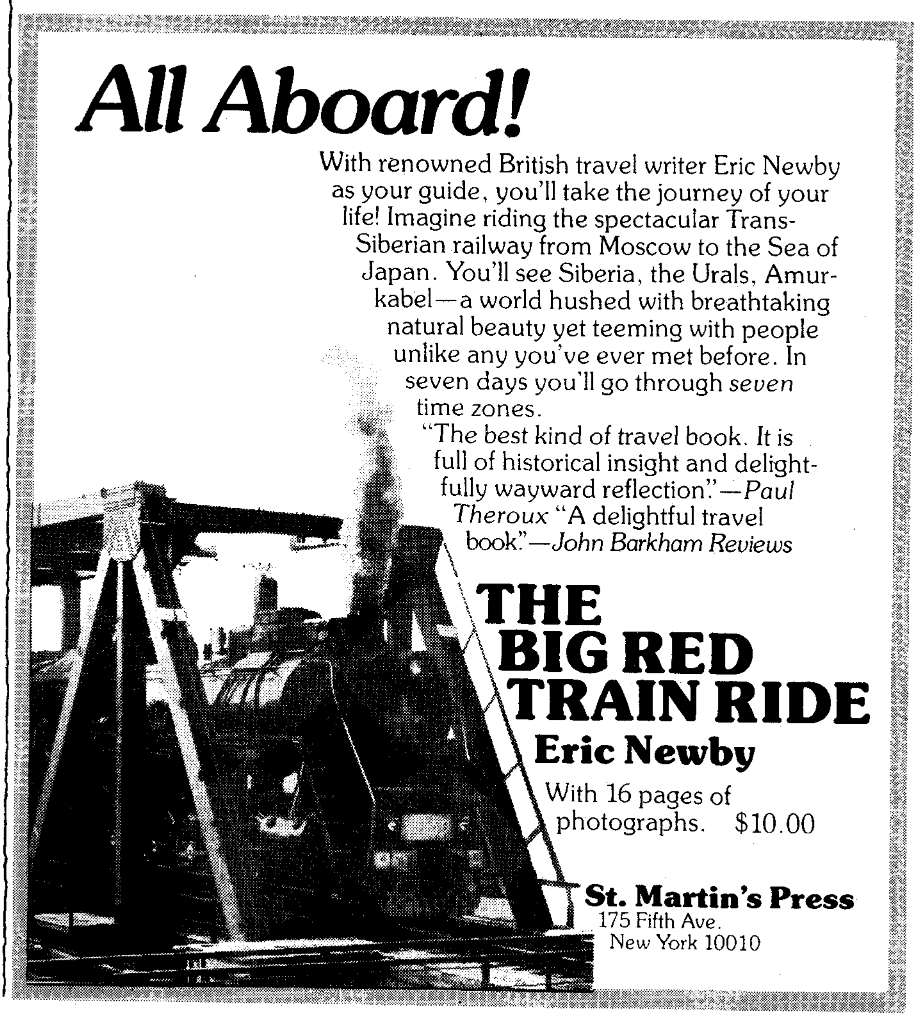
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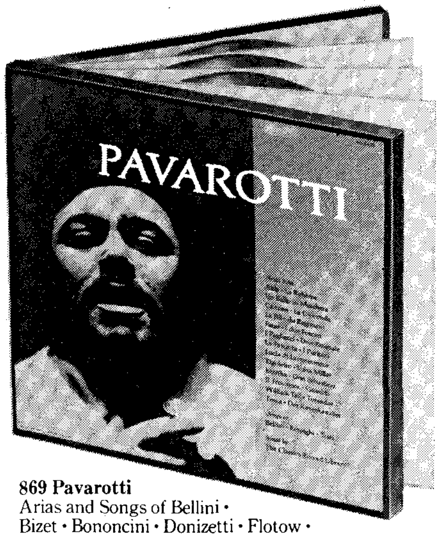

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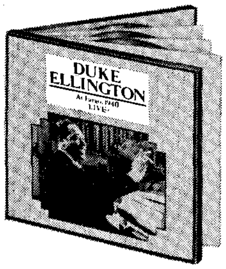

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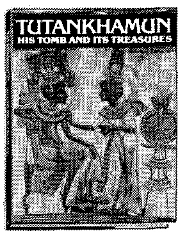

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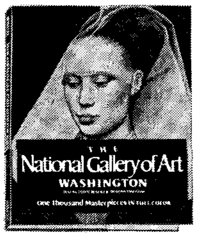

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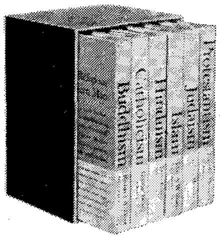

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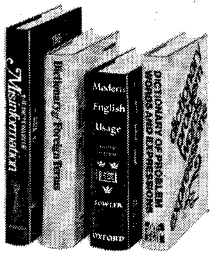
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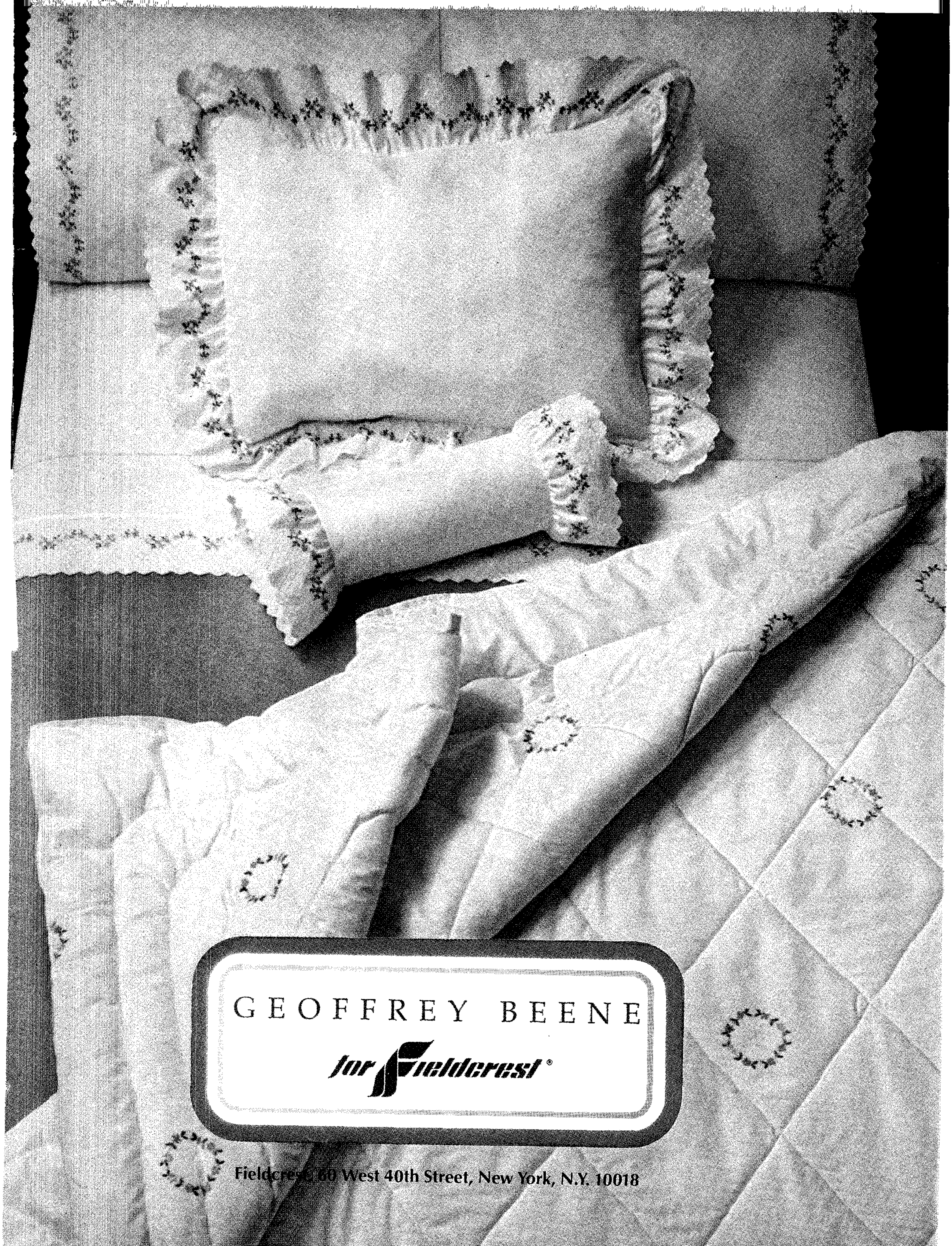

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